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UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

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PREFACE.

We believe no man should make a new text-book without sufficient excuse. The object of this book is to illustrate the power and growth of the English language by representative selections from some of the most successful authors, and to introduce the student to those whose contributions to its literature are worthy his attention. It is believed, that by carefully studying and thoroughly committing to memory these selections, and other gems of thought and expression by the same authors, or others named, and of easy access, the pupil will not only make acquisitions of lifelong value, but by the daily repetition and frequent imitation of them in his own compositions, in the class-room, and out of it, he will also *form habits* of expressing his own thoughts with greater force and elegance. In no branch of modern education is economy of time more important than in the study of English literature. The heterogeneous character of the language; its wonderful flexibility; its rapid assimilation of foreign elements; its almost perfect reproduction of what is excellent in other languages, ancient and modern; the activity of the English-speaking mind in finding out all kinds of knowledge, or in appropriating it when found out by others, — all conspire to make our literature a vast storehouse of the treasures of the past, and of the infinitely-diversified products of the present. To enable the student to enter this storehouse with pleasure, to distinguish the valuable from the worthless and indifferent, to economize his intellectual forces in the acquisition of knowledge, to refine his taste, to increase his love for all that is good, beautiful, and true, are the proper aims for school-discipline in the study of English literature. To attain them, it must not be forgotten that all study is exhaustive of mental energy; *that the brain works best by habit, like any other organ;* and, to develop a healthy activity of the faculties of the mind, they must not be burdened with superfluous weights. Learning the names and biographies of many authors whose complex relations with society he can not yet appreciate; committing flippant, prejudiced, or partial criticisms of them and their works, of which he knows little or

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nothing, — tend to give the student a certain dazzling affectation of literary culture at the expense of an amount of brain-work, that, properly utilized, would put him in possession of well-defined ideas of excellence of style, and enable him to form an intelligent and just estimate of an author's merit for himself, — a substantial attainment as valuable as it is rare. In the other great departments of learning, the student is not required at first to learn the history of them, or of their patrons and successful promoters: on the contrary, his intellectual forces are at once employed in learning the general results already obtained in them, and the best methods of modern analysis and investigation. In chemistry, we do not begin with alchemy and the alchemists; in astronomy, we do not begin with astrology and the absurd pretensions and aims of astrologers; neither do we stop at every short poem in mathematics, or grand epic in celestial mechanics, to learn the biography of the author, his relations to society and to science. In a similar manner, and mindful of the great influence of American thought and institutions upon the language, we believe it advisable to introduce the pupil to our most distinguished modern authors first, and, while putting him in possession of the power and spirit of the literature of to-day, lead him back to the classical period, exciting his curiosity by the way to pursue its earlier history at his leisure. A few authors carefully studied would undoubtedly produce the most valuable results; but, since tastes differ as to which ones should be so studied, it is thought a greater number, of unquestioned merit, ought to find a place in a text-book designed for drill in acquiring the best style of which the student is capable. The success of the plan, the selections and arrangement, is left to the judgment of my fellow-teachers, whose suggestions as to modifications in either will be gratefully acknowledged in any future edition. The want of a proper text-book to carry out the plan above indicated of teaching English literature is the only excuse for making this. Notes and criticisms are in the main omitted, since these selections are to be studied critically, the pupil using the dictionary and encyclopædias with an industry equal to that given to the study of Greek and Latin. Our thanks are due to Messrs. Fields, Osgood, & Co., for special permission to select from their copyright editions of the works of Longfellow, Whittier, Lowell, Holmes, Emerson, Hawthorne, and Bryant's translation of Homer's Iliad; also to Messrs. Harper & Bros., D. Appleton & Co., George P. Putnam & Son, for extracts from Motley, Bryant, and Irving, whose works they publish.

THE COMPILER.

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UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

ENGLISH LITERATURE.

THEORY OF BEAUTY.

Edinburgh Review, May, 1811.

I.

OBJECTIONS against the notion of beauty being a simple sensation or the object of a separate and peculiar faculty: —

1. The first is the want of agreement as to the presence and existence of beauty in particular objects among men whose organization is perfect, and who are plainly possessed of the faculty, whatever it may be, by which beauty is discerned. Now, no such thing happens, we imagine, or can be conceived to happen, in the case of any other simple sensation, or the exercise of any other distinct faculty. Where one man sees light, all men who have eyes see light also. All men allow grass to be green, and sugar to be sweet, and ice to be cold; and the unavoidable inference from any apparent disagreement in such matters necessarily is, that the party is insane, or entirely destitute of the sense or organ concerned in the perception. With regard to beauty, however, it is obvious at first sight that the case is entirely different. One man sees it perpetually, where to another it is quite invisible, or even where its reverse seems to be conspicuous. How can we believe, then, that beauty is the object of a peculiar sense or faculty, when persons undoubtedly possessed of the faculty, and even in an eminent degree, can discover nothing of it in objects where it is distinctly felt and perceived by others with the same use of the faculty?

This one consideration appears to us conclusive against the supposition of beauty being a real property of objects, addressing itself to the power of *taste* as a separate sense or faculty; and it seems to point irresistibly to the conclusion, that our sense of it is the result of other more elementary feelings, into which it may be analyzed or resolved.

2. A second objection, however, if possible of still greater force, is suggested by considering the prodigious and almost infinite variety of things to which this property of beauty is ascribed, and the impossibility of imagining any one inherent quality which can belong to them all, and yet at the same time possess so much unity as to pass universally by the same name, and be recognized as the peculiar object of a separate sense or faculty. The form of a fine tree is beautiful, and the form of a fine woman, and the form of a column, and a vase, and a chandelier. Yet how can it be said that the form of a woman has any thing in common with that of a tree or a temple? or to which of the senses by which forms are distinguished can it be supposed to appear that they have any resemblance or affinity?

3. The matter, however, becomes still more inextricable when we recollect that beauty does not belong merely to forms or colors, but to sounds, and perhaps to the objects of other senses; nay, that, in all languages and in all nations, it is not supposed to reside exclusively in material objects, but to belong also to sentiments and ideas, and intellectual and moral existences. Not only is a tree beautiful, as well as a palace or a waterfall; but a poem is beautiful, and a theorem in mathematics, and a contrivance in mechanics. But, if things intellectual and totally segregated from matter may thus possess beauty, how can it possibly be a quality of material objects? or what sense or faculty can that be whose proper office it is to intimate to us the existence of some property which is common to a flower and a demonstration, a valley and an eloquent discourse?

4. It may be said, then, in answer to the questions we have suggested above, that all these objects, however various and dissimilar, agree at least in being agreeable; and that this *agreeableness*, which is the only quality they possess in common, may probably be the beauty which is ascribed to them all. Now, to those who are accustomed to such discussions, it would be quite enough to reply, that, though the agreeableness of such objects depends plainly enough upon their beauty, it by no means follows, but quite the contrary, that their beauty depends upon their agreeableness; the latter being the more comprehensive or generic term, under which beauty must rank as one of the species. Its nature, therefore, is no more explained, nor is less absurdity substantially committed, by saying that things are beautiful because they are agreeable, than if we were to give the same explanation of the sweetness of sugar; for no one, we suppose, will dispute, that, though it be very true that sugar is agreeable because it is sweet, it would be manifestly preposterous to say that it was sweet because it was agreeable.

5. In the first place, then, it seems evident that agreeableness

in general can not be the same with beauty, because there are very many things in the highest degree agreeable that can in no sense be called beautiful. Moderate heat, and savory food, and rest and exercise, are agreeable to the body; but none of these can be called beautiful: and, among objects of a higher class, the love and esteem of others, and fame, and a good conscience, and health and riches and wisdom, are all eminently agreeable, but none at all beautiful according to any intelligible use of the word. It is plainly quite absurd, therefore, to say that beauty consists in agreeableness, without specifying in consequence of what it is agreeable; or to hold that any thing whatever is taught as to its nature by merely classing it among our pleasurable emotions.

6. In the second place, however, we may remark, that among all the objects that are agreeable, whether they are also beautiful or not, scarcely any two are agreeable on account of the same qualities, or even suggest their agreeableness to the same faculty or organ. Most certainly there is no resemblance or affinity whatever between the qualities which make a peach agreeable to the palate, and a beautiful statue to the eye; which soothe us in an easy-chair by the fire, or delight us in a philosophical discovery. The truth is, that agreeableness is not properly a quality of any object whatsoever, but the effect or result of certain qualities, the nature of which, in every particular instance, we can generally define pretty exactly, or of which we know at least with certainty that they manifest themselves respectively to some one particular sense or faculty, and to no other; and, consequently, it would be just as obviously ridiculous to suppose a faculty or organ whose office it was to perceive agreeableness in general, as to suppose that agreeableness was a distinct quality that could thus be perceived.

7. The words "beauty" and "beautiful," in short, do and must mean something, and are universally felt to mean something, much more definite than agreeableness or gratification in general; and, while it is confessedly by no means easy to describe or define what that something is, the force and clearness of our perception of it is demonstrated by the readiness with which we determine, in any particular instance, whether the object of a given pleasurable emotion is or is not properly described as beauty.

8. In our opinion, our sense of beauty depends entirely on our previous experience of simpler pleasures or emotions, and consists in the *suggestion* of agreeable or interesting sensations with which we had formerly been made familiar by the direct and intelligible agency of our common sensibilities; and that vast variety of objects to which we give the common name of beautiful become entitled to that appellation merely because they all

possess the power of recalling or reflecting those sensations of which they have been the accompaniments, or with which they have been associated in our imagination by any other more casual bond of connection. According to this view of the matter, therefore, beauty is not an inherent property or quality of objects at all, but the result of the accidental relations in which they may stand to our experience of pleasures or emotions; and does not depend upon any particular configuration of parts, proportions, or colors, in external things, nor upon the unity, coherence, or simplicity of intellectual creations, but merely upon the associations, which, in the case of every individual, may enable these inherent and otherwise indifferent qualities to suggest or recall to the mind emotions of a pleasurable or interesting description. It follows, therefore, that no object is beautiful in itself, or could appear so antecedent to our experience of direct pleasures or emotions; and that, as an infinite variety of objects may thus reflect interesting ideas, so all of them may acquire the title of beautiful, although utterly diverse and disparate in their nature, and possessing nothing in common but this accidental power of reminding us of other emotions.

9. This theory, which, we believe, is now very generally adopted, though under many needless qualifications, shall be further developed and illustrated in the sequel: but at present we shall only remark, that it serves, at least, to solve the great problem involved in the discussion, by rendering it easily conceivable how objects which have no inherent resemblance, nor, indeed, any one quality in common, should yet be united in one common relation, and consequently acquire one common name; just as all the things that belonged to a beloved individual may serve to remind us of him, and thus to awake a kindred class of emotions, though just as unlike each other as any of the objects that are classed under the general name of Beautiful.

By the help of the same consideration, we get rid of all the mystery of a peculiar sense or faculty, imagined for the express purpose of perceiving beauty; and discover that the power of taste is nothing more than the habit of tracing those associations by which almost all objects may be connected with interesting emotions.

10. The beauty which we impute to outward objects is nothing more than the reflection of our own inward emotions, and is made up entirely of certain little portions of love, pity, or other affections, which have been connected with these objects, and still adhere, as it were, to them, and move us anew whenever they are presented to our observation. Before proceeding to bring any proof of the truth of this proposition, there are two things that it may be proper to explain a little more distinctly: First, what

are the primary affections, by the suggestion of which we think the sense of beauty is produced? and, secondly, What is the nature of the connection by which we suppose that the objects we call beautiful are enabled to suggest these affections?

11. With regard to the first of these points, it fortunately is not necessary either to enter into any tedious details, or to have recourse to any nice distinctions. All sensations that are not absolutely indifferent, and are, at the same time, either agreeable when experienced by ourselves, or attractive when contemplated in others, may form the foundation of the emotions of sublimity or beauty.

The sum of the whole is, that every feeling which it is agreeable to experience, to recall, or to witness, may become the source of beauty in external objects when it is so connected with them as that their appearance reminds us of that feeling.

12. *Our proposition, then, is, that these emotions are not original emotions, nor produced directly by any material qualities in the objects which excite them, but are reflections, or images, of the more radical and familiar emotions to which we have already alluded; and are occasioned, not by any inherent virtue in the objects before us, but by the accidents, if we may so express ourselves, by which these may have been enabled to suggest or recall to us our own past sensations or sympathies.*

13. We might almost venture, indeed, to lay it down as an axiom, that, except in the plain and palpable case of bodily pain or pleasure, we can never be *interested* in any thing but the fortunes of sentient beings; and that every thing partaking of the nature of mental emotion must have for its object *the feelings*, past, present, or possible, of something capable of sensation. Independent, therefore, of all evidence, and without the help of any explanation, we should have been apt to conclude that the emotions of beauty and sublimity must have for their objects the sufferings or enjoyments of sentient beings; and to reject as intrinsically absurd and incredible the supposition that material objects, which obviously do neither hurt nor delight the body, should yet excite, by their mere physical qualities, the very powerful emotions which are sometimes excited by the spectacle of beauty.

II.

14. It appears to us, then, that objects are sublime or beautiful, *first*, when they are the natural signs and perpetual concomitants of pleasurable sensations, or, at any rate, of some lively feeling or emotion in ourselves or in some other sentient beings; or, *secondly*, when they are the arbitrary or accidental concomitants of such feelings; or, *thirdly*, when they bear some analogy or fanciful

resemblance to things with which these emotions are necessarily connected.

15. The most obvious and the strongest association that can be established between inward feelings and external objects is where the object is necessarily and universally connected with the feeling by the law of Nature, so that it is always presented to the senses when the feeling is impressed upon the mind: as the sight or the sound of laughter with the feeling of gayety; of weeping, with distress; of the sound of thunder, with ideas of danger and power. Let us dwell for a moment on the last instance. Nothing, perhaps, in the whole range of Nature, is more strikingly and universally sublime than the sound we have just mentioned; yet it seems obvious that the sense of sublimity is produced, not by any quality that is perceived by the ear, but altogether by the impression of power and of danger that is necessarily made upon the mind whenever that sound is heard. That it is not produced by any peculiarity in the sound itself is certain, from the mistakes that are frequently made with regard to it. The noise of a cart rattling over the stones is often mistaken for thunder; and, as long as the mistake lasts, this very vulgar and insignificant noise is actually felt to be prodigiously sublime. It is so felt, however, it is perfectly plain, merely because it is then associated with ideas of prodigious power and undefined danger; and the sublimity is accordingly destroyed the moment the association is dissolved, though the sound itself, and its effect on the organ, continue exactly the same. This, therefore, is an instance in which sublimity is distinctly proved to consist, not in any physical quality of the object to which it is ascribed, but in its necessary connection with that vast and uncontrolled Power which is the natural object of awe and veneration.

16. We may now take an example a little less plain and elementary. The most beautiful object in Nature, perhaps, is the countenance of a young and beautiful woman; and we are apt at first to imagine, that, independent of all associations, the form and colors which it displays are in themselves lovely and engaging, and would appear charming to all beholders, with whatever other qualities or impressions they might happen to be connected. A very little reflection, however, will probably be sufficient to convince us of the fallacy of this impression, and to satisfy us that what we admire is not a combination of forms and colors (which could never excite any mental emotion), but a collection of signs and tokens of certain mental feelings and affections, which are universally recognized as the proper objects of love and sympathy. Laying aside the emotions arising from difference of sex, and supposing female beauty to be contemplated by the pure and unenvying eye of a female, it seems quite obvious, that, among its

ingredients, we should trace the signs of two different sets of qualities, that are neither of them the object of sight, but of a far higher faculty, — in the first place, of youth and health; and, in the second place, of innocence, gayety, sensibility, intelligence, delicacy, or vivacity.

17. That the beauty of a living and sentient creature should depend, in a great degree, upon qualities peculiar to such a creature, rather than upon the mere physical attributes which it may possess in common with the inert matter around it, can not, indeed, appear a very improbable supposition to any one. But it may be more difficult for some persons to understand how the beauty of mere dead matter should be derived from the feelings and sympathies of sentient beings. It is absolutely necessary, therefore, that we should give an instance or two of this derivation also.

18. It is easy enough to understand how the sight of a picture or statue should affect us nearly in the same way as the sight of the original; nor is it much more difficult to conceive how the sight of a cottage should give us something of the same feeling as the sight of a peasant's family, and the aspect of a town raise many of the same ideas as the appearance of a multitude of persons. We may begin, therefore, with an example a little more complicated. Take, for instance, the case of a common English landscape, — green meadows, with grazing and ruminating cattle; canals or navigable rivers; well-fenced, well-cultivated fields; neat, clean, scattered cottages; humble antique churches, with churchyard elms and crossing hedgerows, — all seen under bright skies and in good weather. There is much beauty, as every one will acknowledge, in such a scene. But in what does the beauty consist? Not certainly in the mere mixture of colors and forms, — for colors more pleasing, and lines more graceful (according to any theory of grace that may be preferred), might be spread upon a board or a painter's palette, without engaging the eye to a second glance, or raising the least emotion in the mind, — but in the picture of human happiness that is presented to our imaginations and affections; in the visible and unequivocal signs of comfort, and cheerful and peaceful enjoyment, and of that secure and successful industry that insures its continuance; and of the piety by which it is exalted; and of the simplicity by which it is contrasted with the guilt and the fever of a city life; in the images of health and temperance and plenty which it exhibits to every eye; and in the glimpses which it affords, to warmer imaginations, of those primitive or fabulous times when man was uncorrupted by luxury and ambition; and of those humble retreats in which we still delight to imagine that love and philosophy may find an unpolluted asylum. At all events, however, it is human feeling that excites our sympathy, and forms the true object of our emo-

tions. It is man, and man alone, that we see in the beauties of the earth which he inhabits; or, if a more sensitive and extended sympathy connect us with the lower families of animated nature, and make us rejoice with the lambs that bleat on the uplands, or the cattle that repose in the valley, or even with the *living* plants that drink the bright sun and the balmy air beside them, it is still the idea of enjoyment — of feelings that animate the existence of sentient beings — that calls forth all our emotions, and is the parent of all the beauty with which we proceed to invest the inanimate creation around us.

19. Instead of this quiet and tame *English* landscape, let us now take a Welsh or a Highland scene, and see whether its beauties will admit of being explained on the same principle. Here we shall have lofty mountains, and rocky and lonely recesses; tufted woods hung over precipices; lakes intersected with castled promontories; ample solitudes of unplowed and untrodden valleys; nameless and gigantic ruins; and mountain-echoes repeating the scream of the eagle and the roar of the cataract. This, too, is beautiful; and, to those who can interpret the language it speaks, far more beautiful than the prosperous scene with which we have contrasted it. Yet, lonely as it is, it is to the recollection of man and the suggestion of human feelings that its beauty also is owing. The mere forms and colors that compose its visible appearance are no more capable of exciting any emotion in the mind than the forms and colors of a Turkey carpet. It is sympathy with the present or the past, or the imaginary *inhabitants* of such a region, that alone gives it either interest or beauty; and the delight of those who behold it will always be found to be in exact proportion to the force of their imaginations and the warmth of their social affections. The leading impressions here are those of romantic seclusion and primeval simplicity, — lovers sequestered in these blissful solitudes, "from towns and toils remote;" and rustic poets and philosophers communing with Nature, and at a distance from the low pursuits and selfish malignity of ordinary mortals. Then there is the sublime impression of the mighty Power which piled the massive cliffs upon each other, and rent the mountains asunder, and scattered their giant fragments at their base; and all the images connected with the monuments of ancient magnificence and extinguished hostility, — the feuds and the combats and the triumphs of its wild and primitive inhabitants, contrasted with the stillness and desolation of the scenes where they lie interred; and the romantic ideas attached to their ancient traditions, and the peculiarities of the actual life of their descendants, — their wild and enthusiastic poetry, their gloomy superstitions, their attachment to their chiefs, the dangers and the hardships and enjoyments of their

lonely huntings and fishings, their pastoral shielings on the mountains in summer, and the tales and the sports that amuse the little groups that are frozen into their vast and trackless valleys in the winter.

20. Kindred conceptions constitute all the beauty of childhood. The forms and colors that are peculiar to that age are not necessarily or absolutely beautiful in themselves; for, in a grown person, the same forms and colors would be either ludicrous or disgusting. It is their indestructible connection with the engaging ideas of innocence, of careless gayety, of unsuspecting confidence; made still more tender and attractive by the recollection of helplessness and blameless and happy ignorance, of the anxious affection that watches over all their ways, and of the hopes and fears that seek to pierce futurity for those who have neither fears nor cares nor anxieties for themselves.

21. The general theory must be very greatly confirmed by the slightest consideration of the *second* class of cases, or those in which the external object is not the natural and necessary, but only the occasional or accidental, concomitant of the emotion which it recalls. In the former instances, some conception of beauty seems to be inseparable from the appearance of the objects; and being impressed, in some degree, upon all persons to whom they are presented, there is evidently room for insinuating that it is an independent and intrinsic quality of their nature, and does not arise from association with any thing else. In the instances, however, to which we are now to allude, this perception of beauty is not universal, but entirely dependent upon the opportunities which each individual has had to associate ideas of emotion with the object to which it is ascribed; the same thing appearing beautiful to those who have been exposed to the influence of such associations, and indifferent to those who have not. Such instances, therefore, really afford an *experimentum crucis* * as to the truth of the theory in question; nor is it easy to conceive any more complete evidence, both that there is no such thing as absolute or intrinsic beauty, and that it depends altogether on those associations with which it is thus found to come and to disappear.

22. The accidental or arbitrary relations that may thus be established between natural sympathies or emotions and external objects may be either such as occur to whole classes of men, or are confined to particular individuals. Among the former, those that apply to different nations or races of men are the most important and remarkable, and constitute the basis of those peculiarities by which *national* tastes are distinguished. Take

* "A decisive experiment."

again, for example, the instance of female beauty, and think what different and inconsistent standards would be fixed for it in the different regions of the world, — in Africa, in Asia, and in Europe; in Tartary and in Greece; in Lapland, Patagonia, and Circassia. If there was any thing absolutely or intrinsically beautiful in any of the forms thus distinguished, it is inconceivable that men should differ so outrageously in their conceptions of it. If beauty were a real and independent quality, it seems impossible that it should be distinctly and clearly felt by one set of persons, where another set, altogether as sensitive, could see nothing but its opposite; and if it were actually and inseparably attached to certain forms, colors, or proportions, it must appear utterly inexplicable that it should be felt and perceived in the most opposite forms and proportion in objects of the same description. On the other hand, if all beauty consist in reminding us of certain natural sympathies and objects of emotion with which they have been habitually connected, it is easy to perceive how the most different forms should be felt to be equally beautiful. If female beauty, for instance, consist in the visible signs and expressions of youth and health, and of gentleness, vivacity, and kindness, then it will necessarily happen that the forms and colors and proportions which Nature may have connected with those qualities, in the different climates or regions of the world, will all appear equally beautiful to those who have been accustomed to recognize them as the signs of such qualities; while they will be respectively indifferent to those who have not learned to interpret them in this sense, and displeasing to those whom experience has led to consider them as the signs of opposite qualities.

23. The case is the same, though perhaps to a smaller degree, as to the peculiarity of national taste in other particulars. The style of dress and architecture in every nation, if not adopted from mere want of skill, or penury of materials, always appears beautiful to the natives, and somewhat monstrous and absurd to foreigners; and the general character and aspect of their landscape, in like manner, if not associated with substantial evils and inconveniences, always appears more beautiful and enchanting than the scenery of any other region. The fact is still more striking, perhaps, in the case of music, — in the effects of those national airs with which even the most uncultivated imaginations have connected so many interesting recollections, and in the delight with which all persons of sensibility catch the strains of their native melodies in strange or in distant lands. It is owing chiefly to the same sort of arbitrary and national association that white is thought a gay color in Europe, where it is used at weddings, and a dismal color in China, where it is used for mourning; that we think yew-trees gloomy because they are planted in church-

yards, and large masses of powdered horse-hair majestic because we see them on the heads of judges and bishops.

24. Next to those curious instances of arbitrary or limited associations that are exemplified in the diversities of national taste are those that are produced by the differences of instruction or education. If external objects were sublime and beautiful in themselves, it is plain that they would appear equally so to those who were acquainted with their origin and to those to whom it was unknown. Yet it is not easy, perhaps, to calculate the degree to which our notions of beauty and sublimity are now influenced, over all Europe, by the study of classical literature; or the number of impressions of this sort which the well-educated consequently receive from objects that are utterly indifferent to uninstructed persons of the same natural sensibility.

25. The influences of the same studies may be traced, indeed, through almost all our impressions of beauty, and especially in the feelings which we receive from the contemplation of rural scenery, where the images and recollections which have been associated with such objects in the enchanting strains of the poets are perpetually recalled by their appearance, and give an interest and a beauty to the prospect of which the uninstructed can not have the slightest perception. Upon this subject, also, Mr. Alison has expressed himself with his usual warmth and elegance. After observing, that, in childhood, the beauties of Nature have scarcely any existence for those who have as yet but little general sympathy with mankind, he proceeds to state that they are usually first recommended to notice by the poets, to whom we are introduced in the course of education, and who, in a manner, create them for us by the associations which they enable us to form with their visible appearance.*

26. Before entirely leaving this branch of the subject, however, let us pause for a moment on the familiar but very striking and decisive instance of our varying and contradictory judgments as to the beauty of the successive fashions of dress that have existed within our own remembrance. All persons who still continue to find amusement in society, and are not old enough to enjoy only the recollections of their youth, think the prevailing fashions becoming and graceful, and the fashions of twenty or twenty-five years old intolerably ugly and ridiculous. The younger they are, and the more they mix in society, the stronger is this impression: and the fact is worth noticing; because there is really no one thing as to which persons judging merely from their feelings, and therefore less likely to be misled by any systems or theories, are so very positive and decided, as that established fashions are

* See Alison on Taste.

beautiful in themselves, and that exploded fashions are intrinsically and beyond all question preposterous and ugly. We have never yet met a young lady or gentleman, who spoke from their hearts and without reserve, who had the least doubt on the subject, or could conceive how any person could be so stupid as not to see the intrinsic elegance of the reigning mode, or not to be struck with the ludicrous awkwardness of the habits in which their mothers were disguised.

27. In all the cases we have hitherto considered, the external object is supposed to have acquired its beauty by being actually connected with the causes of our natural emotions, either as a constant sign of their existence, or as being casually present on the ordinary occasions of their excitement. There is a relation, however, of another kind, to which also it is necessary to attend, both to elucidate the general grounds of the theory, and to explain several appearances that might otherwise expose it to objections. This is the relation which external objects may bear to our internal feelings, and the power they may consequently acquire of suggesting them, in consequence of a sort of resemblance or analogy which they seem to have to their natural and appropriate objects. The language of poetry is founded, in a great degree, upon this analogy; and *all language*, indeed, is full of it, and attests, by its structure, both the extent to which it is spontaneously pursued, and the effects that are produced by its suggestion.

28. The great charm indeed, and the great secret, of poetical diction, consists in thus lending life and emotion to all the objects it embraces; and the enchanting beauty which we sometimes recognize in descriptions of very ordinary phenomena will be found to arise from the force of imagination, by which the poet has connected with human emotions a variety of objects to which common minds could not discover such a relation. What the poet does for his readers, however, by his original similes and metaphors, in these higher cases, even the dullest of those readers do, in some degree, every day, for themselves; and the beauty which is perceived, when natural objects are unexpectedly vivified by the glowing fancy of the former, is precisely of the same kind that is felt when the closeness of the analogy enables them to force human feelings upon the recollection of all mankind. As the poet sees more of beauty in Nature than ordinary mortals, just because he perceives more of those analogies and relations to social emotion in which all beauty consists; so other men see more or less of this beauty exactly as they happen to possess that fancy, or those habits, which enable them readily to trace out these relations.

29. Poems, and other compositions in words, are beautiful in pro-

portion as they are conversant with beautiful objects, or as they suggest to us, in a more direct way, the moral and social emotions on which the beauty of all objects depends. Theorems and demonstrations, again, are beautiful according as they excite in us emotions of admiration for the genius and intellectual power of their inventors, and images of the magnificent and beneficial ends to which such discoveries may be applied; and mechanical contrivances are beautiful when they remind us of similar talents and ingenuity, and at the same time impress us with a more direct sense of their vast utility to mankind, and of the great additional conveniences with which life is consequently adorned. In all cases, therefore, there is the suggestion of some interesting conception or emotion associated with a present perception, in which it is apparently confounded and embodied; and this, according to the whole of the preceding deduction, is the distinguishing characteristic of beauty.

CONCLUSIONS.

30. In the first place, then, we conceive that this theory establishes the substantial identity of the Sublime, the Beautiful, and the Picturesque; and, consequently, puts an end to all controversy that is not purely verbal as to the difference of those several qualities. Every material object that interests us, without actually hurting or gratifying our bodily feelings, must do so, according to this theory, in one and the same manner; that is, by suggesting or recalling some emotion or affection of ourselves or some other sentient being, and presenting, to our imagination at least, some natural object of love, pity, admiration, or awe. The interest of material objects, therefore, is always *the same*, and arises in every case, not from any physical qualities they may possess, but from their association with some idea of emotion. But, though material objects have but one means of exciting emotion, the emotions they do excite are infinite. They are mirrors that may reflect all shades and all colors; and, in point of fact, do seldom reflect the same hues twice. No two interesting objects, perhaps — whether known by the name of Beautiful, Sublime, or Picturesque, — ever produced exactly the same emotion in the beholder; and no one object, it is most probable, ever moved any two persons to the very same conceptions.

31. The only other advantage which we shall specify as likely to result from the general adoption of the theory we have been endeavoring to illustrate is, that it seems calculated to put an end to all those perplexing and vexatious questions about the standard of taste which have given occasion to so much impertinent and so much elaborate discussion. If things are not beautiful in

themselves, but only as they serve to suggest interesting conceptions to the mind, then every thing which does in point of fact suggest such a conception to any individual *is beautiful* to that individual; and it is not only quite true that there is no room for disputing about tastes, but that all tastes are equally just and correct in so far as each individual speaks only of his own emotions.

All tastes, then, are equally just and true in so far as concerns the individual whose taste is in question; and what a man feels distinctly to be beautiful *is beautiful* to him, whatever other people may think of it. All this follows clearly from the theory now in question; but it does not follow from it that all tastes are equally good or desirable, or that there is any difficulty in describing that which is really the best, and the most to be envied. The only use of the faculty of taste is to afford an innocent delight, and to assist in the cultivation of a finer morality; and that man certainly will have the most delight from this faculty who has the most numerous and the most powerful perceptions of beauty. But if beauty consist in the reflection of our affections and sympathies, it is plain that *he* will always see the most beauty whose affections are the warmest and most exercised, whose imagination is the most powerful, and who has most accustomed himself to attend to the objects by which he is surrounded. In so far as mere feeling and enjoyment are concerned, therefore, it seems evident that the best taste must be that which belongs to the best affections, the most active fancy, and the most attentive habits of observation. It will follow pretty exactly, too, that all men's perceptions of beauty will be nearly in proportion to the degree of their sensibility and social sympathies; and that those who have no affections towards sentient beings will be as certainly insensible to beauty in external objects as he who can not hear the sound of his friend's voice must be deaf to its echo.

In so far as the sense of beauty is regarded as a mere source of enjoyment, this seems to be the only distinction that deserves to be attended to; and the only cultivation that taste should ever receive, with a view to the gratification of the individual, should be through the indirect channel of cultivating the affections, and powers of observation. If we aspire, however, to be *creators* as well as observers of beauty, and place any part of our happiness in ministering to the gratification of others, — as artists, or poets, or authors of any sort, — then, indeed, a new distinction of tastes, and a far more laborious system of cultivation, will be necessary. A man who pursues only his own delight will be as much charmed with objects that suggest powerful emotions in consequence of personal and accidental associations as with those that

introduce similar emotions by means of associations that are universal and indestructible. To him, all objects of the former class are really as beautiful as those of the latter; and, for his own gratification, the creation of that sort of beauty is just as important an occupation. But, if he conceive the ambition of creating beauties for the admiration of others, he must be cautious to employ only such objects as are the *natural* signs or the *inseparable* concomitants of emotions of which the greater part of mankind are susceptible; and his taste will *then* deserve to be called bad and false if he obtrude upon the public, as beautiful, objects that are not likely to be associated in common minds with any interesting impressions.

For a man himself, then, there is no taste that is either bad or false; and the only difference worthy of being attended to is that between a great deal and a very little. Some, who have cold affections, sluggish imaginations, and no habits of observation, can with difficulty discern beauty in any thing; while others, who are full of kindness and sensibility, and who have been accustomed to attend to all the objects around them, feel it almost in every thing. It is no matter what other people may think of the objects of their admiration; nor ought it to be any concern of theirs that the public would be astonished or offended if they were called upon to join in that admiration. So long as no such call is made, this anticipated discrepancy of feeling need give *them* no uneasiness; and the suspicion of it should produce no contempt in any other persons. It is a strange aberration, indeed, of vanity, that makes us despise persons for being happy, for having sources of enjoyment in which we can not share; and yet this is the true source of the ridicule which is so generally poured upon individuals who seek only to enjoy their peculiar tastes unmolested. For, if there be any truth in the theory we have been expounding, no taste is bad for any other reason than because it is peculiar; as the objects in which it delights must actually serve to suggest to the individual those common emotions and universal affections upon which the sense of beauty is everywhere founded.

NOTE. — [Whether he accept the foregoing views of Beauty or not, the critical study of them can not fail to improve the pupil. The same may be said of the next selection, — "The Philosophy of Style."]

THE PHILOSOPHY OF STYLE.

Westminster Review, 1852.

1. COMMENTING on the seeming incongruity between his father's argumentative powers and his ignorance of formal logic, Tristram Shandy says, "It was a matter of just wonder with my worthy tutor, and two or three fellows of that learned society, that a man who knew not so much as the names of his tools should be able to work after that fashion with them." Sterne's intended implication, that a knowledge of the principles of reasoning neither makes nor is essential to a good reasoner, is doubtless true. Thus, too, is it with grammar. As Dr. Latham, condemning the usual school-drill in Lindley Murray, rightly remarks, "Gross vulgarity is a fault to be prevented; but the proper prevention is to be got from habit, not rules:" similarly there can be little question that good composition is far less dependent upon acquaintance with its laws than upon practice and natural aptitude. A clear head, a quick imagination, and a sensitive ear, will go far towards making all rhetorical precepts needless. He who daily hears and reads well-framed sentences will naturally more or less tend to use similar ones. And where there exists any mental idiosyncrasy, — where there is a deficient verbal memory, or but little perception of order, or a lack of constructive ingenuity, — no amount of instruction will remedy the defect. Nevertheless, *some* practical result may be expected from a familiarity with the principles of style. The endeavor to conform to rules will tell, though slowly; and if in no other way, yet as facilitating revision, a knowledge of the thing to be achieved — a clear idea of what constitutes a beauty and what a blemish — can not fail to be of service.

2. No general theory of expression seems yet to have been enunciated. The maxims contained in works on composition and rhetoric are presented in an unorganized form. Standing as isolated dogmas, as empirical generalizations, they are neither so clearly apprehended nor so much respected as they would be were they deduced from some simple first principle. We are told that "brevity is the soul of wit." We hear styles condemned as verbose or involved. Blair says that every needless part of a sentence "interrupts the description, and clogs the image;" and again, that "long sentences fatigue the reader's attention." It is remarked by Lord Kaimes, that, "to give the utmost force to a period, it ought, if possible, to be closed with the word that

makes the greatest figure." That parentheses should be avoided, and that Saxon words should be used in preference to those of Latin origin, are established precepts. But, however influential the truths thus dogmatically embodied, they would be much more influential if reduced to something like scientific ordination. In this, as in other cases, conviction will be greatly strengthened when we understand the *why*. And we may be sure that a perception of the general principle of which the rules of composition are partial expressions will not only bring them home to us with greater force, but will discover to us other rules of like origin.

3. On seeking for some clew to the law underlying these current maxims, we may see shadowed forth in many of them the importance of economizing the reader's or hearer's attention. To so present ideas that they may be apprehended with the least possible mental effort is the desideratum towards which most of the rules above quoted point. When we condemn writing that is wordy or confused or intricate; when we praise this style as easy, and blame that as fatiguing, — we consciously or unconsciously assume this desideratum as our standard of judgment. Regarding language as an apparatus of symbols for the conveyance of thought, we may say, that, as in a mechanical apparatus, the more simple and the better arranged its parts, the greater will be the effect produced. In either case, whatever force is absorbed by the machine is deducted from the result. A reader or listener has at each moment but a limited amount of mental power available. To recognize and interpret the symbols presented to him requires part of this power; to arrange and combine the images suggested requires a further part; and only that part which remains can be used for the realization of the thought conveyed. Hence the more time and attention it takes to receive and understand each sentence, the less time and attention can be given to the contained idea, and the less vividly will that idea be conceived.

4. How truly language must be regarded as a hindrance to thought, though the necessary instrument of it, we shall clearly perceive on remembering the comparative force with which simple ideas are communicated by mimetic signs. To say "Leave the room" is less expressive than to point to the door. Placing a finger on the lips is more forcible than whispering, "Do not speak." A beck of the hand is better than "Come here." No phrase can convey the idea of surprise so vividly as opening the eyes and raising the eyebrows. A shrug of the shoulders would lose much by translation into words. Again: it may be remarked, that, when oral language is employed, the strongest effects are produced by interjections, which condense entire sentences into syllables. And in other cases, where custom allows

us to express thoughts by single words, as in "beware," "heigho," "fudge," much force would be lost by expanding them into specific verbal propositions. Hence, carrying out the metaphor that language is the vehicle of thought, there seems reason to think, that, in all cases, the friction and inertia of the vehicle deduct from its efficiency; and that, in composition, the chief if not the sole thing to be done is to reduce this friction and inertia to the smallest possible amount. Let us, then, inquire whether economy of the recipient's attention is not the secret of effect, alike in the right choice and collocation of words, in the best arrangement of clauses in a sentence, in the proper order of its principal and subordinate propositions, in the judicious use of simile, metaphor, and other figures of speech, and even in the rhythmical sequence of syllables.

CHOICE OF WORDS.

5. The superior forcibleness of Saxon English, or rather non-Latin English, first claims our attention. The several special reasons assignable for this may all be reduced to the general reason, — ECONOMY. The most important of them is early association. A child's vocabulary is almost wholly Saxon. He says, "I have," not "I possess;" "I wish," not "I desire:" he does not "reflect," he "thinks;" he does not beg for "amusement," but for "play;" he calls things "nice" or "nasty," not "pleasant" or "disagreeable." The synonyms which he learns in after-years never become so closely, so organically connected with the ideas signified as do these original words used in childhood; and hence the association remains less powerful. But in what does a powerful association between a word and an idea differ from a weak one? Simply in the greater ease and rapidity of the suggestive action. It can be in nothing else. Both of two words, if they be strictly synonymous, eventually call up the same image. The expression, "It is *acid*," must, in the end, give rise to the same thought as "It is *sour*;" but because the term "acid" was learnt later in life, and has not been so often followed by the thought symbolized, it does not so readily arouse that thought as the term "sour." If we remember how slowly and with what labor the appropriate ideas follow unfamiliar words in another language, and how increasing familiarity with such words brings greater rapidity and ease of comprehension, until, from its having been a conscious effort to realize their meanings, their meanings ultimately come without any effort at all; and if we consider that the same process must have gone on with the words of our mother-tongue from childhood upwards, — we shall clearly see that the earliest learnt and oftenest used words will, other

things equal, call up images with less loss of time and energy than their later learnt synonyms.

6. The further superiority possessed by Saxon English in its comparative brevity obviously comes under the same generalization. If it be an advantage to express an idea in the smallest number of words, then will it be an advantage to express it in the smallest number of syllables. If circuitous phrases and needless expletives distract the attention, and diminish the strength of the impression produced, then do surplus articulations do so. A certain effort, though commonly an inappreciable one, must be required to recognize every vowel and consonant. If, as we so commonly find, the mind soon becomes fatigued when we listen to an indistinct or far-removed speaker, or when we read a badly-written manuscript; and if, as we can not doubt, the fatigue is a cumulative result of the attention required to catch successive syllables, — it obviously follows that attention is in such cases absorbed by each syllable. And, if this be true when the syllables are difficult of recognition, it will also be true, though in a less degree, when the recognition of them is easy. Hence the shortness of Saxon words becomes a reason for their greater force, as involving a saving of the articulations to be received.

7. Again: that frequent cause of strength in Saxon and other primitive words — their imitative character — may be similarly resolved into the more general cause. Both those directly imitative, as *splash, bang, whiz, roar*, &c., and those analogically imitative, as *rough, smooth, keen, blunt, thin, hard, crag*, &c., by presenting to the perceptions symbols having direct resemblance to the things to be imagined, or some kinship to them, save part of the effort needed to call up the intended ideas, and leave more attention for the ideas themselves.

8. The economy of the recipient's mental energy into which we thus find the several causes of the strength of Saxon English resolvable may equally be traced in the superiority of specific over generic words. That concrete terms produce more vivid impressions than abstract ones, and should, when possible, be used instead, is a current maxim of composition. As Dr. Campbell says, "The more general the terms are, the picture is the fainter: the more special they are, the brighter."

We should avoid such a sentence as, —

"In proportion as the manners, customs, and amusements of a nation are cruel and barbarous, the regulations of their penal code will be severe."

And in place of it we should write, —

"In proportion as men delight in battles, tourneys, bull-fights, and combats of gladiators, will they punish by hanging, beheading, burning, and the rack."

This superiority of specific expressions is clearly due to a saving of the effort required to translate words into thoughts. As we do not think in generals, but in particulars; as, whenever any class of things is referred to, we represent it to ourselves by calling to mind individual members of it, — it follows, that, when an abstract word is used, the hearer or reader has to choose, from among his stock of images, one or more by which he may figure to himself the genus mentioned. In doing this, some delay must arise, some force be expended; and if, by employing a specific term, an appropriate image can be at once suggested, an economy is achieved, and a more vivid impression produced.

COLLOCATION OF WORDS.

9. Turning now from the choice of words to their sequence, we shall find the same general principle hold good. We have, *à priori*, reason for believing that there is usually some one order of words in a sentence more effective than every other, and that this order is the one which presents the elements of the proposition in the succession in which they may be most readily put together. As, in a narrative, the events should be stated in such sequence that the mind may not have to go backwards and forwards in order to rightly connect them; as, in a group of sentences, the arrangement adopted should be such that each of them may be understood as it comes, without waiting for subsequent ones: so, in every sentence, the sequence of words should be that which suggests the component parts of the thought conveyed, in the order most convenient for the building up that thought. To duly enforce this truth, and to prepare the way for applications of it, we must briefly inquire into the mental process by which the meaning of a series of words is apprehended.

10. We can not more simply do this than by considering the proper collocation of the substantive and adjective. Is it better to place the adjective before the substantive, or the substantive before the adjective? Ought we to say, with the French, "*Un cheval noir*"? or to say, as we do, "A black horse"? Probably most persons of culture would decide that one order is as good as the other. Alive to the bias produced by habit, they would ascribe to that the preference they feel for our own form of expression. They would suspect those educated in the use of the opposite form of having an equal preference for that. And thus they would conclude that neither of these instinctive judgments is of any worth. There is, however, a philosophical ground for deciding in favor of the English custom. If "a horse black" be the arrangement used, immediately on the utterance of the word "horse," there arises, or tends to arise, in the mind, a picture answering to that

word; and, as there has been nothing to indicate what *kind* of horse, any image of a horse suggests itself. Very likely, however, the image will be that of a brown horse; brown horses being equally or more familiar. The result is, that, when the word "black" is added, a check is given to the process of thought. Either the picture of a brown horse already present in the imagination has to be suppressed, and the picture of a black one summoned in its place; or else, if the picture of a brown horse be yet unformed, the tendency to form it has to be stopped. Whichever be the case, a certain amount of hindrance results. But if, on the other hand, "a black horse" be the expression used, no such mistake can be made. The word "black," indicating an abstract quality, arouses no definite idea. It simply prepares the mind for conceiving some object of that color; and the attention is kept suspended until that object is known. If, then, by the precedence of the adjective, the idea is conveyed without the possibility of error, whereas the precedence of the substantive is liable to produce a misconception, it follows that the one gives the mind less trouble than the other, and is, therefore, more forcible.

11. Possibly it will be objected that the adjective and substantive come so close together, that, practically, they may be considered as uttered at the same moment; and that, on hearing the phrase, "A horse black," there is not time to imagine a wrongly-colored horse before the word "black" follows to prevent it. It must be owned that it is not easy to decide by introspection whether this be so or not. But there are facts collaterally implying that it is not. Our ability to anticipate the words yet unspoken is one of them. If the ideas of the hearer kept considerably behind the expressions of the speaker, as the objection assumes, he could hardly foresee the end of a sentence by the time it was half delivered; yet this constantly happens. Were the supposition true, the mind, instead of anticipating, would be continually falling more and more in arrear. If the meanings of words are not realized as fast as the words are uttered, then the loss of time over each word must entail such an accumulation of delays as to leave a hearer entirely behind. But, whether the force of these replies be or be not admitted, it will scarcely be denied that the right formation of a picture will be facilitated by presenting its elements in the order in which they are wanted; and that, as in forming the image answering to a red flower the notion of redness is one of the components that must be used in the construction of the image, the mind, if put in possession of this notion before the specific image to be formed out of it is suggested, will more easily form it than if the order be reversed, even though it should do nothing until it has received both symbols.

What is here said respecting the succession of the adjective and substantive is obviously applicable, by change of terms, to the adverb and verb. And, without further explanation, it will be at once perceived, that, in the use of prepositions and other particles, most languages spontaneously conform, with more or less completeness, to this law.

ARRANGEMENT OF CLAUSES.

12. On applying a like analysis to the larger divisions of a sentence, we find not only that the same principle holds good, but that the advantage respecting it becomes marked. In the arrangement of predicate and subject, for example, we are at once shown, that, as the predicate determines the aspect under which the subject is to be conceived, it should be placed first; and the striking effect produced by so placing it becomes comprehensible. Take the often-quoted contrast between "Great is Diana of the Ephesians" and "Diana of the Ephesians is great." When the first arrangement is used, the utterance of the word "great" arouses those vague associations of an impressive nature with which it has been habitually connected; the imagination is prepared to clothe with high attributes whatever follows: and when the words, "Diana of the Ephesians," are heard, all the appropriate imagery which can on the instant be summoned is used in the formation of the picture; the mind being thus led directly, and without error, to the intended impression. When, on the contrary, the reverse order is followed, the idea, "Diana of the Ephesians," is conceived in any ordinary way, with no special reference to greatness; and, when the words "is great" are added, the conception has to be entirely remodeled: whence arises a manifest loss of mental energy, and a corresponding diminution of effect. The following verse from Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner," though somewhat irregular in structure, well illustrates the same truth: —

> "*Alone, alone, all, all alone,*
> *Alone on a wide, wide sea!*
> And never a saint took pity on
> My soul in agony."

13. Of course, the principle equally applies when the predicate is a verb or a participle. And as effect is gained by placing first all words indicating the quality, conduct, or condition of the subject, it follows that the copula also should have precedence. It is true, that the general habit of our language resists this arrangement of predicate, copula, and subject; but we may readily find instances of the additional force gained by conforming to it. Thus in the line from "Julius Cæsar," —

> "Then *burst* this mighty heart," —

priority is given to a word embodying both predicate and copula. In a passage contained in "The Battle of Flodden Field," the like order is systematically employed with great effect: —

> "The Border slogan rent the sky!
> '*A Home! a Gordon!*' *was* the cry;
> *Loud were* the clanging blows:
> *Advanced, forced back, now low, now high,*
> The pennon sunk and rose.
> As *bends* the bark's mast in the gale,
> When *rent are* rigging, shrouds, and sail,
> It wavered 'mid the foes."

14. Pursuing the principle yet further, it is obvious, that, for producing the greatest effect, not only should the main divisions of a sentence observe this sequence, but the subdivisions of these should be similarly arranged. In nearly all cases, the predicate is accompanied by some limit or qualification, called its complement: commonly, also, the circumstances of the subject which form its complement have to be specified; and, as these qualifications and circumstances must determine the mode in which the ideas they belong to shall be conceived, precedence should be given to them. Lord Kaimes notices the fact, that this order is preferable, though without giving the reason. He says, "When a circumstance is placed at the beginning of the period, or near the beginning, the transition from it to the principal subject is agreeable, — is like ascending or going upwards." A sentence arranged in illustration of this may be desirable. Perhaps the following will serve: —

"Whatever it may be in theory, it is clear, that, in practice, the French idea of liberty is, — the right of every man to be master of the rest."

In this case, were the first two clauses, up to the word "practice" inclusive, which qualify the subject, to be placed at the end instead of the beginning, much of the force would be lost; as thus: —

"The French idea of liberty is, — the right of every man to be master of the rest, in practice at least, if not in theory."

The effect of giving priority to the complement of the predicate, as well as the predicate itself, is finely displayed in the opening of "Hyperion:" —

> "*Deep in the shady sadness of a vale,*
> *Far-sunken from the healthy breath of morn,*
> *Far from the fiery noon and eve's one star,*
> *Sat* gray-haired Saturn, quiet as a stone."

Here it will be observed, not only that the predicate "sat" precedes the subject "Saturn," and that the three lines in Italics,

constituting the complement of the predicate, come before it, but that, in the structure of that complement also, the same order is followed; each line being so arranged that the qualifying words are placed before the words suggesting concrete images.

SUCCESSION OF PROPOSITIONS.

15. The right succession of the principal and subordinate propositions in a sentence will manifestly be regulated by the same law. Regard for economy of the recipient's attention, which, as we find, determines the best order for the subject, copula, predicate, and their complements, dictates that the subordinate proposition shall precede the principal one when the sentence includes two. Containing, as the subordinate proposition does, some qualifying or explanatory idea, its priority must clearly prevent misconception of the principal one, and must therefore save the mental effort needed to correct such misconception. This will be clearly seen in the annexed example: —

"Those who weekly go to church, and there have doled out to them a quantum of belief which they have not energy to work out for themselves, are simply spiritual paupers."

The subordinate proposition, or rather the two subordinate propositions, contained between the first and second commas in this sentence, almost wholly determine the meaning of the principal proposition with which it ends; and the effect would be destroyed were they placed last instead of first.

16. The general principle of right arrangement in sentences, which we have traced in its application to the leading divisions of them, equally determines the normal order of their minor divisions. The several clauses of which the complements to the subject and predicate generally consist may conform more or less completely to the law of easy apprehension. Of course, with these, as with the larger members, the succession should be from the abstract to the concrete.

Now, however, we must notice a further condition to be fulfilled in the proper combination of the elements of a sentence, but still a condition dictated by the same general principle with the other; the condition, namely, that the words and expressions most nearly related in thought shall be brought the closest together. Evidently the single words, the minor clauses, and the leading divisions, of every proposition, severally qualify each other. The longer the time that elapses between the mention of any qualifying member and the member qualified, the longer must the mind be exerted in carrying forward the qualifying member ready for use; and, the more numerous the qualifications to be simultaneously remembered and rightly applied, the

greater will be the mental power expended, and the smaller the effect produced. Hence, other things equal, force will be gained by so arranging the members of a sentence that these suspensions shall at any moment be the fewest in number, and shall also be of the shortest duration. The following is an instance of defective combination:—

"A modern newspaper-statement, though probably true, would be laughed at if quoted in a book as testimony; but the letter of a court-gossip is thought good historical evidence, if written some centuries ago."

A re-arrangement of this, in accordance with the principle indicated above, will be found to increase the effect. Thus: —

"Though probably true, a modern newspaper-statement quoted in a book as testimony would be laughed at; but the letter of a court-gossip, if written some centuries ago, is thought good historical evidence."

By making this change, some of the suspensions are avoided, and others shortened; whilst there is less liability to produce premature conceptions. The passage quoted below from "Paradise Lost" affords a fine instance of sentences well arranged, alike in the priority of the subordinate members, in the avoidance of long and numerous suspensions, and in the correspondence between the order of the clauses and the sequence of the phenomena described; which, by the way, is a further prerequisite to easy comprehension, and therefore to effect: —

"As when a prowling wolf,
Whom hunger drives to seek new haunt for prey,
Watching where shepherds pen their flocks at eve
In hurdled cotes amid the field secure,
Leaps o'er the fence with ease into the fold;
Or as a thief bent to unhoard the cash
Of some rich burgher, whose substantial doors,
Cross-barred and bolted fast, fear no assault,
In at the window climbs, or o'er the tiles:
So clomb the first grand thief into God's fold;
So since into his Church lewd hirelings climb."

17. The habitual use of sentences in which all or most of the descriptive and limiting elements precede those described and limited gives rise to what is called the inverted style, — a title which is, however, by no means confined to this structure, but is often used where the order of the words is simply unusual. A more appropriate title would be the "direct style:" as contrasted with the other, or "indirect style:" the peculiarity of the one being, that it conveys each thought into the mind step by step, with little liability to error; and of the other, that it gets the right thought conceived by a series of approximations.

18. The superiority of the direct over the indirect form of sen-

tence, implied by the several conclusions that have been drawn, must not, however, be affirmed without limitation. Though up to a certain point it is well for all the qualifying clauses of a period to precede those qualified, yet, as carrying forward each qualifying clause costs some mental effort, it follows, that, when the number of them and the time they are carried become great, we reach a limit beyond which more is lost than is gained. Other things equal, the arrangement should be such, that no concrete image shall be suggested until the materials out of which it is to be made have been presented. And yet, as lately pointed out, other things equal, the fewer the materials to be held at once, and the shorter the distance they have to be borne, the better. Hence in some cases it becomes a question, whether most mental effort will be entailed by the many and long suspensions, or by the correction of successive misconceptions.

19. This question may sometimes be decided by considering the capacity of the persons addressed. A greater grasp of mind is required for the ready comprehension of thoughts expressed in the direct manner, where the sentences are anywise intricate. To recollect a number of preliminaries stated in elucidation of a coming image, and to apply them all to the formation of it when suggested, demands a considerable power of concentration, and a tolerably vigorous imagination. To one possessing these, the direct method will mostly seem the best; whilst to one deficient in them it will seem the worst. Just as it may cost a strong man less effort to carry a hundred-weight from place to place at once than by a stone at a time; so to an active mind it may be easier to bear along all the qualifications of an idea, and at once rightly form it when named, than to first imperfectly conceive such idea, and then carry back to it, one by one, the details and limitations afterwards mentioned. Whilst, conversely, as for a boy the only possible mode of transferring a hundred-weight is that of taking it in portions; so, for a weak mind, the only possible mode of forming a compound conception may be that of building it up by carrying separately its several parts.

20. That the indirect method — the method of conveying the meaning by a series of approximations — is best fitted for the uncultivated, may indeed be inferred from their habitual use of it. The form of expression adopted by the savage, as in "Water — give me," is the simplest type of the approximative arrangement. In pleonasms, which are comparatively prevalent among the uneducated, the same essential structure is seen; as, for instance, in "The men, they were there." Again: the old possessive case, "The king, his crown," conforms to the like order of thought. Moreover, the fact that the indirect mode is called

the natural one implies that it is the one spontaneously employed by the common people; that is, the one easiest for undisciplined minds.

21. Before dismissing this branch of our subject, it should be remarked, that, even when addressing the most vigorous intellects, the direct style is unfit for communicating thoughts of a complex or abstract character. So long as the mind has not much to do, it may be well able to grasp all the preparatory clauses of a sentence, and to use them effectively; but if some subtlety in the argument absorb the attention, if every faculty be strained in endeavoring to catch the speaker's or writer's drift, it may happen that the mind, unable to carry on both processes at once, will break down, and allow all its ideas to lapse into confusion.

FIGURES OF SPEECH.

22. Turning now to consider figures of speech, we may equally discern the same general law of effect. Underlying all the rules that may be given for the choice and right use of them, we shall find the same fundamental requirement, — economy of attention. It is indeed chiefly because of their great ability to subserve this requirement that figures of speech are employed. To bring the mind more easily to the desired conception, is in many cases solely, and in all cases mainly, their object.

23. Let us begin with the figure called Synecdoche. The advantage sometimes gained by putting a part for the whole is due to the more convenient or more accurate presentation of the idea thus secured. If, instead of saying, "A fleet of ten ships," we say, "A fleet of ten *sail*," the picture of a group of vessels at sea is more readily suggested, and is so because the sails constitute the most conspicuous part of vessels so circumstanced; whereas the word "ships" would very likely remind us of vessels in dock. Again, to say, "All *hands* to the pumps!" is better than to say, "All *men* to the pumps!" as it suggests the men in the special attitude intended, and so saves effort. Bringing "*gray hairs* with sorrow to the grave" is another expression, the effect of which has the same cause.

24. The occasional increase of force produced by Metonymy may be similarly accounted for. "The low morality of *the bar*" is a phrase both briefer and more significant than the literal one it stands for. A belief in the ultimate supremacy of intelligence over brute force is conveyed in a more concrete, and therefore more realizable form, if we substitute "the pen" and "the sword" for the two abstract terms. To say, "Beware of drinking!" is less effective than to say "Beware *the bottle!*" and is so, clearly, because it calls up a less specific image.

25. The Simile, though in many cases employed chiefly with a view to ornament, yet, whenever it increases the *force* of a passage, does so by being an economy. Here is an instance: —

"The illusion, that great men and great events came oftener in early times than now, is partly due to historical perspective. As, in a range of equidistant columns, the farthest off look the closest, so the conspicuous objects of the past seem more thickly clustered the more remote they are."

To construct, by a process of literal explanation, the thought thus conveyed, would take many sentences; and the first elements of the picture would become faint whilst the imagination was busy in adding the others. But, by the help of a comparison, all effort is saved: the picture is instantly realized, and its full effect produced.

26. Of the position of the Simile,* it needs only to remark, that what has been said respecting the order of the adjective and substantive, predicate and subject, principal and subordinate propositions, &c., is applicable here. As whatever qualifies should precede whatever is qualified, force will generally be gained by placing the simile before the object to which it is applied. That this arrangement is the best, may be seen in the following passage from "The Lady of the Lake:" —

> "As wreath of snow, on mountain breast,
> Slides from the rock that gave it rest,
> Poor Ellen glided from her stay,
> And at the monarch's feet she lay."

Inverting these couplets will be found to diminish the effect considerably. There are cases, however, even where the simile is a simple one, in which it may with advantage be placed last; as in these lines from Alexander Smith's "Life Drama:" —

> "I see the future stretch
> All dark and barren as a rainy sea."

The reason for this seems to be, that so abstract an idea as that attaching to the "future" does not present itself to the mind in any definite form; and hence the subsequent arrival at the simile entails no reconstruction of the thought.

27. Nor are such the only cases in which this order is the most forcible. As the advantage of putting the simile before the object depends on its being carried forward in the mind to assist in forming an image of the object, it must happen, that if, from length or complexity, it can not be so carried forward, the advan-

* Properly the term "simile" is applicable only to the entire figure, inclusive of the two things compared and the comparison drawn between them. But, as there exists no name for the illustrative member of the figure, there seems no alternative but to employ "simile" to express this also. The context will in each case show in which sense the word is used.

tage is not gained. The annexed sonnet by Coleridge is defective from this cause: —

"As when a child, on some long winter's night,
Affrighted, clinging to its grandam's knees
With eager wondering and perturbed delight
Listens strange tales of fearful, dark decrees,
Muttered to wretch by necromantic spell;
Or of those hags who at the witching time
Of murky midnight ride the air sublime,
And mingle foul embrace with fiends of hell;
Cold horror drinks its blood! anon the tear
More gentle starts to hear the beldam tell
Of pretty babes that loved each other dear,
Murdered by cruel uncle's mandate fell:
Even such the shivering joys thy tones impart;
Even so, thou, Siddons, meltest my sad heart."

Here, from the lapse of time and accumulation of circumstances, the first part of the comparison becomes more or less dim before its application is reached, and requires re-reading. Had the main idea been first mentioned, less effort would have been required to retain it, and to modify the conception of it in conformity with the comparison, than to retain the comparison, and refer back to the recollection of its successive features for help in forming the final image.

28. The superiority of the Metaphor to the Simile is ascribed by Dr. Whately to the fact that "all men are more gratified at catching the resemblance for themselves than in having it pointed out to them." But, after what has been said, the great economy it achieves will seem the more probable cause. If, drawing an analogy between mental and physical phenomena, we say, "As, in passing through the crystal, beams of white light are decomposed into the colors of the rainbow; so, in traversing the soul of the poet, the colorless rays of truth are transformed into brightly-tinted poetry," it is clear, that, in receiving the double set of words expressing the two portions of the comparison, and in carrying the one portion to the other, a considerable amount of attention is absorbed. Most of this is saved, however, by putting the comparison in a metaphorical form, thus: —

"The white light of truth, in traversing the many-sided, transparent soul of the poet, is refracted into iris-hued poetry."

29. How much is conveyed in a few words by the help of the Metaphor, and how vivid the effect consequently produced, may be abundantly exemplified. From "A Life Drama" may be quoted the phrase, —

"I speared him with a jest,"

as a fine instance among the many which that poem contains. A passage in the "Prometheus Unbound" of Shelley displays the power of the Metaphor to great advantage: —

"Methought among the lawns together
We wandered, underneath the young gray dawn,
And multitudes of dense, white, fleecy clouds
Were wandering in thick flocks along the mountains,
Shepherded by the slow, unwilling wind."

This last expression is remarkable for the distinctness with which it realizes the features of the scene; bringing the mind, as it were, by a bound, to the desired conception.

30. But a limit is put to the advantageous use of the Metaphor by the condition that it must be sufficiently simple to be understood from a hint. Evidently, if there be any obscurity in the meaning or application of it, no economy of attention will be gained, but rather the reverse. Hence, when the comparison is complex, it is usual to have recourse to the Simile. There is, however, a species of figure, sometimes classed under Allegory, but which, perhaps, might be better called Compound Metaphor, that enables us to retain the brevity of the metaphorical form even where the analogy is intricate. This is done by indicating the application of the figure at the outset, and then leaving the mind to continue the parallel itself. Emerson has employed it with great effect in the first of his "Lectures on the Times:"—

"The main interest which any aspects of the times can have for us is the great spirit which gazes through them; the light which they can shed on the wonderful questions, What are we? and Whither do we tend? We do not wish to be deceived. Here we drift, like white sail across the wild ocean, now bright on the wave, now darkling in the trough of the sea. But from what port did we sail? Who knows? Or to what port are we bound? Who knows? There is no one to tell us but such poor weather-tossed mariners as ourselves, whom we speak as we pass, or who have hoisted some signal, or floated to us some letter in a bottle from afar. But what know they more than we? They also found themselves on this wondrous sea. No: from the older sailors nothing. Over all their speaking-trumpets the gray sea and the loud winds answer, 'Not in us; not in Time.'"

31. The division of the Simile from the Metaphor is by no means a definite one. Between the one extreme in which the two elements of the comparison are detailed at full length and the analogy pointed out, and the other extreme in which the comparison is implied instead of stated, come intermediate forms, in which the comparison is partly stated and partly implied. For instance:—

"Astonished at the performance of the English plow, the Hindoos paint it, set it up, and worship it; thus turning a tool into an idol: linguists do the same with language."

There is an evident advantage in leaving the reader or hearer to complete the figure; and generally these intermediate forms

are good in proportion as they do this, provided the mode of completing it be obvious.

32. Passing over much that may be said of like purport upon Hyperbole, Personification, Apostrophe, &c., let us close our remarks upon construction by a typical example. The general principle that has been enunciated is, that the force of all verbal forms and arrangements is great in proportion as the time and mental effort they demand from the recipient is small. The special applications of this general principle have been severally illustrated; and it has been shown that the relative goodness of any two modes of expressing an idea may be determined by observing which requires the shortest process of thought for its comprehension. But, though conformity in particular points has been exemplified, no cases of complete conformity have yet been quoted. It is indeed difficult to find them; for the English idiom scarcely permits the order which theory dictates. A few, however, occur in Ossian. Here is one: —

"As autumn's dark storms pour from two echoing hills, so towards each other approached the heroes. As two dark streams from high rocks meet and mix, and roar on the plain; loud, rough, and dark in battle meet Lochlin and Inisfail. . . . As the troubled noise of the ocean when roll the waves on high, as the last peal of the thunder of heaven; such is the noise of the battle."

Except in the position of the verb in the first two similes, the theoretically best arrangement is fully carried out in each of these sentences. The simile comes before the qualified image, the adjectives before the substantives, the predicate and copula before the subject, and their respective complements before them. That the passage is more or less open to the charge of being bombastic proves nothing, or, rather, proves our case; for what is bombast but a force of expression too great for the magnitude of the ideas embodied? All that may rightly be inferred is, that only in very rare cases, and then only to produce a climax, should *all* the conditions of effective expression be fulfilled.

33. Passing on to a more complex application of the doctrine with which we set out, it must now be remarked, that not only in the structure of sentences, and the use of figures of speech, may economy of the recipient's mental energy be assigned as the cause of force, but that, in the choice and arrangement of the minor images out of which some large thought is to be built, we may trace the same condition of effect. To select from the sentiment, scene, or event described, those typical elements which carry many others along with them, and so, by saying a few things, but suggesting many, to abridge the description, is the secret of producing a vivid impression. Thus if we say, "Real

nobility is 'not transferable,'" besides the one idea expressed, several are implied; and, as these can be thought much sooner than they can be put in words, there is gain in omitting them. How the mind may be led to construct a complete picture by the presentation of a few parts, an extract from Tennyson's "Mariana" will show: —

> "All day, within the dreamy house,
> The door upon the hinges creaked;
> The blue fly sung i' the pane; the mouse
> Behind the moldering wainscot shrieked,
> Or from the crevice peered about."

The several circumstances here specified bring with them hosts of appropriate associations. Our attention is rarely drawn by the buzzing of a fly in the window, save when every thing is still. Whilst the inmates are moving about the house, mice usually keep silence; and it is only when extreme quietness reigns that they peep from their retreats. Hence each of the facts mentioned, presupposing numerous others, calls up these with more or less distinctness, and revives the feeling of dull solitude with which they are connected in our experience. Were all these facts detailed instead of suggested, the attention would be so frittered away, that little impression of dreariness would be produced. And here, without further explanation, it will be seen, that, be the nature of the sentiment conveyed what it may, this skillful selection of a few particulars which imply the rest is the key to success. In the choice of component ideas, as in the choice of expressions, the aim must be to convey the greatest quantity of thoughts with the smallest quantity of words.

34. Before inquiring whether the law of effect, thus far traced, will account for the superiority of poetry to prose, it will be needful to notice some supplementary causes of force in expression that have not yet been mentioned. These are not, properly speaking, additional causes, but rather secondary ones, originating from those already specified, — reflex manifestations of them. In the first place, then, we may remark, that mental excitement spontaneously prompts the use of those forms of speech which have been pointed out as the most effective. "Out with him!" "Away with him!" are the natural utterances of angry citizens at a disturbed meeting. A voyager, describing a terrible storm he had witnessed, would rise to some such climax as, "Crack went the ropes, and down came the mast!" Astonishment may be heard expressed in the phrase, "Never was there such a sight!" All of which sentences are, it will be observed, constructed after the direct type. Again: every one will recognize the fact that excited persons are given to figures of speech. The vituperation of the vulgar abounds with them; often, in-

deed, consists of little else. "Beast," "brute," "gallows-rogue," "cut-throat villain," — these, and other like metaphors and metaphorical epithets, at once call to mind a street-quarrel. Further: it may be remarked that extreme brevity is one of the characteristics of passionate language. The sentences are generally incomplete; the particles are omitted; and frequently important words are left to be gathered from the context. Great admiration does not vent itself in a precise proposition, as "It is beautiful," but in a simple exclamation, "Beautiful!" He who, when reading a lawyer's letter, should say, "Vile rascal!" would be thought angry; whilst "He is a vile rascal" would imply comparative coolness. Thus we see, that, alike in the order of the words, in the frequent use of figures, and in extreme conciseness, the natural utterances of excitement conform to the theoretical conditions of forcible expression.

35. Hence, then, the higher forms of speech acquire a secondary strength from association. Having, in actual life, habitually found them in connection with vivid mental impressions, and having been accustomed to meet with them in the most powerful writing, they come to have in themselves a species of force. The emotions that have from time to time been produced by the strong thoughts wrapped up in these forms are partially aroused by the forms themselves. They create a certain degree of animation; they induce a preparatory sympathy; and, when the striking ideas looked for are reached, they are the more vividly realized.

POETRY.

36. The continuous use of those modes of expression that are alike forcible in themselves and forcible from their associations produces the peculiarly impressive species of composition which we call poetry. Poetry, we shall find, habitually adopts those symbols of thought, and those methods of using them, which instinct and analysis agree in choosing as most effective, and becomes poetry by virtue of doing this. On turning back to the various specimens that have been quoted, it will be seen that the direct or inverted form of sentence predominates in them, and that to a degree quite inadmissible in prose. And not only in the frequency, but in what is termed the violence, of the inversions, will this distinction be remarked. In the abundant use of figures, again, we may recognize the same truth. Metaphors, similes, hyperboles, and personifications are the poet's colors, which he has liberty to employ almost without limit. We characterize as "poetical" the prose which repeats these appliances of language with any frequency, and condemn it as "over-florid" or "affected" long before they occur with the profusion allowed in

verse. Further: let it be remarked, that, in brevity, the other requisite of forcible expression which theory points out, and emotion spontaneously fulfills, poetical phraseology similarly differs from ordinary phraseology. Imperfect periods are frequent; elisions are perpetual; and many of the minor words, which would be deemed essential in prose, are dispensed with.

37. Thus poetry, regarded as a vehicle of thought, is especially impressive, partly because it obeys all the laws of effective speech, and partly because in so doing it imitates the natural utterances of excitement. Whilst the matter embodied is idealized emotion, the vehicle is the idealized language of emotion. As the musical composer catches the cadences in which our feelings of joy and sympathy, grief and despair, vent themselves, and out of these germs evolves melodies suggesting higher phases of these feelings; so the poet develops, from the typical expressions in which men utter passion and sentiment, those choice forms of verbal combination in which concentrated passion and sentiment may be fitly presented.

38. There is one peculiarity of poetry, conducing much to its effect, — the peculiarity which is indeed usually thought its characteristic one, — still remaining to be considered: we mean its rhythmical structure. This, unexpected as it may be, will be found to come under the same generalization with the others. Like each of them, it is an idealization of the natural language of emotion, which is known to be more or less metrical if the emotion be not violent; and, like each of them, it is an economy of the reader's or hearer's attention. In the peculiar tone and manner we adopt in uttering versified language may be discerned its relationship to the feelings; and the pleasure which its measured movement gives us is ascribable to the comparative ease with which words metrically arranged can be recognized. This last position will scarcely be at once admitted; but a little explanation will show its reasonableness. For if, as we have seen, there is an expenditure of mental energy in the mere act of listening to verbal articulations, or in that silent repetition of them which goes on in reading; if the perceptive faculties must be in active exercise to identify every syllable, — then any mode of combining words so as to present a regular recurrence of certain traits which the mind can anticipate will diminish that strain upon the attention required by the total irregularity of prose. In the same manner that the body in receiving a series of varying concussions must keep the muscles ready to meet the most violent of them, as not knowing when such may come; so the mind, in receiving unarranged articulations, must keep its perceptives active enough to recognize the least easily caught sounds. And as, if the concussions recur in a definite order, the body may husband

its forces by adjusting the resistance needful for each concussion; so, if the syllables be rhythmically arranged, the mind may economize its energies by anticipating the attention required for each syllable. Far-fetched as this idea will perhaps be thought, a little introspection will countenance it. That we *do* take advantage of metrical language to adjust our perceptive faculties to the force of the expected articulations, is clear from the fact that we are balked by halting versification. Much as, at the bottom of a flight of stairs, a step more or less than we counted upon gives us a shock; so, too, does a misplaced accent or a supernumerary syllable. In the one case, we know that there is an erroneous pre-adjustment; and we can scarcely doubt that there is one in the other. But, if we habitually pre-adjust our perceptions to the measured movement of verse, the physical analogy lately given renders it probable that by so doing we economize attention; and hence that metrical language is more effective than prose, simply because it enables us to do this.

Were there space, it might be worth while to inquire whether the pleasure we take in rhyme, and also that which we take in euphony, are not partly ascribable to the same general cause.

ECONOMY OF THE SENSIBILITIES.

39. A few paragraphs only can be devoted to a second division of our subject that here presents itself. To pursue in detail the laws of effect, as seen in the larger features of composition, would exceed both our limits and our purpose; but we may fitly indicate some further aspect of the general principle hitherto traced out, and hint a few of its wider applications.

Thus far, then, we have considered only those causes of force in language which depend upon economy of the mental *energies:* we have now briefly to glance at those which depend upon economy of the mental *sensibilities.* Indefensible though this diversion may be as a psychological one, it will yet serve roughly to indicate the remaining field of investigation. It will suggest, that, besides considering the extent to which any faculty, or group of faculties, is taken in receiving a form of words, and realizing its contained idea, we have to consider the state in which this faculty, or group of faculties, is left, and how the reception of subsequent sentences and images will be influenced by that state. Without going at length into so wide a topic as the exercise of faculties, and its re-active effects, it will be sufficient here to call to mind that every faculty (when in a state of normal activity) is most capable at the outset; and that the change in its condition which ends in what we term exhaustion begins simultaneously with its exercise. This generalization, with which we are all

familiar in our bodily experiences, and which our daily language recognizes as true of the mind as a whole, is equally true of each mental power, from the simplest of the senses to the most complex of the sentiments. If we hold a flower to the nose for a long time, we become insensible to its scent. We say of a very brilliant flash of lightning, that it blinds us; which means that our eyes have for a time lost their ability to appreciate light. After eating a quantity of honey, we are apt to think our tea is without sugar. The phrase, "A deafening roar," implies that men find a very loud sound temporarily incapacitates them for hearing faint ones. Now, the truth which we at once recognize in these, its extreme manifestations, may be traced throughout; and it may be shown, that alike in the reflective faculties, in the imagination, in the perceptions of the beautiful, the ludicrous, the sublime, in the sentiments, the instincts, in all the mental powers, however we may classify them, action exhausts; and that, in proportion as the action is violent, the subsequent prostration is great.

40. Equally, throughout the whole nature, may be traced the law, that exercised faculties are ever tending to resume their original state. Not only, after continued rest, do they regain their full power, not only do brief cessations partially re-invigorate them, but, even whilst they are in action, the resulting exhaustion is ever being neutralized. The two processes of waste and repair go on together. Hence, with faculties habitually exercised, as the senses in all or the muscles in a laborer, it happens, that, during modern activity, the repair is so nearly equal to the waste, that the diminution of power is scarcely appreciable; and it is only when the activity has been long continued, or has been very violent, that the repair becomes so far in arrear of the waste as to produce a perceptible prostration. In all cases, however, when, by the action of a faculty, waste has been incurred, *some* lapse of time must take place before full efficiency can be re-acquired; and this time must be long in proportion as the waste has been great.

41. Keeping in mind these general truths, we shall be in a condition to understand certain causes of effect in composition now to be considered. Every perception received, and every conception realized, entailing some amount of waste, — or, as Liebig would say, some change of matter in the brain, — and the efficiency of the faculties subject to this waste being thereby temporarily, though often but momentarily, diminished, the resulting partial inability must affect the acts of perception and conception that immediately succeed. And hence we may expect that the vividness with which images are realized will in many cases depend on the order of their presentation, even when one order is as convenient to the understanding as the other. We shall find

sundry facts which alike illustrate this, and are explained by it. Climax is one of them. The marked effect obtained by placing last the most striking of any series of images, and the weakness — often ludicrous weakness — produced by reversing this arrangement, depend on the general law indicated. As, immediately after looking at the sun, we can not perceive the light of a fire, whilst by looking at the fire first, and the sun afterwards, we can perceive both; so, after receiving a brilliant or weighty or terrible thought, we can not appreciate a less brilliant, less weighty, or less terrible one, whilst, by reversing the order, we can appreciate each.

42. In Antithesis, again, we may recognize the same general truth. The opposition of two thoughts that are the reverse of each other in some prominent trait insures an impressive effect, and does this by giving a momentary relaxation of the faculties addressed. If, after a series of images of an ordinary character, appealing in a moderate degree to the sentiment of reverence or approbation or beauty, the mind has presented to it a very insignificant, a very unworthy, or a very ugly image, the faculty of reverence or approbation or beauty, as the case may be, having for the time nothing to do, tends to resume its full power, and will immediately afterwards appreciate a vast, admirable, or beautiful image better than it would otherwise do. Improbable as these momentary variations in susceptibility will seem to many, we can not doubt their occurrence when we contemplate the analogous variations in the susceptibility of the senses. Referring once more to phenomena of vision, every one knows that a patch of black on a white ground looks blacker, and a patch of white on a black ground looks whiter, than elsewhere. As the blackness and the whiteness must really be the same, the only assignable cause for this is a difference in their action upon us, dependent upon the different states of our faculties. It is simply a visual antithesis.

43. But this extension of the general principle of economy, this further condition of effect in composition, — that the power of the faculties must be continuously husbanded, — includes much more than has been yet hinted. It implies, not only that certain arrangements and certain juxtapositions of connected ideas are best, but that some modes of dividing and presenting the subject will be more effective than others, and that, too, irrespective of its logical cohesion. It shows why we must progress from the less interesting to the more interesting; and why not only the composition as a whole, but each of its successive portions, should tend towards a climax. At the same time, it forbids long continuity of the same species of thought, or repeated production of the same effects. It warns us against the error committed both

by Pope in his poems and by Bacon in his essays, — the error, namely, of constantly employing the most effective forms of expression; and it points out, that as the easiest posture by and by becomes fatiguing, and is with pleasure exchanged for one less easy, so the most perfectly constructed sentences will soon weary, and relief will be given by using those of an inferior kind. Further, it involves that not only should we avoid generally combining our words in one manner, however good, or working out our figures and illustrations in one way, however telling, but we should avoid any thing like uniform adherence even to the wider conditions of effect. We should not make every section of our subject progress in interest; we should not always rise to a climax. As we say, that, in single sentences, it is but rarely allowable to fulfill all the conditions of strength; so, in the larger portions of a composition, we must not often conform entirely to the law indicated. We must subordinate the component effects to the total effect.

44. In deciding how practically to carry out the principles of artistic composition, we may derive help by bearing in mind a fact already pointed out, — the fitness of certain verbal arrangements for certain kinds of thought. That constant variety in the mode of presenting ideas which the theory demands will in a great degree result from a skillful adaptation of the form to the matter. We saw how the direct or inverted sentence is spontaneously used by excited people, and how their language is also characterized by figures of speech and by extreme brevity. Hence these may with advantage predominate in emotional passages, and may increase as the emotion rises. On the other hand, for complex ideas, the indirect sentence seems the best vehicle. In conversation, the excitement produced by the near approach to a desired conclusion will often show itself in a series of short, sharp sentences; whilst, in impressing a view already enunciated, we generally make our periods voluminous by piling thought upon thought. These natural modes of procedure may serve as guides in writing. Keen observation and skillful analysis would, in like manner, detect many other peculiarities of expression produced by other attitudes of mind; and, by paying due attention to all such traits, a writer possessed of sufficient versatility might make some approach to a completely organized work.

45. This species of composition, which the law of effect points out as the perfect one, is the one which high genius tends naturally to produce. As we found that the kinds of sentence which are theoretically best are those generally employed by superior minds, and by inferior minds when excitement has raised them; so we shall find that the ideal form for a poem, essay, or fiction, is that which the ideal writer would evolve spontaneously. One in

whom the powers of expression fully responded to the state of mind would unconsciously use that variety in the mode of presenting his thoughts which Art demands. This constant employment of one species of phraseology, which all have now to strive against, implies an undeveloped faculty of language. To have a specific style is to be poor in speech. If we glance back at the past, and remember that men had once only nouns and verbs to convey their ideas with, and that from then to now the growth has been towards a greater number of implements of thought, and, consequently, towards a greater complexity and variety in their combinations, we may infer that we are now, in our use of sentences, much what the primitive man was in his use of words; and that a continuance of the process that has hitherto gone on must produce increasing heterogeneity in our modes of expression.

46. As, now, in a fine nature, the play of the features, the tones of the voice and its cadences, vary in harmony with every thought uttered; so, in one possessed of a fully-developed power of speech, the mold in which combination of words is cast will similarly vary with, and be appropriate to, the sentiment. That a perfectly endowed man must unconsciously write in all styles, we may infer from considering how styles originate. Why is Addison diffuse, Johnson pompous, Goldsmith simple? Why is one author abrupt, another rhythmical, another concise? Evidently, in each case, the habitual mode of utterance must depend upon the habitual balance of the nature. The predominant feelings have by use trained the intellect to represent them. But, whilst long though unconscious discipline has made it do this efficiently, it remains, from lack of practice, incapable of doing the same for the less powerful feelings; and, when these are excited, the usual modes of expression undergo but a slight modification. Let the powers of speech be fully developed, however, let the ability of the intellect to convey the emotions be complete, and this fixity of style will disappear. The perfect writer will express himself as Junius, when in the Junius frame of mind; when he feels as Lamb felt, will use a like familiar speech; and will fall into the ruggedness of Carlyle when in a Carlylean mood. Now he will be rhythmical, and now irregular; here his language will be plain, and there ornate; sometimes his sentences will be balanced, and at other times unsymmetrical; for a while there will be considerable sameness, and then, again, great variety. From his mode of expression naturally responding to his state of feeling, there will flow from his pen a composition changing to the same degree that the aspects of his subject change. He will thus, without effort, conform to what we have seen to be the laws of effect. And, whilst his work presents to the reader that variety

needful to prevent continuous exertion of the same faculties, it will also answer to the description of all highly-organized products both of man and of nature: it will be, not a series of like parts simply placed in juxtaposition, but one whole made up of unlike parts that are mutually dependent.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

BORN NOV. 3, 1794, CUMMINGTON, MASS.

It is eminently fitting for us to begin the study of English literature with the name of this veteran poet and most accomplished master of pure English.

From 1808, the date of his first published literary effort, to the present time, 1870, a period of more than sixty years, the power and beauty of the language have been almost continuously illustrated by his genius. Combining in the rarest manner in himself the true poet, the careful critic, and the political philosopher, it would be difficult to say in which character he has performed the most distinguished services to humanity. For beauty and purity of thought and expression, his poems, and for sound logic, and lucidity of style, his political writings, place him in the front rank of modern authors.

PRINCIPAL PRODUCTIONS.

"Thanatopsis;" "Inscription for an Entrance into a Wood;" "Letters of a Traveler;" Second Series of "Letters of a Traveler;" "The Waterfowl;" "The Ages;" three volumes of Poems; Contributions as editor and correspondent of "The New-York Evening Post" since 1826; "Translation of Homer," 1870.

THANATOPSIS.

To him who, in the love of Nature, holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language: for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty; and she glides
Into his darker musings with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart,
Go forth under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings; while from all around —
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air —
Comes a still voice: "Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more

In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground
Where thy pale form was laid with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again:
And lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix for ever with the elements;
To be a brother to the insensible rock,
And to the sluggish clod which the rude swain
Turns with his share and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mold.
Yet not to thine eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone; nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world, with kings,
The powerful of the earth, the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past, —
All in one mighty sepulcher. The hills,
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun; the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods; rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green; and, poured round all,
Old Ocean's gray and melancholy waste, —
Are but the solemn decorations, all,
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings
Of morning; traverse Barca's desert sands;
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
Save its own dashings: yet the dead are there;
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep: the dead reign there alone.
So shalt thou rest. And what if thou withdraw
In silence from the living, and no friend
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone; the solemn brood of care
Plod on; and each one, as before, will chase
His favorite phantom: yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glides away, the sons of men,
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron and maid,
And the sweet babe, and the gray-headed man,

Shall, one by one, be gathered to thy side
By those who in their turn shall follow them.
So live, that, when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan which moves
To that mysterious realm where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not like the quarry-slave at night
Scourged to his dungeon; but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

THE CONQUEROR'S GRAVE.

WITHIN this lowly grave a conqueror lies;
And yet the monument proclaims it not,
Nor round the sleeper's name hath chisel wrought
The emblems of a fame that never dies, —
Ivy and amaranth in a graceful sheaf,
Twined with the laurel's fair, imperial leaf.
A simple name alone,
To the great world unknown,
Is graven here; and wild-flowers rising round —
Meek meadow-sweet and violets of the ground —
Lean lovingly against the humble stone.

Here, in the quiet earth, they laid apart
No man of iron mold and bloody hands,
Who sought to wreak upon the cowering lands
The passions that consumed his restless heart;
But one of tender spirit and delicate frame,
Gentlest in mien and mind
Of gentle womankind,
Timidly shrinking from the breath of blame;
One in whose eyes the smile of kindness made
Its haunt, like flowers by sunny brooks in May;
Yet, at the thought of others' pain, a shade
Of sweeter sadness chased the smile away.

Nor deem, that, when the hand that molders here
Was raised in menace, realms were chilled with fear,
And armies mustered at the sign, as when
Clouds rise on clouds before the rainy east, —
Gray captains leading bands of veteran men
And fiery youths to be the vultures' feast.
Not thus were waged the mighty wars that gave
The victory to her who fills this grave.
Alone her task was wrought;
Alone the battle fought:
Through that long strife her constant hope was stayed
On God alone, nor looked for other aid.

She met the hosts of sorrow with a look
That altered not beneath the frown they wore;
And soon the lowering brood were tamed, and took
Meekly her gentle rule, and frowned no more.
Her soft hand put aside the assaults of wrath,
And calmly broke in twain
The fiery shafts of pain,
And rent the nets of passion from her path;
By that victorious hand despair was slain.
With love she vanquished hate, and overcame
Evil with good in her Great Master's name.

Her glory is not of this shadowy state,—
Glory that with the fleeting season dies;
But, when she entered at the sapphire gate,
What joy was radiant in celestial eyes!
How heaven's bright depths with sounding welcomes rung,
And flowers of heaven by shining hands were flung!
And He who, long before,
Pain, scorn, and sorrow bore,
The mighty Sufferer, with aspect sweet,
Smiled on the timid stranger from his seat;
He who, returning glorious from the grave,
Dragged Death, disarmed, in chains, a crouching slave.

See! as I linger here, the sun grows low;
Cool airs are murmuring that the night is near.
O gentle sleeper! from thy grave I go
Consoled, though sad, in hope, and yet in fear.
Brief is the time, I know,
The warfare scarce begun;
Yet all may win the triumphs thou hast won:
Still flows the fount whose waters strengthened thee.
The victors' names are yet too few to fill
Heaven's mighty roll; the glorious armory
That ministered to thee is opened still.

THE PAST.

Thou unrelenting Past!
Strong are the barriers round thy dark domain,
And fetters sure and fast
Hold all that enter thy unbreathing reign.

Far in thy realm withdrawn,
Old empires sit in sullenness and gloom;
And glorious ages gone
Lie deep within the shadow of thy womb.

Childhood with all its mirth,
Youth, manhood, age that draws us to the ground,
And, last, man's life on earth,
Glide to thy dim dominions, and are bound.

Thou hast my better years;
Thou hast my earlier friends, — the good, the kind, —
Yielded to thee with tears;
The venerable form, the exalted mind.

My spirit yearns to bring
The lost ones back, yearns with desire intense,
And struggles hard to wring
Thy bolts apart, and pluck thy captives thence.

In vain: thy gates deny
All passage save to those who hence depart;
Nor to the streaming eye
Thou giv'st them back, nor to the broken heart.

In thy abysses hide
Beauty and excellence unknown: to thee
Earth's wonder and her pride
Are gathered as the waters to the sea, —

Labors of good to man;
Unpublished charity; unbroken faith;
Love that 'midst grief began,
And grew with years, and faltered not in death.

Full many a mighty name
Lurks in thy depths, unuttered, unrevered:
With thee are silent fame,
Forgotten arts, and wisdom disappeared.

Thine for a space are they:
Yet shalt thou yield thy treasures up at last;
Thy gates shall yet give way,
Thy bolts shall fall, inexorable Past!

All that of good and fair
Has gone into thy womb from earliest time
Shall then come forth to wear
The glory and the beauty of its prime.

They have not perished: no!
Kind words, remembered voices once so sweet,
Smiles radiant long ago,
And features the great soul's apparent seat, —

All shall come back; each tie
Of pure affection shall be knit again:
Alone shall Evil die,
And Sorrow dwell a prisoner in thy reign.

And then shall I behold
Him by whose kind, paternal side I sprung;
And her who, still and cold,
Fills the next grave, — the beautiful and young.

THE EVENING WIND.

Spirit that breathest through my lattice, thou
That cool'st the twilight of the sultry day!
Gratefully flows thy freshness round my brow:
Thou hast been out upon the deep at play,
Riding all day the wild blue waves till now,
Roughening their crests, and scattering high their spray,
And swelling the white sail. I welcome thee
To the scorched land, thou wanderer of the sea!

Nor I alone: a thousand bosoms round
Inhale thee in the fullness of delight;
And languid forms rise up, and pulses bound
Livelier, at coming of the wind of night;
And, languishing to hear thy grateful sound,
Lies the vast inland, stretched beyond the sight.
Go forth into the gathering shade; go forth, —
God's blessing breathed upon the fainting earth!

Go rock the little wood-bird in his nest;
Curl the still waters bright with stars; and rouse
The wide old wood from his majestic rest,
Summoning from the innumerable boughs
The strange, deep harmonies that haunt his breast:
Pleasant shall be thy way where meekly bows
The shutting flower, and darkling waters pass,
And where the o'ershadowing branches sweep the grass.

The faint old man shall lean his silver head
To feel thee; thou shalt kiss the child asleep,
And dry the moistened curls that overspread
His temples, while his breathing grows more deep;
And they who stand about the sick man's bed
Shall joy to listen to thy distant sweep,
And softly part his curtains to allow
Thy visit, grateful to his burning brow.

Go: but the circle of eternal change,
Which is the life of Nature, shall restore,
With sounds and scents from all thy mighty range,
Thee to thy birthplace of the deep once more;

Sweet odors in the sea-air, sweet and strange,
Shall tell the home-sick mariner of the shore;
And, listening to thy murmur, he shall deem
He hears the rustling leaf and running stream.

THE BATTLE-FIELD.

ONCE this soft turf, this rivulet's sands,
Were trampled by a hurrying crowd;
And fiery hearts and armèd hands
Encountered in the battle-cloud.

Ah! never shall the land forget
How gushed the life-blood of her brave,—
Gushed, warm with hope and courage yet,
Upon the soil they fought to save!

Now all is calm and fresh and still:
Alone the chirp of flitting bird,
And talk of children on the hill,
And bell of wandering kine, are heard.

No solemn host goes trailing by
The black-mouthed gun and staggering wain;
Men start not at the battle-cry:
Oh, be it never heard again!

Soon rested those who fought; but thou
Who minglest in the harder strife
For truths which men receive not now,—
Thy warfare only ends with life,—

A friendless warfare, lingering long
Through weary day and weary year:
A wild and many-weaponed throng
Hang on thy front and flank and rear.

Yet nerve thy spirit to the proof,
And blench not at thy chosen lot.
The timid good may stand aloof;
The sage may frown: yet faint thou not,

Nor heed the shaft too surely cast,
The foul and hissing bolt of scorn;
For with thy side shall dwell, at last,
The victory of endurance born.

Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again;
The eternal years of God are hers:
But Error, wounded, writhes in pain,
And dies among his worshipers.

Yea, though thou lie upon the dust
When they who helped thee flee in fear,
Die full of hope and manly trust
Like those who fell in battle here.

Another hand thy sword shall wield,
Another hand the standard wave,
Till from the trumpet's mouth is pealed
The blast of triumph o'er thy grave.

THE ANTIQUITY OF FREEDOM.

O FREEDOM! thou art not, as poets dream,
A fair young girl, with light and delicate limbs,
And wavy tresses gushing from the cap
With which the Roman master crowned his slave
When he took off the gyves. A bearded man,
Armed to the teeth, art thou: one mailèd hand
Grasps the broad shield, and one the sword; thy brow,
Glorious in beauty though it be, is scarred
With tokens of old wars; thy massive limbs
Are strong with struggling. Power at thee has launched
His bolts, and with his lightnings smitten thee:
They could not quench the life thou hast from Heaven.
Merciless power has dug thy dungeon deep;
And his swart armorers, by a thousand fires,
Have forged thy chain: yet, while he deems thee bound,
The links are shivered, and the prison-walls
Fall outward. Terribly thou springest forth,
As springs the flame above a burning pile,
And shoutest to the nations, who return
Thy shoutings, while the pale oppressor flies.

Thy birthright was not given by human hands:
Thou wert twin-born with man. In pleasant fields,
While yet our race was few, thou sat'st with him
To tend the quiet flock and watch the stars,
And teach the reed to utter simple airs.
Thou by his side, amid the tangled wood,
Didst war upon the panther and the wolf, —
His only foes; and thou with him didst draw
The earliest furrow on the mountain-side
Soft with the Deluge. Tyranny himself,
Thy enemy, although of reverend look,
Hoary with many years, and far obeyed,
Is later born than thou; and, as he meets
The grave defiance of thine elder eye,
The usurper trembles in his fastnesses.

Thou shalt wax stronger with the lapse of years;
But he shall fade into a feebler age, —

Feebler, yet subtler. He shall weave his snares,
And spring them on thy careless steps, and clap
His withered hands, and from their ambush call
His hordes to fall upon thee. He shall send
Quaint maskers, wearing fair and gallant forms,
To catch thy gaze, and uttering graceful words
To charm thy ear; while his sly imps, by stealth,
Twine round thee threads of steel, — light thread on thread, —
That grow to fetters; or bind down thy arms
With chains concealed in chaplets. Oh! not yet
Mayst thou unbrace thy corselet, nor lay by
Thy sword; nor yet, O Freedom! close thy lids
In slumber: for thine enemy never sleeps;
And thou must watch and combat till the day
Of the new earth and heaven.

HOMER.

O GODDESS! sing the wrath of Peleus' son,
Achilles; sing the deadly wrath that brought
Woes numberless upon the Greeks, and swept
To Hades many a valiant soul, and gave
Their limbs a prey to dogs, and birds of air:
For so had Jove appointed, from the time
When the two chiefs — Atrides, king of men,
And great Achilles — parted first as foes.

Which of the gods put strife between the chiefs,
That they should thus contend? Latona's son,
And Jove's. Incensed against the king, he bade
A deadly pestilence appear among
The army; and the men were perishing.
For Atreus' son, with insult, had received
Chryses, the priest, who to the Grecian fleet
Came to redeem his daughter, offering
Uncounted ransom. In his hand he bore
The fillets of Apollo, archer-god,
Upon the golden scepter; and he sued
To all the Greeks, but chiefly to the sons
Of Atreus, the two leaders of the host: —

"Ye sons of Atreus, and ye other chiefs,
Well-greaved Achaians, may the gods who dwell
Upon Olympus give you to o'erthrow
The city of Priam, and in safety reach
Your homes! But give me my belovèd child,
And take her ransom; honoring him who sends
His arrows far, — Apollo, son of Jove."

Then all the other Greeks, applauding, bade
Revere the priest, and take the liberal gifts

He offered. But the counsel did not please
Atrides Agamemnon: he dismissed
The priest with scorn, and added threatening words:—

"Old man, let me not find thee loitering here
Beside the roomy ships, or coming back
Hereafter, lest the fillet thou dost bear,
And scepter of thy god, protect thee not.
This maiden I release not till old age
Shall overtake her in my Argive home,
Far from her native country, where her hand
Shall throw the shuttle and shall dress my couch.
Go! chafe me not, if thou wouldst safely go."

He spake: the aged man in fear obeyed
The mandate, and in silence walked apart
Along the many-sounding ocean-side;
And fervently he prayed the monarch-god,
Apollo, golden-haired Latona's son:—

"Hear me, thou bearer of the silver bow,
Who guardest Chrysa and the holy isle
Of Cilla, and art lord in Tenedos!
O Smintheus! if I ever helped to deck
Thy glorious temple, if I ever burned
Upon thy altar the fat thighs of goats
And bullocks, grant my prayer, and let thy shafts
Avenge upon the Greeks the tears I shed."

So spake he, supplicating; and to him
Phœbus Apollo hearkened. Down he came,
Down from the summit of the Olympian mount,
Wrathful in heart. His shoulders bore the bow
And hollow quiver: there the arrows rang
Upon the shoulders of the angry god,
As on he moved. He came as comes the night;
And, seated from the ships aloof, sent forth
An arrow: terrible was heard the clang
Of that resplendent bow. At first he smote
The mules and the swift dogs; and then on man
He turned the deadly arrow. All around
Glared evermore the frequent funeral-piles.
Nine days already had his shafts been showered
Among the host; and now, upon the tenth,
Achilles called the people of the camp
To council. Juno, of the snow-white arms,
Had moved his mind to this; for she beheld
With sorrow that the men were perishing.
And when the assembly met, and now was full,
Stood swift Achilles in the midst, and said,—

"To me it seems, Atrides, that 'twere well,
Since now our aim is baffled, to return

Homeward, if death o'ertake us not; for war
And pestilence at once destroy the Greeks.
But let us first consult some seer or priest
Or dream-interpreter, — for even dreams
Are sent by Jove, — and ask him by what cause
Phœbus Apollo has been angered thus, —
If by neglected vows or hecatombs;
And whether savor of fat bulls and goats
May move the god to stay the pestilence."

He spake, and took again his seat. And next
Rose Calchas, son of Thestor, and the chief
Of augurs, one to whom were known things past
And present and to come. He, through the art
Of divination which Apollo gave,
Had guided Ilium-ward the ships of Greece.
With words well ordered warily he spake: —

"Achilles, loved of Jove, thou biddest me
Explain the wrath of Phœbus, monarch-god,
Who sends afar his arrows. Willingly
Will I make known the cause: but covenant thou,
And swear to stand prepared, by word and hand,
To bring me succor; for my mind misgives
That he who rules the Argives, and to whom
The Achaian race are subject, will be wroth.
A sovereign is too strong for humbler men;
And, though he keep his choler down a while,
It rankles, till he sate it, in his heart.
And now consider: wilt thou hold me safe?"

Achilles, the swift-footed, answered thus: —
"Fear nothing, but speak boldly out whate'er
Thou knowest, and declare the will of Heaven;
For by Apollo, dear to Jove, whom thou,
Calchas, dost pray to when thou givest forth
The sacred oracles to men of Greece,
No man, while yet I live, and see the light
Of day, shall lay a violent hand on thee
Among our roomy ships; no man of all
The Grecian armies, though thou name the name
Of Agamemnon, whose high boast it is
To stand in power and rank above them all."

Encouraged thus, the blameless seer went on: —
"'Tis not neglected vows or hecatombs
That move him, but the insult shown his priest,
Whom Agamemnon spurned when he refused
To set his daughter free, and to receive
Her ransom. Therefore sends the archer-god
These woes upon us, and will send them still,
Nor ever will withdraw his heavy hand
From our destruction, till the dark-eyed maid,

Freely, and without ransom, be restored
To her beloved father, and with her
A sacred hecatomb to Chrysa sent:
So may we haply pacify the god."

Thus having said, the augur took his seat.
And then the hero-son of Atreus rose, —
Wide-ruling Agamemnon, — greatly chafed.
His gloomy heart was full of wrath; his eyes
Sparkled like fire. He fixed a menacing look
Full on the augur Calchas, and began: —

"Prophet of evil, never hadst thou yet
A cheerful word for me. To mark the signs
Of coming mischief is thy great delight.
Good dost thou ne'er foretell, nor bring to pass.
And now thou pratest, in thine auguries
Before the Greeks, how that the archer-god
Afflicts us thus because I would not take
The costly ransom offered to redeem
The virgin-child of Chryses. 'Twas my choice
To keep her with me; for I prize her more
Than Clytemnestra, bride of my young years,
And deem her not less nobly graced than she,
In form and feature, mind, and pleasing arts.
Yet will I give her back if that be best;
For gladly would I see my people saved
From this destruction. Let meet recompense,
Meantime, be ready, that I be not left
Alone of all the Greeks without my prize:
That were not seemly. All of you perceive
That now my share of spoil has passed from me."

To him the great Achilles, swift of foot,
Replied, "Renowned Atrides, greediest
Of men, where wilt thou that our noble Greeks
Find other spoil for thee, since none is set
Apart, a common store? The trophies brought
From towns which we have sacked have all been shared
Among us; and we could not without shame
Bid every warrior bring his portion back.
Yield, then, the maiden to the god, and we,
The Achaians, freely will appoint for thee
Threefold and fourfold recompense when Jove
Gives up to sack this well-defended Troy."

Then the king Agamemnon answered thus: —
"Nay, use no craft, all valiant as thou art,
Godlike Achilles: thou hast not the power
To circumvent nor to persuade me thus.
Think'st thou, that, while thou keepest safe thy prize,
I shall sit idly down, deprived of mine?
Thou bid'st me give the maiden back. 'Tis well

If to my hands the noble Greeks shall bring
The worth of what I lose, and in a shape
That pleases me: else will I come myself,
And seize and bear away thy prize, or that
Of Ajax or Ulysses; leaving him
From whom I take his share to rage at will.
Another time we will confer of this.
Now come, and forth into the great salt sea
Launch a black ship, and muster on the deck
Men skilled to row; and put a hecatomb
On board; and let the fair-cheeked maid embark,—
Chryseis. Send a prince to bear command,—
Ajax, Idomeneus, or the divine
Ulysses, or thyself, Pelides, thou
Most terrible of men, that with due rites
Thou soothe the anger of the archer-god."

Achilles, the swift-footed, with stern look
Thus answered: "Ha! thou mailed in impudence
And bent on lucre! Who of all the Greeks
Can willingly obey thee on the march,
Or bravely battling with the enemy?
I came not to this war because of wrong
Done to me by the valiant sons of Troy.
No feud had I with them: they never took
My beeves or horses; nor in Phthia's realm,
Deep-soiled and populous, spoiled my harvest-fields.
For many a shadowy mount between us lies,
And waters of the wide-resounding sea.
Man unabashed! we follow thee, that thou
Mayst glory in avenging upon Troy
The grudge of Menelaus and thy own.
Thou shameless one! and yet thou hast for this
Nor thanks nor care. Thou threatenest now to take
From me the prize for which I bore long toils
In battle; and the Greeks decreed it mine.
I never take an equal share with thee
Of booty when the Grecian host has sacked
Some populous Trojan town. My hands perform
The harder labors of the fields in all
The tumult of the fight: but, when the spoil
Is shared, the largest share of all is thine;
While I, content with little, see my ships
Weary with combat. I shall now go home
To Phthia: better were it to be there
With my beaked ships. But here, where I am held
In little honor, thou wilt fail, I think,
To gather, in large measure, spoil and wealth."

Him answered Agamemnon, king of men:—
"Desert, then, if thou wilt: I ask thee not
To stay for me. There will be others left

To do me honor yet; and, best of all,
The all-providing Jove is with me still.
Thee I detest the most of all the men
Ordained by him to govern. Thy delight
Is in contention, war, and bloody frays.
If thou art brave, some deity, no doubt,
Hath thus endowed thee. Hence, then, to thy home,
With all thy ships and men! there domineer
Over thy myrmidons. I heed thee not,
Nor care I for thy fury. Thus, in turn,
I threaten thee: Since Phœbus takes away
Chryseis, I will send her in my ship,
And with my friends; and, coming to thy tent,
Will bear away the fair-cheeked maid, thy prize,
Briseis, that thou learn how far I stand
Above thee, and that other chiefs may fear
To measure strength with me and brave my power."

The rage of Peleus' son, as thus he spake,
Grew fiercer: in that shaggy breast his heart
Took counsel, whether from his thigh to draw
The trenchant sword, and, thrusting back the rest,
Smite down Atrides; or subdue his wrath,
And master his own spirit. While he thus
Debated with himself, and half unsheathed
The ponderous blade, Pallas Athene came,
Sent from on high by Juno the white-armed,
Who loved both warriors, and watched over both.
Behind Pelides, where he stood, she came,
And plucked his yellow hair. The hero turned
In wonder; and at once he knew the look
Of Pallas, and the awful-gleaming eye,
And thus accosted her with winged words:—
"Why com'st thou hither, daughter of the god
Who bears the ægis? Art thou here to see
The insolence of Agamemnon, son
Of Atreus? Let me tell thee what I deem
Will be the event. That man may lose his life,
And quickly, too, for arrogance like this."

Book I. 1-267.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

BORN FEB. 27, 1807, PORTLAND, ME.

As Professor of Modern Languages and Belles-Lettres in Bowdoin College from 1829 to 1835, and in Harvard University from 1835 to 1854, Mr. Longfellow has done much to refine and polish the literary taste of his time, both as critic and poet. It is superfluous to speak in praise of his numerous literary productions, since they are sought with equal eagerness at home and abroad. A thorough student in the polite literature of all nations, a welcome guest and intelligent observer in American and European society, a poet of purest thought and expression, he ennobles life with so much generous human sympathy in all his writings, that they are read and admired as the thoughts of a cherished friend.

PRINCIPAL PRODUCTIONS.

"Outre Mer," 1835; "Hyperion," and "Voices of the Night," 1839; "Evangeline," 1847; "The Spanish Student," 1843; "The Golden Legend," 1845; "Ballads and Poems," 1841; "Kavanagh," 1848; many minor Poems. "Poets and Poetry of Europe," 1845; "Belfry of Bruges;" "Seaside and Fireside," 1849; "The Song of Hiawatha," 1855; "The Courtship of Miles Standish," 1858.

A PSALM OF LIFE.

What the heart of the young man said to the Psalmist.

TELL me not, in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream;
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real, life is earnest;
And the grave is not its goal:
"Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting;
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral-marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle:
Be a hero in the strife.

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant;
Let the dead Past bury its dead:
Act, act in the living Present, —
Heart within, and God o'erhead.

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of Time, —

Footprints that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er Life's solemn main, —
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother, —
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS.

THERE is a Reaper whose name is Death;
And with his sickle keen
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
And the flowers that grow between.

"Shall I have naught that is fair?" saith he;
"Have naught but the bearded grain?
Though the breath of these flowers is sweet to me,
I will give them all back again."

He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes;
He kissed their drooping leaves:
It was for the Lord of Paradise
He bound them in his sheaves.

"My Lord has need of these flowerets gay,"
The Reaper said, and smiled:
"Dear tokens of the earth are they,
Where he was once a child.

"They shall all bloom in fields of light,
Transplanted by my care;
And saints upon their garments white
These sacred blossoms wear."

And the mother gave, in tears and pain,
The flowers she most did love:
She knew she should find them all again
In the fields of light above.

Oh! not in cruelty, not in wrath,
The Reaper came that day:
'Twas an angel visited the green earth,
And took the flowers away.

FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS.

When the hours of day are numbered,
And the voices of the night
Wake the better soul, that slumbered,
To a holy, calm delight;

Ere the evening lamps are lighted,
And, like phantoms grim and tall,
Shadows from the fitful fire-light
Dance upon the parlor-wall, —

Then the forms of the departed
Enter at the open door:
The beloved, the true-hearted,
Come to visit me once more.

He, the young and strong, who cherished
Noble longings for the strife,
By the roadside fell and perished,
Weary with the march of life.

They, the holy ones and weakly,
Who the cross of suffering bore,
Folded their pale hands so meekly!
Spake with us on earth no more!

And with them the being beauteous,
Who unto my youth was given
More than all things else to love me,
And is now a saint in heaven.

With a slow and noiseless footstep
Comes that messenger divine,
Takes the vacant chair beside me,
Lays her gentle hand in mine.

And she sits and gazes at me
With those deep and tender eyes,
Like the stars, so still and saint-like,
Looking downward from the skies.

Uttered not, yet comprehended,
Is the spirit's voiceless prayer;
Soft rebukes, in blessings ended,
Breathing from her lips of air.

Oh! though oft depressed and lonely,
All my fears are laid aside
If I but remember only,
Such as these have lived and died.

THE BELEAGUERED CITY.

I HAVE read, in some old, marvelous tale,
Some legend strange and vague,
That a midnight host of specters pale
Beleaguered the walls of Prague.

Beside the Moldau's rushing stream,
With the wan moon overhead,
There stood, as in an awful dream,
The army of the dead.

White as a sea-fog landward bound,
The spectral camp was seen;
And with a sorrowful, deep sound,
The river flowed between.

No other voice nor sound was there,
No drum, nor sentry's pace:
The mist-like banners clasped the air
As clouds with clouds embrace.

But, when the old cathedral-bell
Proclaimed the morning prayer,
The white pavilions rose and fell
On the alarmèd air.

Down the broad valley fast and far
The troubled army fled:
Up rose the glorious morning-star;
The ghastly host was dead.

I have read, in the marvelous heart of man,—
That strange and mystic scroll,—
That an army of phantoms vast and wan
Beleaguer the human soul.

Encamped beside Life's rushing stream,
In Fancy's misty light,
Gigantic shapes and shadows gleam
Portentous through the night.

Upon its midnight battle-ground
The spectral camp is seen;
And with a sorrowful, deep sound,
Flows the River of Life between.

No other voice nor sound is there
In the army of the grave;
No other challenge breaks the air
But the rushing of Life's wave.

And, when the solemn and deep church-bell
Entreats the soul to pray,
The midnight phantoms feel the spell,
The shadows sweep away.

Down the broad Vale of Tears afar
The spectral camp is fled:
Faith shineth as a morning-star;
Our ghastly fears are dead.

MAIDENHOOD.

MAIDEN with the meek, brown eyes,
In whose orbs a shadow lies
Like the dusk in evening skies!

Thou whose locks outshine the sun,—
Golden tresses, wreathed in one,
As the braided streamlets run!

Standing with reluctant feet
Where the brook and river meet,
Womanhood and childhood fleet!

Gazing with a timid glance
On the brooklet's swift advance,
On the river's broad expanse!

Deep and still, that gliding stream
Beautiful to thee must seem
As the river of a dream.

Then why pause with indecision,
When bright angels in thy vision
Beckon thee to fields Elysian?

Seest thou shadows sailing by,
As the dove, with startled eye,
Sees the falcon's shadow fly?

Hear'st thou voices on the shore,
That our ears perceive no more,
Deafened by the cataract's roar?

O thou child of many prayers!
Life hath quicksands, life hath snares:
Care and age come unawares.

Like the swell of some sweet tune,
Morning rises into noon,
May glides onward into June.

Childhood is the bough where slumbered
Birds and blossoms many-numbered;
Age, that bough with snows encumbered.

Gather, then, each flower that grows
When the young heart overflows,
To embalm that tent of snows.

Bear a lily in thy hand:
Gates of brass can not withstand
One touch of that magic wand.

Bear, through sorrow, wrong, and ruth,
In thy heart the dew of youth,
On thy lips the smile of truth.

Oh! that dew, like balm, shall steal
Into wounds that can not heal,
Even as sleep our eyes doth seal;

And that smile, like sunshine, dart
Into many a sunless heart:
For a smile of God thou art.

EXCELSIOR.

The shades of night were falling fast
As through an Alpine village passed
A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
A banner with the strange device, —
"Excelsior!"

His brow was sad; his eye beneath
Flashed like a falchion from its sheath;
And like a silver clarion rung
The accents of that unknown tongue, —
"Excelsior!"

In happy homes he saw the light
Of household-fires gleam warm and bright;
Above, the spectral glaciers shone;
And from his lips escaped a groan, —
"Excelsior!"

"Try not the pass!" the old man said;
"Dark lowers the tempest overhead;
The roaring torrent is deep and wide!"
And loud that clarion voice replied,
"Excelsior!"

"Oh, stay," the maiden said, "and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast!"
A tear stood in his bright blue eye;
But still he answered with a sigh,
"Excelsior!"

"Beware the pine-tree's withered branch!
Beware the awful avalanche!"
This was the peasant's last good-night:
A voice replied, far up the hight,
"Excelsior!"

At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of Saint Bernard
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled air,
"Excelsior!"

A traveler by the faithful hound
Half buried in the snow was found,
Still grasping in his hand of ice
That banner with the strange device, —
"Excelsior!"

There in the twilight cold and gray,
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay;
And from the sky, serene and far,
A voice fell, like a falling star,
"Excelsior!"

THE BUILDING OF THE SHIP.

All is finished; and at length
Has come the bridal day
Of beauty and of strength.
To-day the vessel shall be launched!
With fleecy clouds the sky is blanched;
And o'er the bay,

Slowly, in all his splendors dight,
The great sun rises to behold the sight.
The ocean old,
Centuries old,
Strong as youth, and as uncontrolled,
Paces restless to and fro
Up and down the sands of gold.
His beating heart is not at rest;
And far and wide,
With ceaseless flow,
His beard of snow
Heaves with the heaving of his breast.
He waits impatient for his bride.
There she stands,
With her foot upon the sands,
Decked with flags and streamers gay,
In honor of her marriage-day;
Her snow-white signals fluttering, blending,
Round her like a vail descending,
Ready to be
The bride of the gray old sea.

On the deck another bride
Is standing by her lover's side.
Shadows from the flags and shrouds,
Like the shadows cast by clouds,
Broken by many a sunny fleck,
Fall around them on the deck.

The prayer is said,
The service read;
The joyous bridegroom bows his head;
And in tears the good old master
Shakes the brown hand of his son,
Kisses his daughter's glowing cheek
In silence, for he can not speak;
And ever faster
Down his own the tears begin to run.
The worthy pastor —
The shepherd of that wandering flock
That has the ocean for its wold,
That has the vessel for its fold,
Leaping ever from rock to rock —
Spake, with accents mild and clear,
Words of warning, words of cheer,
But tedious to the bridegroom's ear.
He knew the chart
Of the sailor's heart, —
All its pleasures and its griefs;
All its shallows and rocky reefs;
All those secret currents that flow
With such resistless undertow,

And lift and drift, with terrible force,
The will from its moorings and its course.
Therefore he spake, and thus said he:—
"Like unto ships far off at sea,
Outward or homeward bound, are we.
Before, behind, and all around,
Floats and swings the horizon's bound;
Seems at its distant rim to rise
And climb the crystal wall of the skies,
And then again to turn and sink,
As if we could slide from its outer brink.
Ah! it is not the sea,
It is not the sea, that sinks and shelves,
But ourselves
That rock and rise
With endless and uneasy motion,—
Now touching the very skies,
Now sinking into the depths of ocean.
Ah! if our souls but poise and swing
Like the compass in its brazen ring,
Ever level and ever true
To the toil and the task we have to do,
We shall sail securely, and safely reach
The Fortunate Isles, on whose shining beach
The sights we see and the sounds we hear
Will be those of joy, and not of fear."

Then the master,
With a gesture of command,
Waved his hand;
And, at the word,
Loud and sudden there was heard,
All around them and below,
The sound of hammers, blow on blow,
Knocking away the shores and spurs.
And see! she stirs!
She starts! she moves! she seems to feel
The thrill of life along her keel!
And, spurning with her foot the ground,
With one exulting, joyous bound
She leaps into the ocean's arms!

And, lo! from the assembled crowd
There rose a shout prolonged and loud,
That to the ocean seemed to say,
"Take her, O bridegroom old and gray,
Take her to thy protecting arms,
With all her youth and all her charms!"

How beautiful she is! How fair
She lies within those arms that press
Her form with many a soft caress
Of tenderness and watchful care!

Sail forth into the sea, O ship!
Through wind and wave right onward steer!
The moistened eye, the trembling lip,
Are not the signs of doubt or fear.

Sail forth into the sea of life,
O gentle, loving, trusting wife!
And safe from all adversity
Upon the bosom of that sea
Thy comings and thy goings be!
For gentleness and love and trust
Prevail o'er angry wave and gust;
And in the wreck of noble lives
Something immortal still survives.

Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O UNION strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate.
We know what master laid thy keel;
What workmen wrought thy ribs of steel;
Who made each mast and sail and rope;
What anvils rang, what hammers beat;
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope.
Fear not each sudden sound and shock:
'Tis of the wave, and not the rock;
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale.
In spite of rock, and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea:
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee;
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee, — are all with thee!

HIAWATHA'S WOOING.

"As unto the bow the cord is,
So unto the man is woman:
Though she bends him, she obeys him;
Though she draws him, yet she follows:
Useless each without the other."
Thus the youthful Hiawatha
Said within himself, and pondered,
Much perplexed by various feelings;
Listless, longing, hoping, fearing,
Dreaming still of Minnehaha,

Of the lovely Laughing Water,
In the land of the Dakotahs.
"Wed a maiden of your people,"
Warning said the old Nokomis:
"Go not eastward, go not westward,
For a stranger whom we know not.
Like a fire upon the hearth-stone
Is a neighbor's homely daughter;
Like the starlight or the moonlight
Is the handsomest of strangers."
Thus dissuading spake Nokomis;
And my Hiawatha answered
Only this: "Dear old Nokomis,
Very pleasant is the firelight;
But I like the starlight better,
Better do I like the moonlight."
Gravely then said old Nokomis,
"Bring not here an idle maiden,
Bring not here a useless woman, —
Hands unskillful, feet unwilling:
Bring a wife with nimble fingers,
Heart and hand that move together,
Feet that run on willing errands."
Smiling answered Hiawatha,
"In the land of the Dakotahs
Lives the arrow-maker's daughter, —
Minnehaha, Laughing Water,
Handsomest of all the women.
I will bring her to your wigwam:
She shall run upon your errands,
Be your starlight, moonlight, firelight,
Be the sunlight of my people."
Still dissuading said Nokomis,
"Bring not to my lodge a stranger
From the land of the Dacotahs.
Very fierce are the Dacotahs;
Often is there war between us:
There are feuds yet unforgotten, —
Wounds that ache, and still may open."
Laughing answered Hiawatha,
"For that reason, if no other,
Would I wed the fair Dacotah,
That our tribes might be united,
That old feuds might be forgotten,
And old wounds be healed for ever."
Thus departed Hiawatha
To the land of the Dacotahs,
To the land of handsome women;
Striding over moor and meadow,
Through interminable forests,
Through uninterrupted silence.
With his moccasins of magic,

At each stroke a mile he measured:
Yet the way seemed long before him,
And his heart outran his footsteps;
And he journeyed without resting,
Till he heard the cataract's laughter,
Heard the Falls of Minnehaha
Calling to him through the silence.
"Pleasant is the sound," he murmured;
"Pleasant is the voice that calls me."
On the outskirts of the forest,
'Twixt the shadow and the sunshine,
Herds of fallow-deer were feeding;
But they saw not Hiawatha.
To his bow he whispered, "Fail not!"
To his arrow whispered, "Swerve not!"
Sent it singing on its errand
To the red heart of the roebuck;
Threw the deer across his shoulder,
And sped forward without pausing.
At the doorway of his wigwam
Sat the ancient arrow-maker,
In the land of the Dacotahs,
Making arrow-heads of jasper,
Arrow-heads of chalcedony.
At his side, in all her beauty,
Sat the lovely Minnehaha,
Sat his daughter, Laughing Water,
Plaiting mats of flags and rushes:
Of the past the old man's thoughts were;
And the maiden's, of the future.
He was thinking, as he sat there,
Of the days when with such arrows
He had struck the deer and bison
On the Muskoday, the meadow;
Shot the wild-goose flying southward,
On the wing, the clamorous Wawa;
Thinking of the great war-parties,
How they came to buy his arrows,
Could not fight without his arrows.
Ah! no more such noble warriors
Could be found on earth as they were:
Now the men were all like women, —
Only used their tongues for weapons!
She was thinking of a hunter
From another tribe and country,
Young and tall and very handsome,
Who one morning, in the springtime,
Came to buy her father's arrows,
Sat and rested in the wigwam,
Lingered long about the doorway,
Looking back as he departed.
She had heard her father praise him,

Praise his courage and his wisdom:
Would he come again for arrows
To the falls of Minnehaha?
On the mat her hands lay idle,
And her eyes were very dreamy.
Through their thoughts they heard a footstep,
Heard a rustling in the branches;
And with glowing cheek and forehead,
With the deer across his shoulders,
Suddenly from out the woodlands
Hiawatha stood before them.
Straight the ancient arrow-maker
Looked up gravely from his labor,
Laid aside the unfinished arrow,
Bade him enter at the doorway;
Saying, as he rose to meet him,
"Hiawatha, you are welcome!"
At the feet of Laughing Water
Hiawatha laid his burden,
Threw the red deer from his shoulders;
And the maiden looked up at him,
Looked up from her mat of rushes,
Said with gentle look and accent,
"You are welcome, Hiawatha!"
Very spacious was the wigwam,
Made of deer-skin dressed and whitened,
With the gods of the Dacotahs
Drawn and painted on its curtains;
And so tall the doorway, hardly
Hiawatha stooped to enter,
Hardly touched his eagle feathers
As he entered at the doorway.
Then uprose the Laughing Water,
From the ground fair Minnehaha,
Laid aside her mat unfinished,
Brought forth food and set before them,
Water brought them from the brooklet,
Gave them food in earthen vessels,
Gave them drink in bowls of bass-wood,
Listened while the guest was speaking,
Listened while her father answered;
But not once her lips she opened,
Not a single word she uttered.
Yes, as in a dream she listened
To the words of Hiawatha,
As he talked of old Nokomis,
Who had nursed him in his childhood,
As he told of his companions, —
Chibiabos the musician,
And the very strong man, Kwasind, —
And of happiness and plenty
In the land of the Ojibways,
In the pleasant land and peaceful.

"After many years of warfare,
Many years of strife and bloodshed,
There is peace between the Ojibways
And the tribe of the Dacotahs."
Thus continued Hiawatha;
And then added, speaking slowly,
"That this peace may last for ever,
And our hands be clasped more closely,
And our hearts be more united,
Give me as my wife this maiden,
Minnehaha, Laughing Water,
Loveliest of Dacotah women."
And the ancient arrow-maker
Paused a moment ere he answered,
Smoked a little while in silence,
Looked at Hiawatha proudly,
Fondly looked at Laughing Water,
And made answer very gravely:
"Yes, if Minnehaha wishes:
Let your heart speak, Minnehaha."
And the lovely Laughing Water
Seemed more lovely as she stood there,
Neither willing nor reluctant,
As she went to Hiawatha,
Softly took the seat beside him,
While she said, and blushed to say it,
"I will follow you, my husband."
This was Hiawatha's wooing:
Thus it was he won the daughter
Of the ancient arrow-maker,
In the land of the Dacotahs.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

BORN 1808, NEAR HAVERHILL, MASS.

Mr. Whittier, the Quaker Poet, has lived in Amesbury since 1840. As editor of "The New-England Weekly Review," "Pennsylvania Review," and contributor to "The National Era" and "The Atlantic Monthly," he has everywhere devoted himself to the cause of truth and justice. No poet has spoken with more tenderness for humanity, or waged war more constantly and more defiantly with error and oppression. His intense hatred of wrong, and inexhaustible sympathy for struggling manhood, are always expressed with remarkable force and beauty in his prose and poetry.

PRINCIPAL PRODUCTIONS.

"Mogg Megom," 1836; "Tent on the Beach;" "Voices of Freedom;" "Barefoot Boy;" "Old Portraits and Modern Sketches;" "Songs of Labor, and Other Poems;" "Snowbound." Poems in three volumes, or complete in one.

THE ETERNAL GOODNESS.

O FRIENDS with whom my feet have trod
The quiet aisles of prayer!
Glad witness to your zeal for God
And love of man I bear.

I trace your lines of argument:
Your logic, linked and strong,
I weigh as one who dreads dissent,
And fears a doubt as wrong.

But still my human hands are weak
To hold your iron creeds:
Against the words ye bid me speak
My heart within me pleads.

Who fathoms the Eternal Thought?
Who talks of scheme and plan?
The Lord is God: he needeth not
The poor device of man.

I walk, with bare, hushed feet, the ground
Ye tread with boldness shod:
I dare not fix with mete and bound
The love and power of God.

Ye praise his justice: even such
His pitying love I deem.
Ye seek a king: I fain would touch
The robe that hath no seam.

Ye see the curse which overbroods
A world of pain and loss:
I hear our Lord's beatitudes,
And prayer upon the cross.

More than your schoolmen teach, within
Myself, alas! I know:
Too dark ye can not paint the sin,
Too small the merit show.

I bow my forehead to the dust;
I vail mine eyes for shame;
And urge, in trembling self-distrust,
A prayer without a claim.

I see the wrong that round me lies;
I feel the guilt within;
I hear, with groan and travail-cries,
The world confess its sin.

Yet, in the maddening maze of things,
And tossed by storm and flood,
To one fixed stake my spirit clings:
I know that God is good.

Not mine to look where cherubim
And seraphs may not see;
But nothing can be good in him
Which evil is in me.

The wrong that pains my soul below
I dare not throne above.
I know not of his hate: I know
His goodness and his love.

I dimly guess, from blessings known,
Of greater out of sight;
And, with the chastened Psalmist, own
His judgments, too, are right.

I long for household voices gone;
For vanished smiles I long:
But God hath led my dear ones on,
And he can do no wrong.

I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.

And, if my heart and flesh are weak
To bear an untried pain,
The bruisèd reed he will not break,
But strengthen and sustain.

No offering of my own I have,
Nor works my faith to prove:
I can but give the gifts he gave,
And plead his love for love.

And so beside the silent sea
I wait the muffled oar:
No harm from him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.

I know not where his islands lift
Their fronded palms in air:
I only know I can not drift
Beyond his love and care.

O brothers! if my faith is vain,
If hopes like these betray,
Pray for me that my feet may gain
The sure and safer way.

And thou, O Lord! by whom are seen
Thy creatures as they be,
Forgive me if too close I lean
My human heart on thee.

THE ANGELS OF BUENA VISTA.

"SPEAK and tell us, our Ximena, looking northward far away
O'er the camp of the invaders, o'er the Mexican array,
Who is losing? who is winning? Are they far? or come they near?
Look abroad, and tell us, sister, whither rolls the storm we hear."

"Down the hills of Angostura still the storm of battle rolls.
Blood is flowing; men are dying: God have mercy on their souls!"
"Who is losing? who is winning?" — "Over hill and over plain
I see but smoke of cannon clouding through the mountain-rain."

"Holy Mother, keep our brothers! Look, Ximena! look once more!"
"Still I see the fearful whirlwind rolling darkly as before,
Bearing on in strange confusion friend and foeman, foot and horse,
Like some wild and troubled torrent sweeping down its mountain-course."

"Look forth once more, Ximena!" — "Ah! the smoke has rolled away;
And I see the Northern rifles gleaming down the ranks of gray.
Hark! that sudden blast of bugles! there the troop of Minon wheels;
There the Northern horses thunder with the cannon at their heels.

"Jesu, pity! how it thickens! now retreat, and now advance!
Right against the blazing cannon shivers Puebla's charging lance!
Down they go, the brave young riders; horse and foot together fall:
Like a plowshare in the fallow through them plows the Northern ball."

Nearer came the storm, and nearer, rolling fast and frightful on.
"Speak, Ximena, speak, and tell us who has lost and who has won."
"Alas, alas! I know not: friend and foe together fall:
O'er the dying rush the living: pray, my sisters, for them all!

"Lo! the wind the smoke is lifting. Blessed Mother, save my brain!
I can see the wounded crawling slowly out from heaps of slain.
Now they stagger, blind and bleeding; now they fall, and strive to rise:
Hasten, sisters, haste and save them, lest they die before our eyes!

"O my heart's love! O my dear one! lay thy poor head on my knee:
Dost thou know the lips that kiss thee? Canst thou hear me? canst thou see?
O my husband, brave and gentle! O my Bernal! look once more
On the blessed cross before thee! Mercy, mercy! all is o'er!"

"Dry thy tears, my poor Ximena; lay thy dear one down to rest;
Let his hands be meekly folded; lay the cross upon his breast:
Let his dirge be sung hereafter, and his funeral masses said:
To-day, thou poor bereaved one, the living ask thy aid."

Close beside her, faintly moaning, fair and young, a soldier lay,
Torn with shot and pierced with lances, bleeding slow his life away;
But, as tenderly before him the lorn Ximena knelt,
She saw the Northern eagle shining on his pistol-belt.

With a stifled cry of horror straight she turned away her head;
With a sad and bitter feeling looked she back upon her dead:
But she heard the youth's low moaning, and his struggling breath of pain;
And she raised the cooling water to his parching lips again.

Whispered low the dying soldier, pressed her hand, and faintly smiled:
Was that pitying face his mother's? did she watch beside her child?
All his stranger words with meaning her woman's heart supplied:
With her kiss upon his forehead, "Mother!" murmured he, and died.

"A bitter curse upon them, poor boy, who led thee forth
From some gentle sad-eyed mother, weeping lonely in the North!"
Spake the mournful Mexic woman, as she laid him with her dead,
And turned to soothe the living, and bind the wounds which bled.

"Look forth once more, Ximena!" — "Like a cloud before the wind
Rolls the battle down the mountains, leaving blood and death behind.
Ah! they plead in vain for mercy; in the dust the wounded strive:
Hide your faces, holy angels! O thou Christ of God, forgive!"

Sink, O Night! among thy mountains; let the cool gray shadows fall;
Dying brothers, fighting demons, — drop thy curtain over all!
Through the thickening winter twilight, wide apart the battle rolled:
In its sheath the saber rested, and the cannon's lips grew cold.

But the noble Mexic women still their holy task pursued:
Through that long, dark night of sorrow, worn and faint, and lacking food,
Over weak and suffering brothers with a tender care they hung;
And the dying foeman blessed them in a strange and Northern tongue.

Not wholly lost, O Father! is this evil world of ours;
Upward through its blood and ashes spring afresh the Eden flowers;
From its smoking hell of battle, Love and Pity send their prayer;
And still thy white-winged angels hover dimly in our air.

THE BAREFOOT BOY.

Blessings on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan;
With thy turned-up pantaloons,
And thy merry whistled tunes;
With thy red lip, redder still
Kissed by strawberries on the hill;
With the sunshine on thy face
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace!
From my heart I give thee joy:
I was once a barefoot boy.
Prince thou art: the grown-up man
Only is republican.
Let the million-dollared ride:
Barefoot, trudging at his side,
Thou hast more than he can buy
In the reach of ear and eye,—
Outward sunshine, inward joy.
Blessings on thee, barefoot boy!

Oh for boyhood's painless play,
Sleep that wakes in laughing day,
Health that mocks the doctor's rules,
Knowledge never learned of schools,—
Of the wild bee's morning chase;
Of the wild-flower's time and place;
Flight of fowl, and habitude
Of the tenants of the wood;
How the tortoise bears his shell;
How the woodchuck digs his cell;
And the ground-mole sinks his well;
How the robin feeds her young;
How the oriole's nest is hung;
Where the whitest lilies blow;
Where the freshest berries grow;
Where the groundnut trails its vine;
Where the wood-grape's clusters shine;
Of the black wasp's cunning way,
Mason of his walls of clay;
And the architectural plans
Of gray hornet artisans!
For, eschewing books and tasks,
Nature answers all he asks.
Hand in hand with her he walks,
Face to face with her he talks,
Part and parcel of her joy:
Blessings on the barefoot boy!

Oh for boyhood's time of June,
Crowding years in one brief moon,
When all things I heard or saw,
Me, their master, waited for!

I was rich in flowers and trees,
Humming-birds and honey-bees;
For my sport the squirrel played,
Plied the snouted mole his spade;
For my taste the blackberry-cone
Purpled over hedge and stone;
Laughed the brook for my delight
Through the day and through the night,
Whispering at the garden-wall,
Talked with me from fall to fall;
Mine the sand-rimmed pickerel-pond;
Mine the walnut-slopes beyond;
Mine, on bending orchard-trees,
Apples of Hesperides!
Still, as my horizon grew,
Larger grew my riches too:
All the world I saw or knew
Seemed a complex Chinese toy,
Fashioned for a barefoot boy.

Oh for festal dainties spread,
Like my bowl of milk and bread,
(Pewter spoon, and bowl of wood,)
On the door-stone gray and rude!
O'er me, like a regal tent,
Cloudy-ribbed, the sunset bent,
Purple-curtained, fringed with gold,
Looped in many a wind-swung fold;
While for music came the play
Of the pied frogs' orchestra,
And to light the noisy choir
Lit the fly his lamp of fire.
I was monarch: pomp and joy
Waited on the barefoot boy.

Cheerily, then, my little man,
Live and laugh, as boyhood can.
Though the flinty slopes be hard,
Stubble-speared the new-mown sward,
Every morn shall lead thee through
Fresh baptisms of the dew;
Every evening, from thy feet
Shall the cool wind kiss the heat:
All too soon these feet must hide
In the prison-cells of pride;
Lose the freedom of the sod;
Like a colt's, for work be shod;
Made to tread the mills of toil,
Up and down in ceaseless moil.
Happy if their track be found
Never on forbidden ground;

Happy if they sink not in
Quick and treacherous sands of sin.
Ah that thou couldst know thy joy
Ere it passes, barefoot boy!

SNOW-BOUND.

The sun that brief December day
Rose cheerless over hills of gray,
And, darkly circled, gave at noon
A sadder light than waning moon.
Slow tracing down the thickening sky
Its mute and ominous prophecy,
A portent seeming less than threat,
It sank from sight before it set.
A chill no coat, however stout,
Of homespun stuff, could quite shut out,
A hard, dull bitterness of cold,
That checked, mid-vein, the circling race
Of life-blood in the sharpened face,
The coming of the snow-storm told.
The wind blew east: we heard the roar
Of Ocean on his wintry shore,
And felt the strong pulse throbbing there
Beat with low rhythm our inland air.

Meanwhile we did our nightly chores,—
Brought in the wood from out of doors;
Littered the stalls, and from the mows
Raked down the herds-grass for the cows;
Heard the horse whinnying for his corn;
And, sharply clashing horn on horn,
Impatient down the stanchion rows
The cattle shake their walnut-bows;
While, peering from his early perch
Upon the scaffold's pole of birch,
The cock his crested helmet bent,
And down his querulous challenge sent.

Unwarmed by any sunset light,
The gray day darkened into night,—
A night made hoary with the swarm
And whirl-dance of the blinding storm,
As zigzag wavering to and fro
Crossed and recrossed the wingèd snow;
And, ere the early bedtime came,
The white drift piled the window-frame;
And through the glass the clothes-line posts
Looked in like tall and sheeted ghosts.

So all night long the storm roared on:
The morning broke without a sun.
In tiny spherule traced with lines
Of Nature's geometric signs,
In starry flake and pellicle,
All day the hoary meteor fell;
And, when the second morning shone,
We looked upon a world unknown, —
On nothing we could call our own.
Around the glistening wonder bent
The blue walls of the firmament;
No cloud above, no earth below, —
A universe of sky and snow!
The old familiar sights of ours
Took marvelous shapes; strange domes and towers
Rose up where sty or corn-crib stood,
Or garden wall, or belt of wood;
A smooth white mound the brush-pile showed;
A fenceless drift what once was road;
The bridle-post an old man sat,
With loose-flung coat and high cocked hat;
The well-curb had a Chinese roof;
And even the long sweep, high aloof,
In its slant splendor seemed to tell
Of Pisa's leaning miracle.

A prompt, decisive man, no breath
Our father wasted: "Boys, a path!"
Well pleased, (for when did farmer-boy
Count such a summons less than joy?)
Our buskins on our feet we drew.
With mittened hands, and caps drawn low
To guard our necks and ears from snow,
We cut the solid whiteness through;
And, where the drift was deepest, made
A tunnel walled and overlaid
With dazzling crystal. We had read
Of rare Aladdin's wondrous cave;
And to our own his name we gave,
With many a wish the luck were ours
To test his lamp's supernal powers.
We reached the barn with merry din,
And roused the prisoned brutes within.
The old horse thrust his long head out,
And, grave with wonder, gazed about;
The cock his lusty greeting said,
And forth his speckled harem led;
The oxen lashed their tails, and hooked,
And mild reproach of hunger looked;
The hornèd patriarch of the sheep,
Like Egypt's Amun roused from sleep,
Shook his sage head with gesture mute,
And emphasized with stamp of foot.

All day the gusty north wind bore
The loosening drift its breath before;
Low circling round its southern zone,
The sun through dazzling snow-mist shone.
No church-bell lent its Christian tone
To the savage air, no social smoke
Curled over woods of snow-hung oak, —
A solitude made more intense
By dreary-voicèd elements,
The shrieking of the mindless wind,
The moaning tree-boughs swaying blind,
And on the glass the unmeaning beat
Of ghostly finger-tips of sleet.
Beyond the circle of our hearth
No welcome sound of toil or mirth
Unbound the spell, and testified
Of human life and thought outside.
We minded that the sharpest ear
The buried brooklet could not hear,
The music of whose liquid lip
Had been to us companionship,
And in our lonely life had grown
To have an almost human tone.

As night drew on, and from the crest
Of wooded knolls that ridged the west,
The sun, a snow-blown traveler, sank
From sight beneath the smothering bank,
We piled with care our nightly stack
Of wood against the chimney-back, —
The oaken log, green, huge, and thick,
And on its top the stout back-stick;
The knotty forestick laid apart,
And filled between with curious art
The ragged brush; then, hovering near,
We watched the first red blaze appear,
Heard the sharp crackle, caught the gleam
On whitewashed wall and sagging beam,
Until the old, rude-furnished room
Burst, flower-like, into rosy bloom;
While radiant with a mimic flame
Outside the sparkling drift became,
And through the bare-boughed lilac-tree
Our own warm hearth seemed blazing free.
The crane and pendent trammels showed;
The Turks' heads on the andirons glowed;
While childish fancy, prompt to tell
The meaning of the miracle,
Whispered the old rhyme: "*Under the tree,*
When fire outdoors burns merrily,
There the witches are making tea."

The moon above the eastern wood
Shone at its full; the hill-range stood
Transfigured in the silver flood,
Its blown snows flashing cold and keen,
Dead-white, save where some sharp ravine
Took shadow, or the somber green
Of hemlocks turned to pitchy black
Against the whiteness at their back.
For such a world and such a night
Most fitting that unwarming light,
Which only seemed, where'er it fell,
To make the coldness visible. [Lines 1 to 154.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, M.D.

BORN AUG. 29, 1809, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Popular writer of prose and poetry. Author of "Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table," "Elsie Venner," and "The Guardian Angel." Poems in two volumes.

EXTRACT FROM POETRY: A METRICAL ESSAY.

SOME prouder Muse, when comes the hour at last,
May shake our hillsides with her bugle-blast:
Not ours the task. But, since the lyric dress
Relieves the statelier with its sprightliness,
Hear an old song, which some, perchance, have seen
In stale gazette, or cobwebbed magazine.
There was an hour when patriots dared profane
The mast that Britain strove to bow in vain;
And one who listened to the tale of shame,
Whose heart still answered to that sacred name,
Whose eye still followed o'er his country's tides
Thy glorious flag, our brave "Old Ironsides!"
From yon lone attic, on a summer's morn,
Thus mocked the spoilers with his schoolboy scorn: —

Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!
Long has it waved on high;
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky.
Beneath it rung the battle-shout,
And burst the cannon's roar:
The meteor of the ocean-air
Shall sweep the clouds no more!

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,
Where knelt the vanquished foe,
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,
And waves were white below,
No more shall feel the victor's tread,
Or know the conquered knee:
The harpies of the shore shall pluck
The eagle of the sea!

Oh! better that her shattered hulk
Should sink beneath the wave:
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
And there should be her grave.
Nail to the mast her holy flag;
Set every threadbare sail;
And give her to the god of storms,
The lightning and the gale!

THE LAST LEAF.

I saw him once before
As he passed by the door;
And again
The pavement-stones resound
As he totters o'er the ground
With his cane.

They say, that in his prime,
Ere the pruning-knife of Time
Cut him down,
Not a better man was found
By the crier on his round
Through the town.

But now he walks the streets,
And he looks at all he meets,
Sad and wan;
And he shakes his feeble head,
That it seems as if he said,
"They are gone!"

The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has prest
In their bloom;
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb.

My grandmamma has said, —
Poor old lady! she is dead
Long ago, —

That he had a Roman nose,
And his cheek was like a rose
In the snow.

But now his nose is thin,
And it rests upon his chin
Like a staff;
And a crook is in his back,
And a melancholy crack
In his laugh.

I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
At him here;
But the old three-cornered hat,
And the breeches, and all that,
Are so queer!

And, if I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree
In the spring,
Let them smile, as I do now,
At the old forsaken bough
Where I cling.

EXTRACT FROM THE AUTOCRAT OF THE BREAKFAST-TABLE.

I WAS just going to say, when I was interrupted, that one of the many ways of classifying minds is under the heads of arithmetical and algebraical intellects. All economical and practical wisdom is an extension or variation of the following arithmetical formula: $2+2=4$. Every philosophical proposition has the more general character of the expression $a+b=c$. We are mere operatives, empirics, and egotists, until we learn to think in letters instead of figures.

They all stared. There is a divinity-student lately come among us, to whom I commonly address remarks like the above, allowing him to take a certain share in the conversation, so far as assent or pertinent questions are involved. He abused his liberty on this occasion by presuming to say that Leibnitz had the same observation. "No, sir," I replied, "he has not. But he said a mighty good thing about mathematics, that sounds something like it; and you found it, *not in the original*, but quoted by Dr. Thomas Reid. I will tell the company what he did say, one of these days."

—— If I belong to a Society of Mutual Admiration? — I blush to say that I do not at this present moment. I once did, however. It was the first association to which I ever heard the

term applied, — a body of scientific young men in a great foreign city who admired their teacher, and, to some extent, each other. Many of them deserved it: they have become famous since. It amuses me to hear the talk of one of those beings described by Thackeray —

"Letters four do form his name" —

about a social development which belongs to the very noblest stage of civilization. All generous companies of artists, authors, philanthropists, men of science, are, or ought to be, Societies of Mutual Admiration. A man of genius, or any kind of superiority, is not debarred from admiring the same quality in another, nor the other from returning his admiration. They may even associate together, and continue to think highly of each other. And so of a dozen such men, if any one place is fortunate enough to hold so many. The being referred to above assumes several false premises. First, That men of talent necessarily hate each other. Secondly, That intimate knowledge or habitual association destroys our admiration of persons whom we esteemed highly at a distance. Thirdly, That a circle of clever fellows, who meet together to dine and have a good time, have signed a constitutional compact to glorify themselves, and to put down him and the fraction of the human race not belonging to their number. Fourthly, That it is an outrage that he is not asked to join them.

Here the company laughed a good deal; and the old gentleman who sits opposite said, "That's it! that's it!"

I continued; for I was in the talking vein. As to clever people's hating each other, I think *a little* extra talent does sometimes make people jealous. They become irritated by perpetual attempts and failures, and it hurts their tempers and dispositions. Unpretending mediocrity is good, and genius is glorious; but a weak flavor of genius in an essentially common person is detestable. It spoils the grand neutrality of a commonplace character, as the rinsings of an unwashed wineglass spoil a draught of fair water. No wonder the poor fellow we spoke of, who always belongs to this class of slightly-flavored mediocrities, is puzzled and vexed by the strange sight of a dozen men of capacity working and playing together in harmony. He and his fellows are always fighting. With them, familiarity naturally breeds contempt. If they ever praise each other's bad drawings, or broken-winded novels, or spavined verses, nobody ever supposed it was from admiration: it was simply a contract between themselves and a publisher or dealer.

If the Mutuals have really nothing among them worth admiring, that alters the question. But, if they are men with noble

powers and qualities, let me tell you, that, next to youthful love and family affections, there is no human sentiment better than that which unites the Societies of Mutual Admiration. And what would literature or art be without such associations? Who can tell what we owe to the Mutual Admiration Society of which Shakspeare, and Ben Jonson, and Beaumont and Fletcher, were members? or to that of which Addison and Steele formed the center, and which gave us "The Spectator"? or to that where Johnson and Goldsmith and Burke and Reynolds and Beauclerc and Boswell, most admiring among all admirers, met together? Was there any great harm in the fact that the Irvings and Paulding wrote in company? or any unpardonable cabal in the literary union of Verplanck and Bryant and Sands, and as many more as they chose to associate with them?

The poor creature does not know what he is talking about when he abuses this noblest of institutions. Let him inspect its mysteries through the knot-hole he has secured, but not use that orifice as a medium for his popgun. Such a society is the crown of a literary metropolis: if a town has not material for it, and spirit and good feeling enough to organize it, it is a mere caravansary, — fit for a man of genius to lodge in, but not to live in. Foolish people hate and dread and envy such an association of men of varied powers and influence because it is lofty, serene, impregnable, and, by the necessity of the case, exclusive. Wise ones are prouder of the title M. S. M. A. than of all their other honors put together.

—— All generous minds have a horror of what are commonly called "facts." They are the brute beasts of the intellectual domain. Who does not know fellows that always have an ill-conditioned fact or two which they lead after them into decent company like so many bull-dogs, ready to let them slip at every ingenious suggestion, or convenient generalization, or pleasant fancy? I allow no "facts" at this table. What! because bread is good and wholesome and necessary and nourishing, shall you thrust a crumb into my windpipe while I am talking? Do not these muscles of mine represent a hundred loaves of bread? and is not my thought the abstract of ten thousand of these crumbs of truth with which you would choke off my speech?

[The above remark must be conditioned and qualified for the vulgar mind. The reader will of course understand the precise amount of seasoning which must be added to it before he adopts it as one of the axioms of his life. The speaker disclaims all responsibility for its abuse in incompetent hands.]

This business of conversation is a very serious matter. There are men that it weakens one to talk with an hour more than a day's fasting would do. Mark this that I am going to say; for

it is as good as a working professional man's advice, and costs you nothing: It is better to lose a pint of blood from your veins than to have a nerve tapped. Nobody measures your nervous force as it runs away, nor bandages your brain and marrow after the operation.

There are men of *esprit* who are excessively exhausting to some people. They are the talkers who have what may be called *jerky* minds. Their thoughts do not run in the natural order of sequence. They say bright things on all possible subjects; but their zigzags rack you to death. After a jolting half-hour with one of these jerky companions, talking with a dull friend affords great relief. It is like taking the cat in your lap after holding a squirrel.

What a comfort a dull but kindly person is, to be sure, at times! A ground-glass shade over a gas-lamp does not bring more solace to our dazzled eyes than such a one to our minds.

"Do not dull people bore you?" said one of the lady-boarders, — the same that sent me her autograph-book last week with a request for a few original stanzas, not remembering that "The Pactolian" pays me five dollars a line for every thing I write in its columns.

"Madam," said I (she and the century were in their teens together), "all men are bores, except when we want them. There never was but one man whom I would trust with my latch-key."

"Who might that favored person be?"

"Zimmerman."

—— The men of genius that I fancy most have erectile heads like the cobra-di-capello. You remember what they tell of William Pinkney, the great pleader; how, in his eloquent paroxysms, the veins of his neck would swell, and his face flush, and his eyes glitter, until he seemed on the verge of apoplexy. The hydraulic arrangements for supplying the brain with blood are only second in importance to its own organization. The bulbous-headed fellows that steam well when they are at work are the men that draw big audiences, and give us marrowy books and pictures. It is a good sign to have one's feet grow cold when he is writing. A great writer and speaker once told me that he often wrote with his feet in hot water: but for this, *all* his blood would have run into his head, as the mercury sometimes withdraws into the ball of a thermometer.

—— You don't suppose that my remarks made at this table are like so many postage-stamps, do you, — each to be only once uttered? If you do, you are mistaken. He must be a poor creature that does not often repeat himself. Imagine the author of the excellent piece of advice, "Know thyself," never alluding to that sentiment again during the course of a protracted exist-

ence! Why, the truths a man carries about with him are his tools; and do you think a carpenter is bound to use the same plane but once to smooth a knotty board with, or to hang up his hammer after it has driven its first nail? I shall never repeat a conversation, but an idea often. I shall use the same types when I like, but not commonly the same stereotypes. A thought is often original, though you have uttered it a hundred times. It has come to you over a new route, by a new and express train of associations.

Sometimes, but rarely, one may be caught making the same speech twice over, and yet be held blameless. Thus a certain lecturer, after performing in an inland city where dwells a *littératrice* of note, was invited to meet her and others over the social teacup. She pleasantly referred to his many wanderings in his new occupation. "Yes," he replied, "I am like the huma, the bird that never lights, being always in the cars, as he is always on the wing." — Years elapsed. The lecturer visited the same place once more for the same purpose. Another social cup after the lecture, and a second meeting with the distinguished lady. "You are constantly going from place to place," she said. — "Yes," he answered, "I am like the huma," — and finished the sentence as before.

What horrors, when it flashed over him that he had made this fine speech, word for word, twice over! Yet it was not true, as the lady might perhaps have fairly inferred, that he had embellished his conversation with the huma daily during that whole interval of years: on the contrary, he had never once thought of the odious fowl until the recurrence of precisely the same circumstances brought up precisely the same idea. He ought to have been proud of the accuracy of his mental adjustments. Given certain factors, and a sound brain should always evolve the same fixed product with the certainty of Babbage's calculating-machine.

—— What a satire, by the way, is that machine on the mere mathematician! — a Frankenstein-monster; a thing without brains and without heart, too stupid to make a blunder; that turns out results like a corn-sheller, and never grows any wiser or better, though it grind a thousand bushels of them.

I have an immense respect for a man of talents *plus* "the mathematics." But the calculating power alone should seem to be the least human of qualities, and to have the smallest amount of reason in it; since a machine can be made to do the work of three or four calculators, and better than any one of them. Sometimes I have been troubled that I had not a deeper intuitive apprehension of the relations of numbers. But the triumph of the ciphering hand-organ has consoled me. I always fancy I can

hear the wheels clicking in a calculator's brain. The power of dealing with numbers is a kind of "detached-lever" arrangement, which may be put into a mighty poor watch. I suppose it is about as common as the power of moving the ears voluntarily, which is a moderately rare endowment.

—— Little localized powers, and little narrow streaks of specialized knowledge, are things men are very apt to be conceited about. Nature is very wise: but for this encouraging principle, how many small talents and little accomplishments would be neglected! Talk about conceit as much as you like: it is to human character what salt is to the ocean; it keeps it sweet, and renders it endurable. Say, rather, it is like the natural unguent of the sea-fowl's plumage, which enables him to shed the rain that falls on him and the wave in which he dips. When one has had *all* his conceit taken out of him, when he has lost *all* his illusions, his feathers will soon soak through, and he will fly no more.

"So you admire conceited people, do you?" said the young lady who has come to the city to be finished off for.— the duties of life.

I am afraid you do not study logic at your school, my dear. It does not follow that I wish to be pickled in brine because I like a salt-water plunge at Nahant. I say that conceit is just as natural a thing to human minds as a center is to a circle. But little-minded people's thoughts move in such small circles, that five minutes' conversation gives you an arc long enough to determine their whole curve. An arc in the movement of a large intellect does not sensibly differ from a straight line. Even if it have the third vowel as its center, it does not soon betray it. The highest thought, that is, is the most seemingly impersonal: it does not obviously imply any individual center.

Audacious self-esteem, with good ground for it, is always imposing. What resplendent beauty that must have been which could have authorized Phryne to "peel" in the way she did! What fine speeches are those two! — "*Non omnis moriar,*" and "I have taken all knowledge to be my province." . . .

—— Did I not say to you a little while ago that the universe swam in an ocean of similitudes and analogies? I will not quote Cowley or Burns or Wordsworth just now to show you what thoughts were suggested to them by the simplest natural objects, such as a flower or a leaf; but I will read you a few lines, if you do not object, suggested by looking at a section of one of those chambered shells to which is given the name of Pearly Nautilus. We need not trouble ourselves about the distinction between this and the Paper Nautilus, the *Argonauta* of the ancients. The

name applied to both shows that each has long been compared to a ship, as you may see more fully in Webster's Dictionary, or the "Encyclopedia," to which he refers. If you will look into Roget's Bridgewater Treatise, you will find a figure of one of these shells, and a section of it. The last will show you the series of enlarging compartments successively dwelt in by the animal that inhabits the shell, which is built in a widening spiral. Can you find no lesson in this?

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS.

This is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
Sails the unshadowed main, —
The venturous bark that flings
On the sweet summer-wind its purpled wings
In gulfs enchanted, where the siren sings,
And coral reefs lie bare;
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl:
Wrecked is the ship of pearl;
And every chambered cell,
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
Before thee lies revealed, —
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed!

Year after year beheld the silent toil
That spread his lustrous coil:
Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new;
Stole with soft step its shining archway through;
Built up its idle door;
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
Child of the wandering Sea,
Cast from her lap forlorn!
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
Than ever Triton blew from wreathèd horn!
While on mine ear it rings,
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that sings: —

"Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul!
As the swift seasons roll;
Leave thy low-vaulted past;
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by Life's unresting sea!"

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS.

BORN JAN. 20, 1807, PORTLAND, ME.

"Pencilings by the Way," "Inklings of Adventure," and "Letters from under a Bridge," are among his principal prose-writings. He is best known for his sacred poetry, and as editor of "The Home Journal."

THE DYING ALCHEMIST.

THE night-wind with a desolate moan swept by,
And the old shutters of the turret swung
Screaming upon their hinges; and the moon,
As the torn edges of the clouds flew past,
Struggled aslant the stained and broken panes
So dimly, that the watchful eye of death
Scarcely was conscious when it went and came.

. . . . . .

The fire beneath his crucible was low;
Yet still it burned: and, ever as his thoughts
Grew insupportable, he raised himself
Upon his wasted arm, and stirred the coals
With difficult energy; and when the rod
Fell from his nerveless fingers, and his eye
Felt faint within its socket, he shrank back
Upon his pallet, and with unclosed lips
Muttered a curse on death! The silent room
From its dim corners mockingly gave back
His rattling breath; the humming in the fire
Had the distinctness of a knell; and, when
Duly the antique horologe beat one,
He drew a phial from beneath his head,
And drank. And instantly his lips compres ;
And, with a shudder in his skeleton frame,
He rose with supernatural strength, and sat
Upright, and communed with himself: —

"I did not think to die
Till I had finished what I had to do;
I thought to pierce the eternal secret through
With this my mortal eye;
I felt — O God! it seemeth even now
This can not be the death-dew on my brow!

And yet it is: I feel,
Of this dull sickness at my heart, afraid!
And in my eyes the death-sparks flash and fade;
And something seems to steal
Over my bosom like a frozen hand,
Binding its pulses with an icy band.

And this is death! But why
Feel I this wild recoil? It can not be
The immortal spirit shuddereth to be free!
Would it not leap to fly.
Like a chained eaglet at its parent's call?
I fear, I fear, that this poor life is all!

Yet thus to pass away;
To live but for a hope that mocks at last;
To agonize, to strive, to watch, to fast,
To waste the light of day,
Night's better beauty, feeling, fancy, thought,
All that we have and are, for this, for naught!

Grant me another year,
God of my spirit! — but a day, — to win
Something to satisfy this thirst within!
I would *know* something here!
Break for me but one seal that is unbroken!
Speak for me but one word that is unspoken!

Vain, vain! My brain is turning
With a swift dizziness, and my heart grows sick,
And these hot temple-throbs come fast and thick,
And I am freezing, — burning, —
Dying! O God! if I might only live! —
My phial — ha! it thrills me! I revive!

. . . . . .

Ay, were not man to die,
He were too mighty for this narrow sphere!
Had he but time to brood on knowledge here,
Could he but train his eye,
Might he but wait the mystic word and hour,
Only his Maker would transcend his power!

Earth has no mineral strange,
The illimitable air no hidden wings,
Water no quality in covert springs,
And fire no power to change,
Seasons no mystery, and stars no spell,
Which the unwasting soul might not compel.

Oh but for time to track
The upper stars into the pathless sky;
To see the invisible spirits eye to eye;
To hurl the lightning back;
To tread unhurt the Sea's dim-lighted halls;
To chase Day's chariot to the horizon-walls!

And more, much more! — for now
The life-sealed fountains of my nature move, —
To nurse and purify this human love;
To clear the godlike brow
Of weakness and mistrust, and bow it down,
Worthy and beautiful, to the much-loved one!

This were indeed to feel
The soul-thirst slacken at the living stream;
To live — O God! that life is but a dream!
And death — Aha! I reel, —
Dim, — dim, — I faint! — darkness comes o'er my eye!
Cover me! save me! God of heaven! I die!"

'Twas morning, and the old man lay alone.
No friend had closed his eyelids; and his lips,
Open and ashy pale, the expression wore
Of his death-struggle. His long silvery hair
Lay on his hollow temples thin and wild;
His frame was wasted, and his features wan
And haggard as with want; and in his palm
His nails were driven deep, as if the throe
Of the last agony had wrung him sore.

The storm was raging still; the shutters swung
Screaming as harshly in the fitful wind;
And all without went on, as aye it will,
Sunshine or tempest, reckless that a heart
Is breaking, or has broken, in its change.

The fire beneath the crucible was out;
The vessels of his mystic art lay round,
Useless and cold as the ambitious hand
That fashioned them; and the small rod,
Familiar to his touch for threescore years,
Lay on the alembic's rim, as if it still
Might vex the elements at its master's will.

And thus had passed from its unequal frame
A soul of fire, — a sun-bent eagle stricken
From his high soaring down, — an instrument

Broken with its own compass. Oh, how poor
Seems the rich gift of genius when it lies,
Like the adventurous bird that hath outflown
His strength upon the sea, ambition-wrecked! —
A thing the thrush might pity as she sits
Brooding in quiet on her lowly nest!

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

BORN IN 1819, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Mr. Lowell resides in Cambridge. He has been Professor of Modern Languages and Belles-Lettres in Harvard University since the resignation of Prof. Longfellow. Of him the editor of the English edition of his "Biglow Papers" says, "I can not help thinking, that (leaving out of sight altogether his satirical works), fifty years hence, he will be recognized as the greatest American poet of our day. Greece had her Aristophanes; Rome, her Juvenal; Spain, her Cervantes; France, her Rabelais, her Molière, her Voltaire; Germany, her Jean Paul, her Heine; England, her Swift, her Thackeray; and America has her Lowell." We have decided to select from "The Biglow Papers," not simply because they were written by a political satirist of the first rank, but because they have reference to an important period of the nation's history; and, besides their wholesome humor, the study of the Yankee dialect will not be unprofitable to the pupil, as he will there find faults of articulation into which he may unconsciously have fallen.

PRINCIPAL PRODUCTIONS.

"The Biglow Papers;" "Sir Launfal;" "Under the Willows," and other Poems; "The Cathedral;" and "Among my Books," prose-work.

NOTE. — "Sam Slick," by Thomas C. Haliburton, "Major Jack Downing's Letters," by Seba Smith, "Letters of Petroleum V. Nasby," by John Locke, "Phœnixiana," by John Phœnix, "Letters of Doesticks," by Mortimer Thompson, and "Orpheus C. Kerr," by R. H. Newell, are other productions, humorous and satirical, of American society and politics.

NOTICES OF AN INDEPENDENT PRESS.

From the Oldfogrumville Mentor.

"We have not had time to do more than glance through this handsomely-printed volume; but the name of its respectable editor, the Rev. Mr. Wilbur of Jaalam, will afford a sufficient guaranty for the worth of its contents. . . . The paper is white, the type clear, and the volume of a convenient and attractive size. . . . In reading this elegantly-executed work, it has seemed to us that a passage or two might have been retrenched with advantage, and that the general style of diction was susceptible of a higher polish. . . . On the whole, we may safely leave the ungrateful task of criticism to the reader. We will barely suggest, that in volumes intended, as this is, for the illustration of a provincial dialect, and turns of expression, a dash of humor or satire might be thrown in with advantage. . . . The work is admirably got up. . . . This work will form an appropriate ornament to the center-table. It is beautifully printed on paper of an excellent quality."

From the Bungtown Copper and Comprehensive Tocsin (a Tryweakly Family Journal).

"Altogether an admirable work. . . . Full of humor boisterous, but delicate; of wit withering and scorching, yet combined with a pathos cool as morning dew; of satire ponderous as the mace of Richard, yet keen as the cimeter of Saladin. . . . A work full of 'mountain-mirth,' mischievous as Puck, and lightsome as Ariel. . . . We know not whether to admire most the genial, fresh, and discursive concinnity of the author, or his playful fancy, weird imagination, and compass of style, at once both objective and subjective. . . . We might indulge in some criticisms; but, were the author other than he is, he would be a different being. As it is, he has a wonderful *pose*, which flits from flower to flower, and bears the reader irresistibly along on its eagle pinions (like Ganymede) to the 'highest heaven of invention.' . . . We love a book so purely objective. . . . Many of his pictures of natural scenery have an extraordinary subjective clearness and fidelity. . . . In fine, we consider this as one of the most extraordinary volumes of this or any age. We know of no English author who could have written it. It is a work to which the proud genius of our country, standing with one foot on the Aroostook and the other on the Rio Grande, and holding up the star-spangled banner amid 'the wreck of matter and the crush of worlds,' may point with bewildering scorn of the punier efforts of enslaved Europe. . . . We hope soon to encounter our author among those higher walks of literature in which he is evidently capable of achieving enduring fame. Already we should be inclined to assign him a high position in the bright galaxy of our American bards."

From the Onion Grove Phœnix.

"A talented young townsman of ours, recently returned from a Continental tour, and who is already favorably known to our readers by his sprightly letters from abroad which have graced our columns, called at our office yesterday. We learn from him, that having enjoyed the distinguished privilege, while in Germany, of an introduction to the celebrated Von Humbug, he took the opportunity to present that eminent man with a copy of 'The Biglow Papers.' The next morning he received the following note, which he has kindly furnished us for publication. We prefer to print *verbatim*, knowing that our readers will readily forgive the few errors into which the illustrious writer has fallen through ignorance of our language.

"'HIGH-WORTHY MISTER, — I shall also now especially happy starve, because I have more or less a work of one those aboriginal Red-Men seen in which have I so deaf an interest ever taken fullworthy on the self shelf with our Gottsched to be upset.

"'Pardon my in the English-speech unpractice!

"'VON HUMBUG.'

"He also sent with the above note a copy of his famous work on 'Cosmetics,' to be presented to Mr. Biglow; but this was taken from our friend by the English custom-house officers, probably through a petty national spite. No doubt it has by this time found its way into the British Museum. We trust this outrage will be exposed in all our American papers. We shall do our best to bring it to the notice of the State department. Our numerous readers will share in the pleasure we experience at seeing our young and vigorous national literature thus encouragingly patted on the head by this venerable and world-renowned German. We love to see these reciprocations of good feeling between the different branches of the great Anglo-Saxon race."

From the Jaalam Independent Blunderbuss.

. . . "But, while we lament to see our young townsman thus mingling in the heated contests of party politics, we think we detect in him the presence of talents, which, if properly directed, might give an innocent pleasure to many. As a proof that he is competent to the production of other kinds of poetry, we copy for our readers a short fragment of a pastoral by him, the manuscript of which was loaned us by a friend. The title of it is 'The Courtin'.'"

ZEKLE crep' up, quite unbeknown,
An' peeked in thru the winder;
An' there sot Huldy all alone,
'ith no one nigh to hender.

Agin' the chimbly crooknecks hung;
An' in amongst 'em rusted
The ole queen's arm thet Gran'ther Young
Fetched back from Concord busted.

The wannut-logs shot sparkles out
Towards the pootiest, bless her!
An' leetle fires danced all about
The chiny on the dresser.

The very room, coz she wuz in,
Looked warm frum floor to ceilin';
An' she looked full ez rosy agin
Ez th' apples she wuz peelin'.

She heerd a foot, an' knowed it tu,
Araspin' on the scraper:
All ways to once her feelin's flew
Like sparks in burnt-up paper.

He kin' o' l'itered on the mat,
Some doubtfle o' the seekle:
His heart kep' goin' pitypat,
But hern went pity Zekle.

It remains to speak of the Yankee dialect. And first it may be premised, in a general way, that any one much read in the writings of the early colonists need not be told that the far greater share of the words and phrases now esteemed peculiar to New England, and local there, were brought from the mother-country. A person familiar with the dialect of certain portions of Massachusetts will not fail to recognize in ordinary discourse many words now noted in English vocabularies as archaic, the greater part of which were in common use about the time of the King James translation of the Bible. Shakspeare stands less in need of a glossary to most New-Englanders than to many a native of the Old Country. The peculiarities of our speech, however, are rapidly wearing out. As there is no country where reading is so universal, and newspapers are so multitudinous, so no phrase remains long local, but is transplanted in the mail-bags to every remotest corner of the land.

Consequently our dialect approaches nearer to uniformity than that of any other nation.

The English have complained of us for coining new words. Many of those so stigmatized were old ones by them forgotten; and all make now an unquestioned part of the currency wherever English is spoken. Undoubtedly, we have a right to make new words as they are needed by the fresh aspects under which life presents itself here in the New World; and indeed, wherever a language is alive, it grows. It might be questioned whether we could not establish a stronger title to the ownership of the English tongue than the mother-islanders themselves. Here, past all question, is to be its great home and center. And not only is it already spoken here by greater numbers, but with a far higher popular average of correctness, than in Britain. The great writers of it, too, we might claim as ours, were ownership to be settled by the number of readers and lovers.

As regards the provincialisms to be met with in this volume, I may say that the reader will not find one which is not (as I believe) either native, or imported with the early settlers; nor one which I have not with my own ears heard in familiar use. In the metrical portion of the book, I have endeavored to adapt the spelling as nearly as possible to the ordinary mode of pronunciation. Let the reader who deems me over-particular remember this caution of Martial: —

> "*Quem recitas, meus est, O Fidentine, libellus;*
> *Sed male cum recitas, incipit esse tuus.*"

A few further explanatory remarks will not be impertinent.

I shall barely lay down a few general rules for the reader's guidance.

1. The genuine Yankee never gives the rough sound to the *r* when he can help it, and often displays considerable ingenuity in avoiding it even before a vowel.

2. He seldom sounds the final *g;* a piece of self-denial, if we consider his partiality for nasals. The same of the final *d*, as *han'* and *stan'* for *hand* and *stand.*

3. The *h* in such words as *while, when, where*, he omits altogether.

4. In regard to *a*, he shows some inconsistency; sometimes giving a close and obscure sound, as *hev* for *have*, *hendy* for *handy*, *ez* for *as*, *thet* for *that;* and again giving it the broad sound it has in *father*, as *hånsome* for *handsome.*

5. To the sound *ou* he prefixes an *e* (hard to exemplify otherwise than orally).

The following passage in Shakspeare he would recite thus: —

> "Neow is the winta uv eour discontent
> Med glorious summa by this sun o' Yock;
> An' all the cleouds thet leowered upun eour heouse
> In the deep buzzum o' the oshin buried.
> Neow air eour breows beound 'ith victorious wreaths;
> Eour breüsèd arms hung up fer monimunce;
> Eour starn alarums changed to merry meetin's,
> Eour dreffle marches to delightful measures.
> Grim-visaged War heth smeuthed his wrinkled front;
> An' neow, instid o' mountin' barebid steeds
> To fright the souls o' ferfle edverseries,
> He capers nimly in a lady's chamber
> To the lascivious pleasin' uv a loot."

6. *Au*, in such words as *daughter* and *slaughter*, he pronounces *ah.*

7. To the dish thus seasoned add a drawl *ad libitum.*

[Mr. Wilbur's notes here become entirely fragmentary. — C. N.]

No. VIII.

A SECOND LETTER FROM B. SAWIN, ESQ.

[In the following epistle, we behold Mr. Sawin returning, a *miles emeritus*, to the bosom of his family. *Quantum mutatus!* The good Father of us all had doubtless intrusted to the keeping of this child of his certain faculties of a constructive kind. He had put in him a share of that vital force, the nicest economy of every minute atom of which is necessary to the perfect development of humanity. He had given him a brain and heart, and so had equipped his soul with the two strong wings of knowledge and love, whereby it can mount to hang its nest under the eaves of heaven. And this child, so dowered, he had intrusted to the keeping of his vicar, the State. How stands the account of that stewardship? The State or Society (call her by what name you will) had taken no manner of thought of him till she saw him swept out into the street, the pitiful leavings of last night's debauch, with cigar-ends, lemon-parings, tobacco-quids, slops, vile stenches, and the whole loathsome next-morning of the bar-room, — an own child of the Almighty God! I remember him as he was brought to be christened, a ruddy, rugged babe: and now there he wallows, reeking, seething, — the dead corpse, not of a man, but of a soul; a putrefying lump, horrible for the life that is in it. Comes the wind of heaven, that Good Samaritan, and parts the hair upon his forehead, nor is too nice to kiss those parched, cracked lips; the morning opens upon him her eyes full of pitying sunshine; the sky yearns down to him: and there he lies fermenting. O Sleep!—let me not profane thy holy name by calling that stertorous unconsciousness a slumber! By and by comes along the State, God's vicar. Does she say, "My poor, forlorn foster-child! — behold here a force which I will make dig and plant and build for me!" Not so; but, "Here is a recruit ready-made to my hand, a piece of destroying energy lying unprofitably idle." So she claps an ugly gray suit on him, puts a musket in his grasp, and sends him off, with gubernatorial and other godspeeds, to do duty as a destroyer.

I made one of the crowd at the last Mechanics' Fair, and with the rest stood gazing in wonder at a perfect machine, with its soul of fire, its boiler-heart that sent the hot blood pulsing along the iron arteries, and its thews of steel. And while I was admiring the adaptation of means to end, the harmonious involutions of contrivance, and the never-bewildered complexity, I saw a grimed and greasy fellow, the imperious engine's lackey and drudge, whose sole office was to let fall at intervals a drop or two of oil upon a certain joint. Then my soul said within me, "See there a piece of mechanism to which that other you marvel at is but as the rude first effort of a child; a force which not merely suffices to set a few wheels in motion, but which can send an impulse all through the infinite future; a contrivance, not for turning out pins or stitching button-holes, but for making Hamlets and Lears. And yet this thing of iron shall be housed, waited on, guarded from rust and dust, and it shall be a crime but so much as to scratch it with a pin; while the other, with its fire of God in it, shall be buffeted hither and thither, and finally sent carefully a thousand miles to be the target for a Mexican cannon-ball. Unthrifty Mother State!" My heart burned within me for pity and indignation, and I renewed this covenant with my own soul: *In aliis mansuetus ero, at, in blasphemiis contra Christum, non ita.* — H. W.]

I s'POSE you wonder ware I be; I can't tell, fer the soul o' me,
Exacly ware I be myself, — meanin' by thet the holl o' me.
Wen I left hum, I hed two legs, an' they worn't bad ones neither,
(The scaliest trick they ever played wuz bringin' on me hither,)
Now one on 'em's I dunno ware; — they thought I wuz adyin',
An' sawed it off because they said 'twuz kin' o' mortifyin':
I'm willin' to believe it wuz, an' yit I don't see, nuther,
Wy one should take to feelin' cheap a minnit sooner 'n t'other,
Sence both wuz equilly to blame; but things is ez they be.
It took on so they took it off, an' thet's enough fer me;
There's one good thing, though, to be said about my wooden new one, —
The liquor can't git into it ez't used to in the true one;
So it saves drink; an' then, besides, a feller couldn't beg
A gretter blessin' then to hev one ollers sober peg;
It's true a chap's in want o' two fer follerin' a drum,
But all the march I'm up to now is jest to Kingdom Come.

I've lost one eye, but thet's a loss it's easy to supply
Out o' the glory thet I've gut, fer thet is all my eye;
An' one is big enough, I guess, by diligently usin' it,
To see all I shall ever git by way o' pay fer losin' it.
Off'cers, I notice, who git paid fer all our thumps an' kickin's,
Du wal by keepin' single eyes arter the fattest pickin's;
So, ez the eye's put fairly out, I'll larn to go without it,
An' not allow *myself* to be no gret put out about it.
Now, le' me see, thet isn't all; I used, 'fore leavin' Jaalam,
To count things on my finger-eends, but sutthin' seems to ail 'em:
Ware's my left hand? oh! darn it, yes, I recollect wut's come on't;
I hain't no left arm but my right, an' thet's gut jest a thumb on't;
It ain't so hendy ez it wuz to cal'late a sum on't.
I've hed some ribs broke, — six (I b'lieve), — I hain't kep no account on 'em:
Wen pensions git to be the talk, I'll settle the amount on 'em.
An' now I'm speakin' about ribs, it kin' o' brings to mind
One thet I couldn't never break, — the one I lef' behind;
Ef you should see her, jest clear out the spout o' your invention,
An' pour the longest sweetnin' in about an annooal pension,
An' kin' o' hint (in case, you know, the critter should refuse to be
Consoled) I ain't so 'xpensive now to keep ez wut I used to be;
There's one arm less, ditto one eye, an' then the leg thet's wooden
Can be took off an' sot away wenever ther' 's a puddin'.

I s'pose you think I'm comin' back ez opperlunt ez thunder,
With shiploads o' gold images an' varus sorts o' plunder:
Wal, 'fore I vullinteered, I thought this country wuz a sort o'
Canaan, a reg'lar Promised Land, flowin' with rum an' water,
Ware propaty growed up like time, without no cultivation,
An' gold wuz dug ez taters be among our Yankee nation;
Ware nateral advantages were pufficly amazin';
Ware every rock there wuz about with precious stuns wuz blazin';
Ware mill-sites filled the country up ez thick ez you could cram 'em,
An' desput rivers run about abeggin' folks to dam 'em;

Then there were meetinhouses, tu, chockful o' gold an' silver,
Thet you could take, an' no one couldn't hand ye in no bill fer, —
Thet's wut I thought afore I went, thet's wut them fellers told us
Thet stayed to hum an' speechified an' to the buzzards sold us;
I thought thet gold mines could be gut cheaper than china-asters,
An' see myself acomin' back like sixty Jacob Astors;
But sech idees soon melted down an' didn't leave a grease-spot;
I vow my holl sheer o' the spiles wouldn't come nigh a V spot.
Although most anywares we've ben, you needn't break no locks,
Nor run no kin' o risks to fill your pocket full o' rocks.
I guess I mentioned in my last some o' the nateral feeturs
O' this all-fiered buggy hole in th' way o' awful creeturs;
But I fergut to name (new things to speak on so abounded)
How one day you'll most di€ o' thust, an' 'fore the next git drownded.
The clymit seems to me jest like a teapot made o' pewter
Our Prudence hed, thet wouldn't pour (all she could du) to suit her:
Fust place the leaves 'ould choke the spout, so 's not a drop 'ould dreen out,
Then Prude 'ould tip an' tip an' tip, till the holl kit bust clean out;
The kiver-hinge-pin bein' lost, tea-leaves an' tea, an' kiver
'ould all come down *kerswosh!* ez though the dam broke in a river.
Jest so 'tis here; holl months there aint a day o' rainy weather,
An' jest ez th' officers 'ould be alayin' heads together
Ez t' how they'd mix their drink at sech a milingtary deepot, —
'T 'ould pour ez though the lid wuz off the everlastin' teapot.
The cons'quence is, thet I shall take, wen I'm allowed to leave here,
One piece o' propaty along, — an' thet's the shakin' fever;
It's reggilar employment, though, an' thet aint thought to harm one,
Nor 't aint so tiresome ez it wuz with t'other leg an' arm on;
An' it's a consolation tu, although it doosn't pay,
To hev it said you're some gret shakes in any kin' o' way.
'T worn't very long, I tell ye wut, I thought o' fortin-makin, —
One day a reg'lar shiver-de-freeze, an' next ez good ez bakin', —
One day abrilin' in the sand, then smoth'rin' in the mashes, —
Git up all sound, be put to bed a mess o' hacks an' smashes.
But then, thinks I, at any rate there's glory to be hed, —
Thet's an investment, arter all, thet mayn't turn out so bad;
But somehow, wen we'd fit an' licked, I ollers found the thanks
Gut kin' o' lodged afore they come ez low down ez the ranks.
The Gin'rals gut the biggest sheer, the Cunnles next, an' so on, —
We never gut a blasted mite o' glory ez I know on;
An', spose we hed, I wonder how you're goin' to contrive its
Division so's to give a piece to twenty thousand privits.
Ef you should multiply by ten the portion o' the brav'st one,
You wouldn't git mor'n half enough to speak of on a grave-stun;
We git the licks, —we're jest the grist thet's put into War's hoppers;
Leftenants is the lowest grade thet helps pick up the coppers.
It may suit folks thet go agin a body with a soul in't,
An' aint contented with a hide without a bagnet hole in't;
But glory is a kin' o' thing *I* shan't pursue no furder,
Coz thet's the off'cers parquisite, —yourn's on'y jest the murder.

Wal, arter I gin glory up, thinks I at least there's one
Thing in the bills we aint hed yit, an' thet's the GLORIOUS FUN;

Ef once we git to Mexico, we fairly may persume we
All day an' night shall revel in the halls o' Montezumy.
I'll tell ye wut *my* revels wuz, an' see how you would like 'em:
We never gut inside the hall; the nighest ever *I* come
Wuz stan'in sentry in the sun (an', fact, it *seemed* a cent'ry)
A ketchin' smells o' biled an' roast thet come out thru the entry,
An' hearin', ez I sweltered thru my passes an' repasses,
A rat-tat-too o' knives an' forks, a clinkty-clink o' glasses.
I can't tell off the bill o' fare the Gin'rals hed inside;
All I know is, thet out o' doors a pair o' soles wuz fried,
An', not a hunderd miles away frum ware this child wuz posted,
A Massachusetts citizen wuz baked an' biled an' roasted:
The on'y thing like revellin' thet ever come to me
Wuz bein' routed out o' sleep by thet darned revelee.

They say the quarrel's settled now; fer my part I've some doubt on't;
'T 'll take more fish-skin than folks think to take the rile clean out on't;
At any rate, I'm so used up I can't do no more fightin',
The on'y chance thet's left to me is politics or writin'.
Now, ez the people's gut to hev a milingtary man,
An' I aint nothin' else jest now, I've hit upon a plan;
The can'idatin' line, you know, 'ould suit me to a T,
An', ef I lose, 't wunt hurt my ears to lodge another flea:
So I'll set up ez can'idate fer any kin' o' office,
(I mean fer any thet includes good easy-cheers an' soffies;
Fer ez to runnin' fer a place ware work's the time o'day,
You know thet's wut I never did, — except the other way;)
Ef it's the Presidential cheer fer wich I'd better run,
Wut two legs anywares about could keep up with my one?
There aint no kin' o' quality in can'idates, it's said,
So useful ez a wooden leg, — except a wooden head;
There's nothin' aint so poppylar (wy, it's a parfect sin
To think wut Mexico hez paid fer Santy Anny's pin) —
Then I hain't gut no principles, an', sence I wuz knee-high,
I never *did* hev any gret, ez you can testify;
I'm a decided peace-man tu, an' go agin the war, —
Fer now the holl on't 's gone an' past, wut is there to go *for*?
Ef, wile you're 'lectioneerin' round, some curus chaps should beg
To know my views o' State affairs, jest answer, "WOODEN LEG!"
Ef they aint settisfied with thet, an' kin' o' pry an' doubt
An' ax fer sutthin' deffynit, jest say, "ONE EYE PUT OUT!"
Thet kin' o' talk I guess you'll find'll answer to a charm,
An', wen you're druv tu nigh the wall, hol' up my missin' arm;
Ef they should nose round fer a pledge, put on a vartoous look,
An' tell 'em thet's percisely wut I never gin nor — took!

Then you can call me "Timbertoes;" thet's wut the people likes, —
Sutthin' combinin' morril truth with phrases sech ez strikes;
Some say the people's fond o' this, or thet, or wut you please:
I tell ye wut the people want is jest correct idees.
"Old Timbertoes," you see, 's a creed it's safe to be quite bold on,
There's nothin' in't the other side can any ways git hold on;
It's a good tangible idee, a sutthin to embody
Thet valooable class o' men who look thru brandy-toddy;

It gives a Party Platform tu, jest level with the mind
Of all right-thinkin', honest folks thet mean to go it blind.
Then there air other good hooraws to dror on ez you need 'em;
Sech ez the ONE-EYED SLARTERER, the BLOODY BIRDOFREDUM:
Them's wut takes hold o' folks thet think, ez well ez o' the masses,
An' makes you sartin o' the aid o' good men of all classes.

There's one thing I'm in doubt about; in order to be Presidunt,
It's absolutely ne'ssary to be a Southern residunt;
The Constitution settles thet, an' also thet a feller
Must own a nigger o' some sort, jet-black, or brown, or yeller.
Now, I hain't no objections agin particklar climes,
Nor agin ownin anythin' (except the truth sometimes);
But ez I hain't no capital, up there among ye, maybe,
You might raise funds enough fer me to buy a low-priced baby;
An' then, to suit the No'thern folks, who feel obleeged to say
They hate an' cuss the very thing they vote fer every day,
Say you're assured I go full butt fer Libbaty's diffusion,
An' made the purchis on'y jest to spite the Institootion.
But golly! there's the currier's hoss upon the pavement pawin'!
I'll be more 'xplicit in my next.

Yourn,

BIRDOFREDUM SAWIN.

We have now a tolerably fair chance of estimating how the balance-sheet stands between our returned volunteer and glory. Supposing the entries to be set down on both sides of the account in fractional parts of one hundred, we shall arrive at something like the following result:—

Cr.	B. SAWIN, Esq., in account with (BLANK) GLORY.	Dr.
By loss of one leg	20	To one 675th three cheers in Faneuil Hall	30
„ do. one arm	15	„ do. do. on occasion of presentation of sword to Colonel Wright . . .	25
„ do. four fingers . . .	5	„ one suit of gray clothes (ingeniously unbecoming) . .	15
„ do. one eye	10	„ musical entertainments (drum and fife six months) . .	5
„ the breaking of six ribs . .	6	„ one dinner after return . .	1
„ having served under Colonel Cushing one month	44	„ chance of pension . . .	1
		„ privilege of drawing longbow during rest of natural life .	23
E. E.	100		100

It would appear that Mr. Sawin found the actual feast curiously the reverse of the bill of fare advertised in Faneuil Hall and other places. His primary object seems to have been the making of his fortune. *Quærenda pecunia primum, virtus post nummos.* He hoisted sail for Eldorado, and shipwrecked on Point Tribulation. *Quid non mortalia pectora cogis, auri sacra fames?* The speculation has sometimes crossed my mind, in that dreary interval of drought which intervenes between quarterly stipendiary showers, that Providence, by the creation of a money-tree, might have simplified wonderfully the sometimes perplexing problem of human life. We read of bread-trees, the butter for which lies ready churned in Irish bogs. Milk-trees we are assured of in South America; and stout Sir John Hawkins testifies to water-

trees in the Canaries. Boot-trees bear abundantly in Lynn and elsewhere; and I have seen, in the entries of the wealthy, hat-trees with a fair show of fruit. A family-tree I once cultivated myself, and found therefrom but a scanty yield, and that quite tasteless and innutritious. Of trees bearing men we are not without examples; as those in the park of Louis the Eleventh of France. Who has forgotten, moreover, that olive-tree, growing in the Athenian's back-garden, with its strange uxorious crop, for the general propagation of which, as of a new and precious variety, the philosopher Diogenes, hitherto uninterested in arboriculture, was so zealous? In the *sylva* of our own Southern States, the females of my family have called my attention to the china-tree. Not to multiply examples, I will barely add to my list the birch-tree, in the smaller branches of which has been implanted so miraculous a virtue for communicating the Latin and Greek languages, and which may well, therefore, be classed among the trees producing necessaries of life, — *venerabile, donum fatalis virgæ*. That money-trees existed in the golden age, there want not prevalent reasons for our believing; for does not the old proverb, when it asserts that money does not grow on *every* bush, imply, *à fortiori*, that there were certain bushes which did produce it? Again: there is another ancient saw to the effect that money is the *root* of all evil. From which two adages it may be safe to infer that the aforesaid species of tree first degenerated into a shrub, then absconded underground, and finally, in our iron age, vanished altogether. In favorable exposures, it may be conjectured that a specimen or two survived to a great age, as in the garden of the Hesperides; and indeed what else could that tree in the Sixth Æneid have been, with a branch whereof the Trojan hero procured admission to a territory for the entering of which money is a surer passport than to a certain other more profitable (too) foreign kingdom? Whether these speculations of mine have any force in them, or whether they will not rather, by most readers, be deemed impertinent to the matter in hand, is a question which I leave to the determination of an indulgent posterity. That there were in more primitive and happier times shops where money was sold, — and that, too, on credit and at a bargain, — I take to be matter of demonstration. For what but a dealer in this article was that Æolus who supplied Ulysses with motive power for his fleet in bags? what that Ericus, King of Sweden, who is said to have kept the winds in his cap? what, in more recent times, those Lapland Nornas who traded in favorable breezes? — all which will appear the more clearly when we consider, that, even to this day, *raising the wind* is proverbial for raising money, and that brokers and banks were invented by the Venetians at a later period.

And now for the improvement of this digression. I find a parallel to Mr. Sawin's fortune in an adventure of my own; for, shortly after I had first broached to myself the before-stated natural-historical and archæological theories, as I was passing, *hæc negotia penitus mecum revolvens*, through one of the obscure suburbs of our New-England metropolis, my eye was attracted by these words upon a sign-board: CHEAP CASH-STORE. Here was at once the confirmation of my speculations and the substance of my hopes. Here lingered the fragment of a happier past, or stretched out the first tremulous organic filament of a more fortunate future. Thus glowed the distant Mexico to the eyes of Sawin as he looked through the dirty pane of the recruiting-office window, or speculated from the summit of that mirage-Pisgah which the imps of the bottle are so cunning in raising up. Already had my Alnaschar fancy (even during that first half-believing glance) expended in various useful directions the funds to be obtained by pledging the manuscript of a proposed volume of discourses. Already did a clock ornament the tower of the

Jaalam meeting-house, — a gift appropriately but modestly commemorated in the parish and town records; both, for now many years, kept by myself. Already had my son Seneca completed his course at the university. Whether, for the moment, we may not be considered as actually lording it over those Baratarias with the viceroyalty of which Hope invests us, and whether we are ever so warmly housed as in our Spanish castles, would afford matter of argument. Enough that I found that sign-board to be no other than a bait to the trap of a decayed grocer. Nevertheless, I bought a pound of dates (getting short weight by reason of immense flights of harpy flies who pursued and lighted upon their prey even in the very scales); which purchase I made not only with an eye to the little ones at home, but also as a figurative reproof of that too-frequent habit of my mind, which, forgetting the due order of chronology, will often persuade me that the happy scepter of Saturn is stretched over this Astræa-forsaken nineteenth century.

Having glanced at the ledger of Glory under the title *Sawin, B.*, let us extend our investigations, and discover if that instructive volume does not contain some charges more personally interesting to ourselves. I think we should be more economical of our resources, did we thoroughly appreciate the fact, that, whenever Brother Jonathan seems to be thrusting his hand into his own pocket, he is, in fact, picking ours. I confess that the late *muck* which the country has been running has materially changed my views as to the best method of raising revenue. If, by means of direct taxation, the bills for every extraordinary outlay were brought under our immediate eye, so that, like thrifty housekeepers, we could see where and how fast the money was going, we should be less likely to commit extravagances. At present, these things are managed in such a hugger-mugger way, that we know not what we pay for; the poor man is charged as much as the rich; and, while we are saving and scrimping at the spigot, the government is drawing off at the bung. If we could know that a part of the money we expend for tea and coffee goes to buy powder and balls, and that it is Mexican blood which makes the clothes on our backs more costly, it would set some of us a-thinking. During the present fall, I have often pictured to myself a government official entering my study, and handing me the following bill: —

WASHINGTON, Sept. 30, 1848.

REV. HOMER WILBUR to *Uncle Samuel*, Dr.

To his share of work done in Mexico on partnership account, sundry jobs, as below: —

„ killing, maiming, and wounding about 5,000 Mexicans	$2.00
„ slaughtering one woman carrying water to wounded	.10
„ extra work on two different sabbaths (one bombardment and one assault), whereby the Mexicans were prevented from defiling themselves with the idolatries of high mass	3.50
„ throwing an especially fortunate and Protestant bombshell into the Cathedral at Vera Cruz, whereby several female Papists were slain at the altar	.50
„ his proportion of cash paid for conquered territory	1.75
„ do. do. for conquering do.	1.50
„ manuring do. with new superior compost called "American Citizen"	.50
„ extending the area of Freedom and Protestantism	.01
„ glory	.01
	$9.87

Immediate payment is requested.

N. B. — Thankful for former favors, U. S. requests a continuance of patronage. Orders executed with neatness and dispatch. Terms as low as those of any other contractor for the same kind and style of work.

I can fancy the official answering my look of horror with, "Yes, sir; it looks like a high charge, sir: but, in these days, slaughtering is slaughtering." Verily, I would that every one understood that it was; for it goes about obtaining money under the false pretence of being glory. For me, I have an imagination which plays me uncomfortable tricks. It happens to me sometimes to see a slaughterer on his way home from his day's work; and forthwith my imagination puts a cocked hat upon his head, and epaulets upon his shoulders, and sets him up as a candidate for the Presidency. So also, on a recent public occasion, as the place assigned to the "Reverend Clergy" is just behind that of "Officers of the Army and Navy" in processions, it was my fortune to be seated at the dinner-table over against one of these respectable persons. He was arrayed as (out of his own profession) only kings, court-officers, and footmen are in Europe, and Indians in America. Now, what does my over-officious imagination but set to work upon him, strip him of his gay livery, and present him to me coatless, his trousers thrust into the tops of a pair of boots thick with clotted blood, and a basket on his arm out of which lolled a gore-smeared axe, thereby destroying my relish for the temporal mercies upon the board before me! H. W.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

Born January, 1811, Baltimore, Md.

A writer of undoubted poetical genius, but so prejudiced in his tastes, and so erratic in his life, that he left no fitting monument of his power. "The Bells," "Annabel Lee," and "The Raven," are his best-known pieces. He died in Baltimore, Oct. 7, 1849.

*THE RAVEN.**

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore,
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping, — rapping at my chamber-door.
"'Tis some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at my chamber-door, —
Only this, and nothing more."

Ah! distinctly I remember: it was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.
Eagerly I wished the morrow: vainly I had sought to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow, — sorrow for the lost Lenore;
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore, —
Nameless here for evermore.

* This poem is justly celebrated as unique in its expression, and unrivalled in the wild, weird fancy of its conception.

And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
Thrilled me, filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating,
"'Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber-door,—
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber-door:
This it is, and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger: hesitating then no longer,
"Sir," said I, "or madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;
But the fact is, I was napping; and so gently you came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber-door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you." Here I opened wide the door:
Darkness there, and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there, wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before:
But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token;
And the only word there spoken was the whispered word, "Lenore!"
This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word, "Lenore!"
Merely this, and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,
Soon again I heard a tapping something louder than before.
"Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my window-lattice:
Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery explore;
Let my heart be still a moment, and this mystery explore.
'Tis the wind, and nothing more!"

Open here I flung the shutter; when, with many a flirt and flutter,
In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly days of yore.
Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute stopped or staid he;
But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber-door;
Perched upon a bust of Pallas, just above my chamber-door;
Perched and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,
"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said, "art sure no craven,
Ghastly, grim, and ancient Raven, wandering from the nightly shore:
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the night's Plutonian shore."
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore!"

Much I marveled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning, little relevancy, bore;
For we can not help agreeing, that no living human being
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber-door —
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber-door —
With such name as "Nevermore."

But the Raven, sitting lonely on that placid bust, spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.
Nothing further then he uttered; not a feather then he fluttered;
Till I scarcely more than muttered, "Other friends have flown before:
On the morrow *he* will leave me, as my hopes have flown before."
Then the bird said, "Nevermore!"

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,
"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock and store,
Caught from some unhappy master, whom unmerciful disaster
Followed fast and followed faster, till his songs one burden bore,
Till the dirges of his hope that melancholy burden bore
Of 'Never, nevermore.'"

But, the Raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird and bust and door;
Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore —
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore —
Meant in croaking "Nevermore."

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core, —
This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamplight gloated o'er,
But whose velvet violet lining, with the lamplight gloating o'er,
She shall press — ah, nevermore!

Then methought the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer
Swung by seraphim, whose footfalls tinkled on the tufted floor.
"Wretch!" I cried, "thy god hath lent thee, by these angels he hath sent thee
Respite — respite and nepenthe — from thy memories of Lenore!
Quaff, oh! quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget this lost Lenore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore!"

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil! — prophet still, if bird or devil, —
Whether tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore,
Desolate, yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted,
On this home by horror haunted, — tell me truly, I implore,
Is there, *is* there, balm in Gilead? — tell me, tell me, I implore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore!"

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil! — prophet still, if bird or devil, —
By that heaven that bends above us, by that God we both adore,
Tell this soul, with sorrow laden, if within the distant Aiden
It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore, —
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore!"

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I shrieked, upstarting:
"Get thee back into the tempest and the night's Plutonian shore!
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!
Leave my loneliness unbroken! quit the bust above my door!
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore!"

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting,
On the pallid bust of Pallas, just above my chamber-door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,
And the lamplight o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor
Shall be lifted — nevermore!

This volume is not intended to take the place of a Dictionary of Authors, whose names alone would fill a greater number of pages than can be given to the whole book; much less can it afford space for the exact enumeration of all the productions of those mentioned. More extended notices of them and their works can be obtained by the pupil, as an excellent general exercise, from Allibone's "Dictionary of Authors" and "The Encyclopædia Americana;" copies of which works should be in every high-school library. To those who may be disappointed by not finding the name of a favorite author in the contemporary lists, we can only say, our space could not include everybody Undoubtedly, among modern authors whose places in our literature have not yet been fixed permanently by time and critics, some names of importance will have been overlooked: at the same time, it is believed, that having studied carefully the selections here given, and become acquainted with the authors and books referred to in this volume, the pupil will have attended to the most important part of the literature of the language, and been successfully introduced to its curiosities, philological and historical.

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Other Americans who have written in verse of more or less poetical merit, nearly all of whom have published one or more volumes: —

PARK BENJAMIN.
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GEORGE P. MORRIS.
LUCRETIA MARIA DAVIDSON.
MARY S. B. DANA.
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MARY E. BROOKS.
ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.
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Maria White (Lowell).
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Phillis Wheatley Peters.
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William Gilmore Simms.
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Elizabeth M. Chandler.
George W. Bethune.
Edward C. Pinkney.
Robert T. Conrad.
Robert C. Sands.
Joseph R. Drake.
Rufus Dawes.
William D. Gallagher.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Born June 24, 1813, in Litchfield, Conn.

Pastor of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, N.Y., since 1847. Author of several volumes, — "Letters to Young Men," "Star Papers, or Experiences of Art and Nature," and "Norwood," which first appeared in "The New-York Ledger," a healthy, vigorous presentation of New-England village-life. "Life-Thoughts, gathered from the Extemporaneous Discourses of Henry Ward Beecher," by Edna Dean Proctor, and "Notes from Plymouth Pulpit," by Augusta Moore, illustrate well the freshness and richness of his style. Sincerely in love with Nature as well as with man, and untrammeled by traditions and dogmas, he speaks to his fellow-man with the eloquence of truth, with appreciative sympathy; and is the most popular pulpit orator in America.

THE MONTHS.

1. January! Darkness and light reign alike. Snow is on the ground. Cold is in the air. The winter is blossoming in frost-flowers. Why is the ground hidden? Why is the earth white? So hath God wiped out the past, so hath he spread the earth like an unwritten page for a new year! Old sounds are silent in the forest and in the air. Insects are dead, birds are gone, leaves have perished, and all the foundations of soil remain. Upon this lies, white and tranquil, the emblem of newness and purity, the virgin robes of the yet unstained year.

2. FEBRUARY! The day gains upon the night. The strife of heat and cold is scarce begun. The winds that come from the desolate north wander through forests of frost-cracking boughs, and shout in the air the weird cries of the northern bergs and ice-resounding oceans. Yet, as the month wears on, the silent work begins, though storms rage. The earth is hidden yet, but not dead. The sun is drawing near. The storms cry out. But the Sun is not heard in all the heavens. Yet he whispers words of deliverance into the ears of every sleeping seed and root that lies beneath the snow. The day opens; but the night shuts the earth with its frost-lock. They strive together; but the darkness and the cold are growing weaker. On some nights they forget to work.

3. MARCH! The conflict is more turbulent; but the victory is gained. The world awakes. There come voices from long-hidden birds. The smell of the soil is in the air. The sullen ice, retreating from open field and all sunny places, has slunk to the north of every fence and rock. The knolls and banks that face the east or south sigh for release, and begin to lift up a thousand tiny palms.

4. APRIL! The singing month. Many voices of many birds call for resurrection over the graves of flowers, and they come forth. Go see what they have lost. What have ice and snow and storm done unto them? How did they fall into the earth stripped and bare? — how do they come forth opening and glorified? Is it, then, so fearful a thing to lie in the grave? In its wild career, shaking and scourged of storms through its orbit, the earth has scattered away no treasures. The Hand that governs in April governed in January. You have not lost what God has only hidden. You lose nothing in struggle, in trial, in bitter distress. If called to shed thy joys as trees their leaves, if the affections be driven back into the heart as the life of flowers to their roots, yet be patient. Thou shalt lift up thy leaf-covered boughs again. Thou shalt shoot forth from thy roots new flowers. Be patient. Wait. When it is February, April is not far off. Secretly the plants love each other.

5. MAY! O flower-month! perfect the harvests of flowers; be not niggardly. Search out the cold and resentful nooks that refused the sun, casting back its rays from disdainful ice, and plant flowers even there. There is goodness in the worst. There is warmth in the coldness. The silent, hopeful, unbreathing sun, that will not fret or despond, but carries a placid brow through the unwrinkled heavens, at length conquers the very rocks; and lichens grow, and inconspicuously blossom. What shall not Time do that carries in its bosom Love?

6. JUNE! Rest! This is the year's bower. Sit down within

it. Wipe from thy brow the toil. The elements are thy servants. The dews bring thee jewels. The winds bring perfume. The Earth shows thee all her treasure. The forests sing to thee. The air is all sweetness, as if all the angels of God had gone through it, bearing spices homeward. The storms are but as flocks of mighty birds that spread their wings, and sing in the high heaven. Speak to God now, and say, "O Father! where art thou?" and out of every flower and tree, and silver pool, and twined thicket, a voice will come, "God is in me." The earth cries to the heavens, "God is here!" and the heavens cry to the earth, "God is here!" The sea claims him. The land hath him. His footsteps are upon the deep. He sitteth upon the circle of the earth. O sunny joys of the sunny month, yet soft and temperate, how soon will the eager months that come burning from the equator scorch you!

7. JULY! Rouse up! The temperate heats that filled the air are raging forward to glow and overfill the earth with hotness. Must it be thus in every thing, that June shall rush toward August? Or is it not that there are deep and unreached places for whose sake the probing sun pierces down its glowing hands? There is a deeper work than June can perform. The Earth shall drink of the heat before she knows her nature or her strength. Then shall she bring forth to the uttermost the treasures of her bosom; for there are things hidden far down, and the deep things of life are not known till the fire reveals them.

8. AUGUST! Reign, thou fire-month! What canst thou do? Neither shalt *thou* destroy the earth, whom frosts and ice could not destroy. The vines droop, the trees stagger, the broad-palmed leaves give thee their moisture, and hang down; but every night the dew pities them. Yet there are flowers that look thee in the eye, fierce Sun, all day long, and wink not. This is the rejoicing month for joyful insects. If our unselfish eye would behold it, it is the most populous and the happiest month. The herds plash in the sedge; fish seek the deeper pools; forest fowl lead out their young; the air is resonant of insect orchestras, each one carrying his part in Nature's grand harmony. August, thou art the ripeness of the year! Thou art the glowing center of the circle!

9. SEPTEMBER! There are thoughts in thy heart of death. Thou art doing a secret work, and heaping up treasures for another year. The unborn infant-buds which thou art tending are more than all the living leaves. Thy robes are luxuriant, but worn with softened pride. More dear, less beautiful, than June, thou art the heart's month. Not till the heats of summer are gone, while all its growths remain, do we know the fullness of life. Thy hands are stretched out, and clasp the glowing palm of Au-

gust and the fruit-smelling hand of October. Thou dividest them asunder, and art thyself molded of them both.

10. OCTOBER! Orchard of the year, bend thy boughs to the earth, redolent of glowing fruit! Ripened seeds shake in their pods. Apples drop in the stillest hours. Leaves begin to let go when no wind is out, and swing in long waverings to the earth, which they touch without sound, and lie looking up, till winds rake them, and heap them in fence-corners. When the gales come through the trees, the yellow leaves trail like sparks at night behind the flying engine. The woods are thinner, so that we can see the heavens plainer as we lie dreaming on the yet warm moss by the singing spring. The days are calm. The nights are tranquil. The Year's work is done. She walks in gorgeous apparel, looking upon her long labor; and her serene eye saith, "It is good."

11. NOVEMBER! Patient watcher, thou art asking to lay down thy tasks. Life to thee now is only a task accomplished. In the night-time thou liest down, and the messengers of winter deck thee with hoar-frosts for thy burial. The morning looks upon thy jewels, and they perish while it gazes. Wilt thou not come, O December?

12. DECEMBER! Silently the month advances. There is nothing to destroy, but much to bury. Bury, then, thou snow, that slumberously fallest through the still air, the hedge-rows of leaves! Muffle thy cold wool about the feet of shivering trees! Bury all that the year hath known! and let thy brilliant stars, that never shine as they do in thy frostiest nights, behold the work! But know, O month of destruction! that in thy constellation is set that Star, whose rising is the sign, for evermore, that there is life in death. Thou art the month of resurrection. In thee the Christ came. Every star that looks down upon thy labor and toil of burial knows that all things shall come forth again. Storms shall sob themselves to sleep. Silence shall find a voice. Death shall live; Life shall rejoice; Winter shall break forth, and blossom into Spring; Spring shall put on her glorious apparel, and be called Summer. It is life, it is life, through the whole year!

A DISCOURSE OF FLOWERS.

HAPPY is the man that loves flowers! — happy, even if it be a love adulterated with vanity and strife; for human passions nestle in flower-lovers too. Some employ their zeal chiefly in horticultural competitions, or in the ambition of floral shows. Others love flowers as curiosities, and search for novelties, for "sports," and vegetable monstrosities. We have been led through

costly collections by men whose chief pleasure seemed to be in the effect which their treasures produced on others, not on themselves. Their love of flowers was only the love of being praised for having them. But there is a choice in vanities and ostentations. A contest of roses is better than of horses. We had rather be vain of the best tulip, dahlia, or ranunculus, than of the best shot. Of all fools, a floral fool deserves the eminence.

But, these aside, blessed be the man that really loves flowers! — loves them for their own sakes, for their beauty, their associations, the joy they have given and always will give; so that he would sit down among them as friends and companions, if there was not another creature on earth to admire or praise them. But such men need no blessing of mine: they are blessed of God. Did he not make the world for such men? Are they not clearly the owners of the world, and the richest of all men?

It is the end of Art to inoculate men with the love of Nature. But those who have a passion for Nature in the natural way need no pictures nor galleries. Spring is their designer, and the whole year their artist.

He who only does not appreciate floral beauty is to be pitied like any other man who is born imperfect. It is a misfortune not unlike blindness. But men who contemptuously reject flowers as effeminate, and unworthy of manhood, reveal a certain coarseness. Were flowers fit to eat or drink, were they stimulative of passions, or could they be gambled with like stocks and public consciences, they would take them up just where finer minds would drop them, who love them as revelations of God's sense of beauty, as addressed to the taste, and to something finer and deeper than taste, — to that power within us which spiritualizes matter, and communes with God through his work, and not for their paltry market-value.

Many persons lose all enjoyment of many flowers by indulging false associations. There be some who think that no *weed* can be of interest as a flower. But all flowers are weeds where they grow wildly and abundantly; and somewhere our rarest flowers are somebody's commonest. Flowers growing in noisome places, in desolate corners, upon rubbish, or rank desolation, become disagreeable by association. Roadside flowers, ineradicable, and hardy beyond all discouragement, lose themselves from our sense of delicacy and protection. And, generally, there is a disposition to undervalue *common* flowers. There are few that will trouble themselves to examine minutely a blossom that they have seen and neglected from their childhood; and yet, if they would but question such flowers, and commune with them, they would often be surprised to find extreme beauty where it had long been overlooked.

If a plant be uncouth, it has no attractions to us simply because it has been brought from the ends of the earth, and is a "great rarity;" if it has beauty, it is none the less, but a great deal more attractive to us because it is common. A very common flower adds generosity to beauty. It gives joy to the poor, the rude, and to the multitudes who could have no flowers were Nature to charge a price for her blossoms. Is a cloud less beautiful, or a sea, or a mountain, because often seen, or seen by millions?

At any rate, while we lose no fondness for eminent and accomplished flowers, we are conscious of a growing respect for the floral democratic throng. There is, for instance, the mullein, of but little beauty in each floweret, but a brave plant, growing cheerfully and heartily out of abandoned soils, ruffling its root about with broad-palmed, generous, velvet leaves, and erecting therefrom a towering spire that always inclines us to stop for a kindly look. This fine plant is left by most people, like a decayed old gentleman, to a good-natured pity; but in other countries it is a *flower*, and called the "American velvet-plant."

We confess to a homely enthusiasm for clover, — not the white clover, beloved of honey-bees, but the red clover. It holds up its round, ruddy face and honest head with such rustic innocence! Do you ever see it without thinking of a sound, sensible, country lass, sun-browned and fearless, as innocence always should be? We go through a field of red clover like Solomon in a garden of spices.

There is the burdock too, with its prickly rosettes, that has little beauty or value except (like some kind, brown, good-natured nurses) as an amusement to children, who manufacture baskets, houses, and various marvelous utensils, of its burrs. The thistle is a prince. Let any man that has an eye for beauty take a view of the whole plant, and where will he see more expressive grace and symmetry? and where is there a more kingly flower? To be sure, there are sharp objections to it in a bouquet. Neither is it a safe neighbor to the farm, having a habit of scattering its seeds like a very heretic. But most gardeners feel toward a thistle as boys toward a snake; and farmers, with more reason, dread it like a plague. But it is just as beautiful as if it were a universal favorite.

What shall we say of mayweed, irreverently called dog-fennel by some? Its acrid juice, its heavy, pungent odor, make it disagreeable; and, being disagreeable, its enormous Malthusian propensities to increase render it hateful to damsels of white stockings, compelled to walk through it on dewy mornings. Arise, O scythe! and devour it.

The buttercup is a flower of our childhood, and very brilliant in our eyes. Its strong color, seen afar off, often provoked its

fate; for through the mowing-lot we went after it, regardless of orchard-grass and herd-grass, plucking down its long slender stems crowned with golden chalices, until the father, covetous of hay, shouted to us, "Out of that grass, out of that grass, you rogue!"

The first thing that defies the frost in spring is the chickweed. It will open its floral eye, and look the thermometer in the face at thirty-two degrees. It leads out the snowdrop and crocus. Its blossom is diminutive: and no wonder; for it begins so early in the season, that it has little time to make much of itself. But, as a harbinger and herald, let it not be forgotten.

You can not forget, if you would, those golden kisses all over the cheeks of the meadow, queerly called *dandelions*. There are many greenhouse-blossoms less pleasing to us than these; and we have reached through many a fence since we were incarcerated, like them, in a city, to pluck one of these yellow flower-drops. Their passing-away is more spiritual than their bloom. Nothing can be more airy and beautiful than the transparent seed-globe, — a fairy dome of splendid architecture.

As for marigolds, poppies, hollyhocks, and valorous sunflowers, we shall never have a garden without them, both for their own sake, and for the sake of old-fashioned folks who used to love them. Morning-glories, or, to call them by their city name, the convolvulus, need no praising: the vine, the leaf, the exquisite vase-formed flower, the delicate and various colors, will secure it from neglect while taste remains. Grape-blossoms and mignonnette do not appeal to the eye; and, if they were selfish, no man would care for them. Yet, because they pour their life out in fragrance, they are always loved; and, like homely people with noble hearts, they seem beautiful by association. Nothing that produces constant pleasure in us can fail to seem beautiful. We do not need to speak for that universal favorite, the rose. As a flower is the finest stroke of creation, so the rose is the happiest hit among flowers. Yet, in the feast of ever-blooming roses and of double roses, we are in danger of being perverted from a love of simplicity as manifested in the wild, single rose. When a man can look upon the simple wild-rose, and feel no pleasure, his taste has been corrupted.

But we must not neglect the blossoms of fruit-trees. What a great heart an apple-tree must have! What generous work it makes of blossoming! It is not content with a single bloom for each apple that is to be; but a profusion, a prodigality of blossom there must be. The tree is but a huge bouquet: it gives you twenty times as much as there is need for, and evidently because it loves to blossom. We will praise this virtuous tree, — not beautiful in form, often clumpy, cragged, and rude; but it is glo-

rious in beauty when efflorescent. Nor is it a beauty only at a distance and in the mass. Pluck down a twig, and examine as closely as you will: it will bear the nearest looking. The simplicity and purity of the white expanded flower, the half-open buds slightly blushed, the little pink-tipped buds unopen, crowding up together like rosy children around an elder brother or sister, — can any thing surpass it? Why, here is a cluster more beautiful than any you can make up artificially, even if you select from the whole garden. Wear this family of buds for my sake. It is all the better for being common. I love a flower that all may have, — that belongs to the whole, and not to a select and exclusive few. Common, forsooth! A flower can not be worn out by much looking at as a road is by much travel.

How one exhales, and feels his childhood coming back to him, when, emerging from the hard and hateful city-streets, he sees orchards and gardens in sheeted bloom, — plum, cherry, pear, peach, and apple, waves and billows of blossoms rolling over the hillsides, and down through the levels! My heart runs riot. This is a kingdom of glory. The bees know it. Are the blossoms singing? or is all this humming sound the music of bees? The frivolous flies, that never seem to be thinking of any thing, are rather sober and solemn here. Such a sight is equal to a sunset, which is but a blossoming of the clouds.

We love to fancy that a flower is the point of transition at which a material thing touches the immaterial: it is the sentient, vegetable soul. We ascribe dispositions to it; we treat it as we would an innocent child. A stem or root has no suggestion of life. A leaf advances toward it; and some leaves are as fine as flowers, and have, moreover, a grace of motion seldom had by flowers. Flowers have an expression of countenance as much as men or animals. Some seem to smile; some have a sad expression; some are pensive and diffident; others again are plain, honest, and upright, like the broad-faced sunflower and the hollyhock. We find ourselves speaking of them as laughing, as gay and coquettish, as nodding and dancing. No man of sensibility ever spoke of a flower as he would of a fungus, a pebble, or a sponge. Indeed, they are more life-like than many animals. We commune with flowers; we go to them if we are sad or glad: but a toad, a worm, an insect, we repel, as if real life was not half so real as imaginary life. What a pity flowers can utter no sound! A singing rose, a whispering violet, a murmuring honeysuckle, — oh, what a rare and exquisite miracle would these be!

When we hear melodious sounds, — the wind among trees; the noise of a brook falling down into a deep, leaf-covered cavity; birds' notes, especially at night; children's voices as you ride into a village at dusk, far from your long-absent home, and

quite homesick; or a flute heard from out of a forest, — a silver sound rising up among silver-lit leaves into the moon-lighted air; or the low conversations of persons whom you love, that sit at the fire in the room where you are convalescing, — when we think of these things, we are apt to imagine that nothing is perfect that has not the gift of sound. But we change our mind when we dwell lovingly among flowers; for they are always silent. Sound is never associated with them. They speak to you; but it is as the eye speaks, — by vibrations of light, and not of air.

It is with flowers as with friends, — many may be loved, but few much loved. Wild honeysuckles in the wood, laurel-bushes in the very regality of bloom, are very beautiful to you; but they are color and form only. They seem strangers to you. You have no memories reposed in them. They bring back nothing from time. They point to nothing in the future. But a wild-brier starts a genial feeling: it is the country cousin of the rose; and that has always been your pet. You have nursed it and defended it; you have had it for companionship as you wrote; it has stood by your pillow while sick; it has brought remembrance to you, and conveyed your kindest feelings to others. You remember it as a mother's favorite; it speaks to you of your own childhood, — that white rosebush that snowed in the corner by the door; that generous bush that blushed red in the garden with a thousand flowers, whose gorgeousness was among the first things that drew your childish eye, and which always comes up before you when you speak of childhood. You remember, too, that your mother loved roses. As you walked to church, she plucked off a bud and gave you, which you carried because you were proud to do as she did. You remember how, in the listening hour of sermon, her roses fell neglected on her lap, and how you slyly drew one and another of them; and how, when she came to, she looked for them under her handkerchief and on the floor, until, spying the ill-repressed glee of your face, she smiled such a look of love upon you as made a rose for ever after seem to you as if it smiled a mother's smile. And so a wild rose, a prairie-rose, or a sweet-brier, that at evening fills the air with odor (a floral nightingale, whose song is perfume), greets you as a dear and intimate friend. You almost wish to get out as you travel, and inquire after their health, and ask if they wish to send any messages by you to their town friends.

But no flower can be so strange or so new that a friendliness does not spring up at once between you. You gather them up along your rambles, and sit down to make their acquaintance on some shaded bank, with your feet over the brook, where your shoes feed their vanity as in a mirror. You assort them; you

question their graces; you enjoy their odor; you range them on the grass in a row, and look from one to another; you gather them up, and study a fit gradation of colors, and search for new specimens to fill the degrees between too violent extremes. All the while, and it is a long while, if the day be gracious and leisure ample, various suggestions and analogies of life are darting in and out of your mind. This flower is like some friend; another reminds you of mignonnette, and mignonnette always makes you think of such a garden and mansion where it enacted some memorable part; and *that* flower conveys some strange and unexpected resemblance to certain events of society; this one is a bold soldier; that one is a sweet lady dear; the white-flowering bloodroot, trooping up by the side of a decaying log, recalls to your fancy a band of white-bannered knights: and so your pleased attention strays through a thousand vagaries of fancy or memory or vaticinating hope.

Yet these are not home-flowers. You did not plant them. You have not screened them. You have not watched their growth, plucked away voracious worms or nibbling bugs; you have not seen them in the same places year after year, — children of your care and love. Around such there is an artificial life, an associational beauty, a fragrance and grace of the affections, that no wild-flowers can have.

It is a matter of gratitude that this finest gift of Providence is the most profusely given. Flowers can not be monopolized. The poor can have them as much as the rich. It does not require such an education to love and appreciate them as it would to admire a picture of Turner's or a statue of Thorwaldsen's. And as they are messengers of affection, tokens of remembrance, and presents of beauty, of universal acceptance, it is pleasant to think that all men recognize a brief brotherhood in them. It is not impertinent to offer flowers to a stranger. The poorest child can proffer them to the richest. A hundred persons turned together into a meadow full of flowers would be drawn together in a transient brotherhood.

It is affecting to see how serviceable flowers often are to the necessities of the poor. If they bring their little floral gift to you, it can not but touch your heart to think that their grateful affection longed to express itself as much as yours. You have books or gems or services that you can render as you will. The poor can give but little and do but little. Were it not for flowers, they would be shut out from those exquisite pleasures which spring from such gifts. I never take one from a child or from the poor that I do not thank God in their behalf for flowers.

And then, when Death enters a poor man's house! It may be, the child was the only creature that loved the unbefriended

father, — *really* loved him, loved him utterly. Or it may be it is an only son, and his mother a widow, who, in all his sickness, felt the limitation of her poverty for her darling's sake as she never had for her own; and did what she could, but not what she would had there been wealth. The coffin is pine. The undertaker sold it with a jerk of indifference and haste, lest he should lose the selling of a rosewood coffin trimmed with splendid silver screws. The room is small. The attendant neighbors are few. The shroud is coarse. Oh! the darling child was fit for whatever was most excellent; and the heart aches to do for him whatever could be done that should speak love. It takes money for fine linen, money for costly sepulture; but flowers, thank God, the poorest may have: so put white buds in the hair, and honey-dew and mignonnette and half-blown roses on the breast. If it be spring, a few white violets will do (and there is not a month till November that will not give you something): but if it is winter, and you have no single pot of roses, then I fear your darling must be buried without a flower; for flowers cost money in the winter.

And then, if you can not give a stone to mark his burial-place, a rose may stand there; and from it you may every spring pluck a bud for your bosom, as the child was broken off from you. And, if it brings tears for the past, you will not see the flowers fade and come again, and fade and come again, year by year, and not learn a lesson of the resurrection, when that which perished here shall revive again, never more to droop or to die.

NORWOOD.

STORIES FOR CHILDREN.

If a day in a country farmhouse is joyous to town people, not less exhilarating to country friends is a day in a town mansion. Alice, in her silent and gentle way, seemed to absorb happiness from the very air. That sensitive timidity which was like an outer garment to her really courageous and resolute nature suffered no embarrassment in Dr. Wentworth's family. Agate Bissell's plain speech and direct manner never left an unfavorable impression. There was a flow of honesty and undisguised kindness which children instinctively recognized. Her whole conduct was indulgent, though her language seemed monitorial and even magisterial.

Mrs. Wentworth was one whose soul shone through her face, and gave it an almost transparent look. She lived under the influence of her best faculties: therefore her manner and influence

seemed to excite the best faculties of those who met her. Very clear-headed was she, very cheerful, and very kind. Your first glance upon her face would lead you to say, "Penetration is her ruling trait." Your second glance would convince you that sympathy was more strongly indicated. If she spoke, you would conclude that no one feeling ruled, but many, and all of them good. At first, you would think, "This woman sees through all films, and can not be deceived;" next you would feel, "There is no need of hiding any thing from her: she is to be trusted."

As for Dr. Wentworth, nobody saw through him, and everybody trusted him. There was no dormant faculty in him: he was alive all around his soul. There were no arctic and antarctic zones. The whole globe of his nature was tropical, and yet temperate.

His moods ran through the whole scale of faculties. He was various as the separate days. He carried the germs of every thing which bore fruit in other men's characters, and so could put himself into sympathy with every kind of man. A great talker at times; yet, even when most frank, he was more silent than talkative, and left the impression of one who had only blown the foam off from unfathomable thoughts.

What a place was his house for children! — an old mansion, quaint and voluminous, stored full of curious knick-knacks, more curious books, and most curious engravings. Yet the interior of the house was even less attractive to children than the grounds about it. Such dainty nooks there were, such pet mazes among the evergreens, such sweeps of flowers and tangles of blossoming vines, such rows of fruit-laden trees, such discoveries to be made here and there of new garden-plats of before-unseen beds of flowers, such wildernesses of morning-glories, and tangles of honeysuckles running over rocks, or matted in the grass, that, once out, the children never wanted to go in; and, once in, they could hardly persuade themselves to go out.

When the afternoon was turning in the west, and the sunlight began to shoot golden beams under the branches of the trees, and the shadows stretched themselves every moment larger and larger along the ground, as if the time were near for them to fall asleep, Dr. Wentworth came in from his patients, and joined the children. Then there was racing and frolicking! Then you might have seen three children indeed!

But, after a time, Rose began to persuade her father to tell some stories. Story-hunger in children is even more urgent than bread-hunger. And so, at length, he suffered himself to be led captive to his favorite tree, where scores of times he had been wont to weave fables and parables for Rose, — fictions that under every form whatsoever still tended in his child's imagination to

bring Nature home to her as God's wonderful revelation, vital with sentiment and divine truth. Sitting upon the ground, with one child on either side leaning upon his knees and looking up into his face, he began: —

THE ANXIOUS LEAF.

"Once upon a time, a little leaf was heard to sigh and cry, as leaves often do when a gentle wind is about. And the twig said, 'What is the matter, little leaf?' And the leaf said, 'The wind just told me that one day it would pull me off, and throw me down to die on the ground!' The twig told it to the branch on which it grew, and the branch told it to the tree: and, when the tree heard it, it rustled all over, and sent back word to the leaf, 'Do not be afraid; hold on tightly, and you shall not go till you want to.' And so the leaf stopped sighing, but went on nestling and singing. Every time the tree shook itself, and stirred up all its leaves, the branches shook themselves, and the little twig shook itself, and the little leaf danced up and down merrily as if nothing could ever pull it off. And so it grew all summer long till October. And, when the bright days of autumn came, the little leaf saw all the leaves around becoming very beautiful. Some were yellow, and some scarlet, and some striped with both colors. Then it asked the tree what it meant. And the tree said, 'All these leaves are getting ready to fly away; and they have put on these beautiful colors because of joy.' Then the little leaf began to want to go, and grew very beautiful in thinking of it, and, when it was very gay in color, saw that the branches of the tree had no color in them; and so the leaf said, 'O branches! why are you lead-color, and we golden?' — 'We must keep on our work-clothes, for our life is not done; but your clothes are for holiday, because your tasks are over.' Just then, a little puff of wind came, and the leaf let go without thinking of it; and the wind took it up and turned it over and over, and whirled it like a spark of fire in the air; and then it fell gently down under the edge of the fence among hundreds of leaves, and fell into a dream, and never waked up to tell what it dreamed about."

How charming it is to narrate fables to children! How daintily do they carry on the conscious dramatic deception! They know that if the question were once got in upon them, "Are these things *true?*" the bubble would burst, and all its fine colors would disappear. Children are unconscious philosophers. They refuse to pull to pieces their enjoyments to see what they are made of. Rose knew as well as her father that leaves never

talked; yet Rose never saw a leaf without feeling that there was life and meaning in it. Flowers had stories in them. The natural world stole in upon her with mute messages; and the feelings which woke in her bosom she attributed to Nature; and the thoughts which started she deemed a revelation, and an interpretation of truths that lay hidden in creation waiting for her.

What is one story? — a mere provocation of another.

"Do tell us another, father. That was *so* short!"

"Yes, doctor; do tell us some more," said Alice. And then, coloring a little, she said, "Rose can have them every day; but I can not, — only once in a great while."

"Alice, you must make your father tell *you* stories."

"He does sometimes; but they are always out of books, and almost always Bible-stories; and I know them by heart already."

After Dr. Wentworth had regaled himself enough with the children's charming arts of coaxing, he began another story: —

THE FAIRY FLOWER.

"Once there was a little girl whose name was Clara. She had a very kind heart; but she was an only child, and had been petted so much that she was like to become very selfish. Too late her mother lamented that she had indulged her so much, and strove to repair the mischief, and to make Clara think of other people's happiness, and not solely of her own. On some days, nothing could be more charming than Clara's ways. She was gentle and obliging, and sang all day long, and made every one who came near her happy by her agreeable manners. Then everybody admired her, and her mother and aunt were sure that she was cured of her pettish dispositions. But, the very next day, all her charming ways were exchanged. She carried a moody face. She was no longer courteous; and every one who came near her felt the chill of her manner, as if an east wind were blowing with her breath. One summer night, after such a miserable day, Clara went to her room. The moon was at its full, and poured through the window in such floods that she needed no other light. Clara sat down by the window very unhappy. She thought over the day, and wondered at herself, and tried to imagine why it was that on some days she was so happy, and on others so wretched. As she mused, she laid her head back on the easy-chair. No sooner had she shut her eyes than a strange thing happened. An old man, very feeble, came in; and in his basket, which he seemed hardly able to bear, was a handful of flowers and two great stones. He came to Clara, and said, 'My daughter, will you help me? for I am too old to carry this load.

Please make it lighter.' Then Clara looked at him with pouting, and said, 'Go away!' Then he said, 'I am poor and suffering. Will you not lighten my load?' Then Clara condescended to take the flowers out of his basket. They were very beautiful; and she laid them in her lap.

"The old man said, —

"'My daughter, you have not lightened my basket: you have only taken the pleasant things out of it, and left the heavy, heavy stones. Oh, please lift one of them out of the basket!'

"Then Clara was angry, and said, —

"'No: get you gone! I will not touch those dirty stones.'

"No sooner had she said this than the old man began to change before her, and became so bright and white, that he looked like a column of crystal. Then he took one of the stones and cast it out of the window, and it flew and flew and flew, and fell down on the eastern side of a grove, where the sun shone first every morning; and close by it ran a brook that laughed and loitered and sported all day and all night, and played with every thing that would come to it.

"And then the crystal old man took the flowers out of her lap, and they were wet with moisture; and he shook them over her head, and said, —

"'Change to a flower! Go and stand by the stone till your shadow shall be marked upon the rock.'

"In a second, Clara was growing by the side of a wide, flat stone; and the moon cast the shadow of a beautiful flower, with long and slender stem, upon the rock. She was very wretched, and the dew came and comforted her; and in the morning she could not help looking at herself in the brook that came close up to the stone, and she saw how beautiful she was. All day her shadow fell on the rock; and, when the sun went away, the shadow went away too. All night she threw a pale shadow on the rock; and in the morning, when the moon went away, the shadow went away too. And the rock lay still all day and all night, and did not care for the flower, nor feel its shadow. And she longed and longed and longed; but what could a tender flower do with a hard rock? And the flower asked the brook, 'Can you help me?' And the brook laughed out louder than it was laughing before, and said, 'Ask the birds.' And so she asked a bobolink; and he came frisking to her with a wonderful speech, in Latin, Greek, and Syriac, with some words from the great language that was before all other languages. And he alit upon the flower, and teetered up and down till she thought her back would break; but nothing could she learn how to make her shadow stay upon the rock.

"Then she asked a spider; and he spun a web from her bright

blossoms, and fastened it to the rock, and bent her over, and tied her up, till she feared she should never get loose. But all his nice films did her no good, and her shadow would not stay upon the rock.

"Then she asked the wind to help her. And the wind blew away the spider's web, and blew so hard, that the flower lay its whole length upon the rock; but when the wind left her, and she rose up, there was no shadow there!

"And she said, 'What is beauty worth if it grows by the side of a stone that does not feel it nor care for it?'

"Then she asked the dew to help her. And the dew said, 'How can I help you? I live contentedly in darkness. I put on my beauty only to please other things. I let the sun come through my drops, though I know it will consume me.'

"The flower said, 'I wish I were dew. I would do some good. Now my beauty does me no good, and I am wasting it every day upon a rock.' When the flower breathed this benevolent wish, there were flutters and whispers all around; but the flower thought it was only the brook.

"The next day came that way a beautiful girl. She was gathering ferns and mosses and flowers. Whenever she saw a tuft of moss, she said, 'Please, dear moss, may I take you?' And, when she saw a beautiful branch with scarlet leaves, she said, 'Dear bush, may I take these leaves?' And then she saw a beautiful columbine growing by the edge of a rock; and she said, 'O sweet columbine! may I pluck you?' And the flower said, 'Please, I must not go till my shadow is fastened on the rock.' Then the young lady took from her case a pencil, and in a moment traced the shadow of the columbine upon the rock; and, when she had done, she reached her hand and took the stem low down, and broke it off. Then Clara sprang up from her chair by the window, and there stood her mother, saying, —

"'My dear daughter, you should not fall asleep by an open window, — not even in summer, my child. How damp you are! Come, hasten to bed.'

"It was many days before Clara could persuade herself that she had only dreamed. It was many months before she told the dream to her mother; and, when she did, her mother said, —

"'Ah, Clara! would that all girls might dream, if only it made them as good as your dream has made you!'"

The doctor seemed quite interested in his own story, and sat silent for a moment, that the good impression might settle in the girls' minds. He was awakened to attention by some little flutter, and saw Rose nodding in a gravely humorous way to Alice, as if she meant to say, —

"I hope, Alice, that you will take this lesson to heart, and never be naughty again."

"Ah, rogue Rose!" said the doctor. "Is that the way you pay me for my trouble? You shall"—

Rose, without waiting for the whole sentence, darted off: and in an instant the doctor was in full chase; while Alice, hesitant, followed in the distance, half laughing, and quite uneasy lest some harm should come to Rose. Harm did come. She was, after nimble turns and skillful evasions, so amused at her father's mishap in rushing upon a sweet-brier when he thought to have seized her, that her strength dissolved in laughter. She was caught, and her hands tied with honeysuckle-vines, and her neck was bound with flowers; and so she was carried away captive, smothered with sweets, to be punished under the great tree. There her father pronounced the sentence,—that, for irreverence and rebellion, she should be doomed to hear another story, which he called

COMING AND GOING.

"Once came to our fields a pair of birds that had never built a nest nor seen a winter. Oh, how beautiful was every thing! The fields were full of flowers, and the grass was growing tall, and the bees were humming everywhere. Then one of the birds fell to singing; and the other bird said, 'Who told you to sing?' And he answered, 'The flowers told me, and the bees told me, and the winds and leaves told me, and the blue sky told me, and you told me to sing.' Then his mate answered, 'When did I tell you to sing?' And he said, 'Every time you brought in tender grass for the nest, and every time your soft wings fluttered off again for hair and feathers to line the nest.' Then his mate said, 'What are you singing about?' And he answered, 'I am singing about every thing and nothing. It is because I am so happy that I sing.'

"By and by, five little speckled eggs were in the nest; and his mate said, 'Is there any thing in all the world as pretty as my eggs?' Then they both looked down on some people that were passing by, and pitied them because they were not birds, and had no nests with eggs in them. Then the father-bird sang a melancholy song because he pitied folks that had no nests, but had to live in houses.

"In a week or two, one day, when the father-bird came home, the mother-bird said, 'Oh! what do you think has happened?'—'What?'—'One of my eggs has been peeping and moving!' Pretty soon another egg moved under her feathers, and then another and another, till five little birds were born.

"Now the father-bird sung louder and louder than ever. The mother-bird, too, wanted to sing; but she had no time, and so she turned her song into work. So hungry were these little birds,

that it kept both parents busy feeding them. Away each one flew. The moment the little birds heard their wings fluttering again among the leaves, five yellow mouths flew open so wide, that nothing could be seen but five yellow mouths.

"'Can anybody be happier?' said the father-bird to the mother-bird. 'We will live in this tree always; for there is no sorrow here. It is a tree that always bears joy.'

"The very next day, one of the birds dropped out of the nest, and a cat ate it up in a minute, and only four remained; and the parent-birds were very sad, and there was no song all that day nor the next. Soon the little birds were big enough to fly; and great was their parents' joy to see them leave the nest, and sit crumpled up upon the branches. There was then a great time. One would have thought the two old birds were two French dancing-masters, talking and chattering, and scolding the little birds to make them go alone. The first bird that tried flew from one branch to another, and the parents praised him; and the other little birds wondered how he did it. And he was so vain of it, that he tried again, and flew and flew, and couldn't stop flying, till he fell plump down by the house-door; and then a little boy caught him and carried him into the house, and only three birds were left. Then the old birds thought that the sun was not bright as it used to be, and they did not sing as often.

"In a little time, the other birds had learned to use their wings; and they flew away and away, and found their own food, and made their own beds; and their parents never saw them any more.

"Then the old birds sat silent, and looked at each other a long while.

"At last, the wife-bird said, —

"'Why don't you sing?'

"And he answered, —

"'I can't sing: I can only think and think.'

"'What are you thinking of?'

"'I am thinking how every thing changes. The leaves are falling down from off this tree, and soon there will be no roof over our heads; the flowers are all gone, or going; last night there was a frost; almost all the birds are flown away, and I am very uneasy. Something calls me, and I feel restless as if I would fly far away.'

"'Let us fly away together!'

"Then they rose silently; and, lifting themselves far up in the air, they looked to the north: far away they saw the snow coming. They looked to the south: there they saw green leaves. All day they flew, and all night they flew and flew, till they found a land where there was no winter; where there was summer all the time; where flowers always blossom, and birds always sing.

"But the birds that staid behind found the days shorter, the nights longer, and the weather colder. Many of them died of cold; others crept into crevices and holes, and lay torpid. Then it was plain that it was better to go than to stay."

A NEW-ENGLAND SUNDAY.

TIME waits for no man, and least of all for story-writers. Our readers must move six years forward at a step, and rest for one Sunday in Norwood, where traveling on Sunday is yet against the law.

It is worth all the inconveniences arising from the occasional over-action of New-England sabbath observance to obtain the full flavor of a New-England Sunday. But, for this, one should have been born there; should have found Sunday already waiting for him, and accepted it with implicit and absolute conviction, as if it were a law of Nature, in the same way that night and day, summer and winter, are parts of Nature. He should have been brought up by parents who had done the same thing, as *they* were by parents even more strict, if that were possible; until not religious persons peculiarly, but everybody, not churches alone, but society itself and all its population, — those who broke it as much as those who kept it, — were stained through with the color of Sunday; nay, until Nature had adopted it, and laid its commands on all birds and beasts, on the sun and winds, and upon the whole atmosphere: so that, without much imagination, one might imagine in a genuine New-England Sunday of the Connecticut-river-valley stamp that God was still on that day resting from all the work which he had created and made, and that all his work rested with him.

Over all the town rested the Lord's peace. The saw was ripping away yesterday in the carpenter's shop, and the hammer was noisy enough. to-day there is not a sign of life there. The anvil makes no music to-day. Tommy Taft's buckets and barrels give forth no hollow, thumping sound. The mill is silent: only the brook continues noisy. Listen! In yonder pine-woods, what a cawing of crows! Like an echo in a wood still more remote, other crows are answering. But even a crow's throat to-day is musical. Do they think, because they have black coats on, that they are parsons, and have a right to play pulpit with all the pine-trees? Nay, the birds will not have any such monopoly: they are all singing, and singing all together; and no one cares whether his song rushes across another's or not. Larks and robins, blackbirds and orioles, sparrows and bluebirds, mocking

catbirds and wrens, were furrowing the air with such mixtures as no other day but Sunday, when all artificial and human sounds cease, could ever hear. Every now and then, a bobolink seemed impressed with the duty of bringing these jangling birds into more regularity; and, like a country singing-master, he flew down the ranks, singing all the parts himself in snatches, as if to stimulate and help the laggards. In vain. Sunday is the birds' day, and they will have their own democratic worship.

There was no sound in the village street. Look either way, not a vehicle, not a human being. The smoke rose up soberly and quietly, as if it said, "It is Sunday." The leaves on the great elms hung motionless, glittering in dew, as if they too, like the people who dwelt under their shadow, were waiting for the bell to ring for meeting. Bees sung and flew as usual; but honey-bees have a Sunday way with them all the week, and could scarcely change for the better on the seventh day.

But, oh, the sun! It had sent before, and cleared every stain out of the sky. The blue heaven was not dim and low as on secular days, but curved and deep, as if on Sunday it shook off all encumbrance which during the week had lowered and flattened it, and sprang back to the arch and symmetry of a dome. All ordinary sounds caught the spirit of the day. The shutting of a door sounded twice as far as usual. The rattle of a bucket in a neighbor's yard, no longer mixed with heterogeneous noises, seemed a new sound. The hens went silently about, and roosters crowed in psalm-tunes. And, when the first bell rang, Nature seemed overjoyed to find something that it might do without breaking Sunday, and rolled the sound over and over, and pushed it through the air, and raced with it over field and hill twice as far as on week-days. There were no less than seven steeples in sight from the belfry: and the sexton said, "On still Sundays I've heard the bell, at one time and another, when the day was fair, and the air moving in the right way, from every one of them steeples; and I guess likely they've all heard our'n."

"Come, Rose," said Agate Bissell, at an even earlier hour than when Rose usually awakened, — "come, Rose, it is the sabbath. We must not be late Sunday morning of all days in the week. It is the Lord's day."

There was little preparation required for the day. Saturday night, in some parts of New England, was considered almost as sacred as Sunday itself. After sundown on Saturday night, no play, and no work, except such as is immediately preparatory to the sabbath, were deemed becoming in good Christians. The clothes had been laid out the night before. Nothing was forgotten. The best frock was ready; the hose and shoes were waiting. Every article of linen, every ruffle and ribbon, were selected on

Saturday night. Every one in the house walked mildly; every one spoke in a low tone: yet all were cheerful. The mother had on her kindest face, and nobody laughed; but everybody made it up in smiling. The nurse smiled, and the children held on to keep down a giggle within the lawful bounds of a smile; and the doctor looked rounder and calmer than ever; and the dog flapped his tail on the floor with a softened sound, as if he had fresh wrapped it in hair for that very day. Aunt Toodie, the cook (so the children had changed Mrs. Sarah Good's name), was blacker than ever and shinier than ever, and the coffee better, and the cream richer, and the broiled chickens jucier and more tender, and the biscuit whiter, and the corn-bread more brittle and sweet.

When the good doctor read the Scriptures at family prayer, the infection of silence had subdued every thing except the clock. Out of the wide hall could be heard in the stillness the old clock, that now lifted up its voice with unwonted emphasis, as if, unnoticed through the bustling week, Sunday was its vantage-ground to proclaim to mortals the swift flight of time; and, if the old pedant performed the task with something of an ostentatious precision, it was because in that house nothing else put on official airs, and the clock felt the responsibility of doing it for the whole mansion.

And now came mother and catechism; for Mrs. Wentworth followed the old custom, and declared that no child of hers should grow up without catechism. Secretly, the doctor was quite willing; though openly he played off upon the practice a world of good-natured discouragement, and declared that there should be an opposition set up, — a catechism of nature, with natural laws for decrees, and seasons for Providence, and flowers for graces. The younger children were taught in simple catechism: but Rose, having reached the mature age of twelve, was now manifesting her power over the Westminster Shorter Catechism; and as it was simply an achievement of memory, and not of the understanding, she had the book at great advantage, and soon subdued every question and answer in it. As much as possible, the doctor was kept aloof on such occasions. His grave questions were not to edification; and often they caused Rose to stumble, and brought down sorely the exultation with which she rolled forth, "They that are effectually called do in this life partake of justification, adoption, sanctification, and the several benefits which in this life do either accompany or flow from them."

"What do those words mean, Rose?"

"Which words, pa?"

"Adoption, sanctification, and justification?"

Rose hesitated, and looked at her mother for rescue.

"Doctor, why do you trouble the child? Of course, she don't

know yet all the meaning; but that will come to her when she grows older."

"You make a nest of her memory, then, and put words there, like eggs, for future hatching?"

"Yes, that is it exactly. Birds do not hatch their eggs the minute they lay them: they wait."

"Laying eggs at twelve to be hatched at twenty is subjecting them to some risk, is it not?"

"It might be so with eggs, but not with catechism. That will keep, without spoiling, a hundred years."

"Because it is so dry?"

"Because it is so good. But do, dear husband, go away, and not put notions in the children's heads. It's hard enough already to get them through their tasks. Here's poor Arthur, who has been two Sundays on one question, and has not got it yet."

Arthur, aforesaid, was sharp and bright in any thing addressed to his reason: but he had no verbal memory, and he was therefore wading painfully through the catechism like a man in a deep, muddy road; with this difference, that the man carries too much clay with him, while nothing stuck to poor Arthur. Great was the lad's pride and exultation on a former occasion when his mother advanced him from the Smaller Catechism to the dignity of the Westminster Catechism. He could hardly wait for Sunday to begin his conquests. He was never known after the first Sunday to show any further impatience. He had been four weeks in reaching the fourth question; and two weeks already had he lain before that luminous answer, beating or it like a ship too deeply laden, and unable to cross the bar.

"What is God, Arthur?" said his mother.

"God is — is a — God is — and God — God is a" —

Having got safely so far, the mother suggests "spirit;" at which he gasps eagerly, "God is a spirit."

"Infinite," says the mother.

"Infinite," says Arthur.

And then blushing, and twisting in his chair, he seemed unable to extract any thing more.

"Eternal," says the mother.

"Eternal," says the boy.

"Well, go on. 'God is a spirit, infinite, eternal:' what else?"

"'God is a spirit, eternal, infinite:' what else?"

"Nonsense!" says the startled mother.

"Nonsense!" goes on the boy, supposing it to be a part of the regular answer.

"Arthur, stop! What work you are making!"

To stop was the very exercise in catechism at which he was

most proficient; and he stopped so fully and firmly, that nothing more could be got out of him or into him during the exercise. But his sorrow soon fled; for the second bell had rung, and it was just time to walk; and "everybody was going," the servant reported. The doctor had been called away; and his wife and the children moved down the yard, — Rose with demure propriety, and Arthur and his eight-year-old brother, Charles, with less piety manifest in deportment, but, on the whole, with decent demeanor. The beauty of the day, the genial season of the year, brought forth every one, — old men and their feebler old wives, young and hearty men and their plump and ruddy companions. Young men and girls and children, thick as punctuation-points in Hebrew text, filled the street. In a low voice, they spoke to each other in single sentences.

"A fine day. There'll be a good congregation out to-day."

"Yes: we may expect a house full. How is Widow Cheney: have you heard?"

"Well, not much better: can't hold out many days. It will be a great loss to the children."

"Yes: but we must all die; nobody can skip his turn. Does she still talk about them that's gone?"

"They say not. I believe she's sunk into a quiet way; and it looks as if she would go off easy."

"Sunday is a good day for dying: it's about the only journey that speeds well on this day."

There was something striking in the outflow of people into the street that till now had seemed utterly deserted. There was no fevered hurry, no negligent or poorly-dressed people. Every family came in groups, old folks and young children; and every member blossomed forth in his best apparel, like a rose-bush in June. Do you know that man in a silk hat and new black coat? Probably it is some stranger. No: it is the carpenter, Mr. Baggs, who was racing about yesterday with his sleeves rolled up, and a dust-and-business look in his face. I knew you would not know him. Adams Gardner, the blacksmith, — does he not look every inch a judge, now that he is clean-washed, shaved, and dressed? His eyes are as bright as the sparks that fly from his anvil.

Are not the folks proud of their children? See what groups of them! How ruddy and plump are most! Some are roguish, and cut clandestine capers at every chance. Others seem like wax figures, so perfectly proper are they. Little hands go slyly through the pickets to pluck a tempting flower. Other hands carry hymn-books or Bibles. But carry what they may, dressed as each parent can afford, is there any thing the sun shines upon more beautiful than these troops of Sunday children?

The old bell had it all its own way up in the steeple. It was the licensed noise of the day. In a long shed behind the church stood a score and half-score of wagons and chaises and carryalls, — the horses already beginning the forenoon's work of stamping, and whisking the flies. More were coming. Hiram Beers had "hitched up," and brought two loads with his new hack; and now, having secured the team, he stood with a few admiring young fellows about him, remarking on the people as they came up.

"There's Trowbridge: he'll git asleep afore the first prayer's over. I don't b'lieve he's heerd a sermon in ten years. I've seen him sleep standin' up in singin'.

"Here comes Deacon Marble! Smart old feller, ain't he? Wouldn't think it jest to look at him! Face looks like an ear of last summer's sweet-corn, — all dried up; but I tell ye he's got the juice in him yit! Aunt Polly's gittin' old, ain't she? They say she can't walk half the time; lost the use of her limbs: but it's all gone to her tongue. That's as good as a razor, and a sight better'n mine; for it never needs sharpenin'.

"Stand away, boys! there's 'Biah Cathcart. Good horses; not fast, but mighty strong, — just like the owner."

And with that Hiram touched his new Sunday hat to Mrs. Cathcart and Alice; and, as he took the horses by the bits, he dropped his head, and gave the Cathcart boys a look of such awful solemnity, all except one eye, that they lost their sobriety. Barton alone remained sober as a judge.

"Here comes 'Dot-and-Go-One' and his wife. They're my kind o' Christians. She is a saint, at any rate.

"How is it with you, Tommy Taft?"

"Fair to middlin', thank'e. Such weather would make a hand-spike blossom, Hiram?"

"Don't you think that's a leetle strong, Tommy, for Sunday? P'raps you mean afore it's cut?"

"Sartin: that's what I mean. But you mustn't stop me, Hiram. Parson Buell 'll be lookin' for me. He never begins till I git there."

"You mean you always git there 'fore he begins?"

Next Hiram's prying eyes saw Mr. Turfmould, the sexton and undertaker, who seemed to be in a pensive meditation upon all the dead that he had ever buried. He looked upon men in a mild and pitying manner, as if he forgave them for being in good health. You could not help feeling that he gazed upon you with a professional eye, and saw just how you would look in the condition which was to him the most interesting period of a man's earthly state. He walked with a soft tread, as if he was always at a funeral; and, when he shook your hand, his left

hand half followed his right, as if he were about beginning to lay you out. He was one of the few men absorbed by his business, and who unconsciously measured all things from its standpoint.

"Good-morning, Mr. Turfmould! How's your health? How's business with you?"

"Good, the Lord be praised! I've no reason to complain."

And he glided silently and smoothly into the church.

"There comes Judge Bacon, white and ugly," said the critical Hiram. "I wonder what he comes to meetin' for. Lord knows he needs it, — sly, slippery old sinner! Face's as white as a lily: his heart's as black as a chimney-flue afore it's cleaned. He'll get his flue burned out if he don't repent, that's certain. He don't believe the Bible: they say he don't believe in God. Wal, I guess it's pretty even between 'em. Shouldn't wonder if God didn't believe in him neither."

Hiram's prejudices were perhaps a little too severe. The judge was very selfish, but not otherwise bad. He would not do a positively bad deed if he could help it; but he neglected to do a great many good ones which other men with warm hearts would have done. But he made up in manner whatever he lacked in feeling. Dressed with unexceptionable propriety, his whole bearing was dignified and kind. No man in the village spoke more musically and gently; no one met you with a greater cordiality. His expressions of kind wishes, and his anxiety to serve you, needed only a single instance of hearty fulfillment to make Judge Bacon seem sincerely and unusually kind. But those who had most to do with him found that he was cold and selfish at heart, inflexible and unfeeling when seeking his rights or interests; and his selfishness was the more ghastly as it clothed itself in the language and manners of gentle good will.

"He talks to you," said Hiram, "just as Black Sam lathers you. A kind of smooth rubbing goes on, and you feel soft and satisfied with yourself, and sort o' lean to him, when he takes you by the nose, and shaves and shaves and shaves; and it's so smooth, that you don't feel the razor. But I tell you, when you git away, your skin smarts. You've been shaved.

"Here come the Bages and the Weekses, and a whole raft from Hardscrabble," said Hiram, as five or six one-horse wagons drove up. At a glance, one could see that these were farmers who lived to work. They were spare in figure, brown in complexion, — every thing worn off but bone and muscle, — like ships with iron masts and wire rigging. They drove little nubbins of horses, tough and rough, that had never felt a blanket in winter, or known a leisure day in summer.

"Them fellers," said Hiram, "is just like stones. I don't believe there's any blood or innards in 'em more'n in a crowbar.

They work early, and work all day, and in the night, and keep workin'; and never seem to get tired except Sunday, when they've nothin' to do. You know, when Fat Porter was buried, they couldn't git him into the hearse, and had to carry him with poles; and Weeks was one of the bearers. And they had a pretty heavy time of it, nigh about three hours, what with liftin' and fixin' him at the house, and fetchin' him to the church-door, and then carryin' him to the graveyard; and Weeks said he hadn't enjoyed a Sunday so much he couldn't tell when.

"'Hiram,' sez he, 'I should like Sunday as well as week-days if I could work on it; but I git awful tired doin' nothin'.'

"They say," said Hiram, "that they never do exactly die up in Hardscrabble. They work up and up, and grow thinner and thinner like a knife-blade, till they git so small, that some day they accidentally git misplaced or dropped, and nobody misses 'em: so that they die off in a general way like pins, without any one of 'em making a particular fuss about it. But I guess that ain't so," added Hiram with a grave air, as if fearing that he might mislead the young folks about him. Then, with demure authority, he said, "Boys, go in: the bell's done tollin', and meetin's goin' to begin. Go in, and don't make a noise; and see you tell me where the text is. I've got to look after these horses, or they'll get mixed up."

This remark was called forth by a squeal and a rattle and backing of wagons, which showed that mischief was already brewing.

Having got the people all safely into church, Hiram bestowed his attention on the horses. The whole green was lined with horses. Every hitching-post, and the railing along the sidewalk and at the fronts of the stores, were closely occupied.

Seeing Pete leaning on Dr. Wentworth's gate, Hiram beckoned him over, and employed him in his general tour of inspection, as a bishop might employ his chaplain. Here the reins had been pulled under a horse's feet; next a horse had got his bridle off; another had backed and filled till the wagon-wheels were cramped; and at each position Hiram issued orders to Pete, who good-naturedly, and as a matter indisputable, did as he was ordered. If Hiram had told Pete to shoulder one of the horses, he would have made the attempt.

"Look here, Pete, if that ain't a shame, then there ain't no truth in the ten commandments! A man that'll drive a horse with a sore shoulder like that is a brute. Just feel how hot it is! Pete, you get a bucket of water, and put a little warm in it to take off the chill, and wash that off, and take him out of harness. I swow! — and I don't know but I ought to say I swear! for it's Sunday work. Anyhow, if Blakesley don't know any better

than that, he ought not to own a horse. There he is in church a-hearin' the gospel, and feelin' all over as comfortable as a cruller; and he's left his horse out here to the flies and the sun, with a shoulder that's a disgrace to Christianity. But that's the way with us pretty much all round: if we are good here, we are bad there. Folks's good and bad is like a board-teeter, — if one end goes up, t'other is sure to go down."

It was curious to see Pete's superiority to Hiram in the matter of dogs. In several wagons lay the master's dog; and Hiram was not permitted to approach without dispute: but there was not a dog, big or little, cross or affectionate, that did not own the mysterious power that Pete had over animals. Even dogs in whom a sound conscience was bottomed on an ugly temper practiced a surly submission to Pete's familiarity.

It was nearly twelve o'clock when Dr. Wentworth, returning from his round of visits, found Hiram sitting on the fence, his labors over, and waiting for Dr. Buell to finish.

"Not in church, Hiram? I'm afraid you've not been a good boy."

"Don't know. Somebody must take care of the outside as well as inside of church. Dr. Buell rubs down the folks, and I rub the horses: he sees that their tacklin' is all right in there, and I do the same out here. Folks and animals are pretty much of a muchness; and they'll bear a sight of takin' care of."

"Whose nag is that one, Hiram, — the roan?"

"That's Deacon Marble's."

"Why, he seems to sweat standing still."

Hiram's eye twinkled.

"You needn't say nothin', doctor; but I thought it a pity so many horses shouldn't be doin' any thing. Of course, they don't know any thing about Sunday (it ain't like workin' a creatur' that reads the Bible): so I just slipped over to Skiddy's widder (she ain't been out doors this two months, and I knew she ought to have the air), and I gave her about a mile. She was afraid 'twould be breakin' Sunday. 'Not a bit,' says I. 'Didn't the Lord go out Sundays, and set folks off with their beds on their backs? and didn't he pull oxen and sheep out of ditches, and do all that sort of thing?' If she'd knew that I took the deacon's team, she'd been worse afraid. But I knew the deacon would like it; and if Polly didn't, so much the better. I like to spite those folks that's too particular! There, doctor, there's the last hymn."

It rose upon the air, softened by distance and the inclosure of the building, — rose and fell in regular movement. Even Hiram's tongue ceased. The vireo in the tops of the elm hushed its shrill snatches. Again the hymn rose, and this time fuller and louder,

as if the whole congregation had caught the spirit. Men's and women's voices, and little children's, were in it. Hiram said, without any of his usual pertness, —

"Doctor, there's somethin' in folks singin' when you are outside the church that makes you feel as though you ought to be inside. Mebbe a fellow will be left outside up there when they're singin', if he don't look out."

When the last verse had ended, a pause and silence ensued. Then came a gentle bustle, a sound of pattering feet. Out shot a boy, and then two or three; and close upon them a bunch of men. The doors were wide open and thronged. The whole green was covered with people, and the sidewalks were crowded.

Tommy Taft met the minister at the door, and put out his great rough hand to shake.

"Thankee, doctor; thankee: very well done. Couldn't do it better myself. It'll do good, — know it. Feel better myself. I need just such preachin', — mouldy old sinner, — need a scourin' about once a week. Dreffal wicked to hev such doctrine, and not be no better; ain't it, doctor?"

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

BORN IN 1803, BOSTON, MASS.

Mr. Emerson now lives in Concord, Mass., and writes and lectures at his leisure. Many of his admirers regard him as the greatest thinker and philosopher of his time; others, admitting the power of his genius and his great originality of thought and expression, claim that one quality of a great writer and thinker is the ability to speak to the comprehension of the greatest number, and so do not yield their admiration freely to one whom they often can not fully understand. It is not to be denied that he stands forth as one of the foremost thinkers of the age; and his keen analysis of man and Nature, his comprehensive views of life and its issues, though expressed frequently in a style above the level of the rapid or general reader, place him in the front rank of philosophical essayists. He has published several volumes of lectures and essays, and a volume of poems. We select, from his "Representative Men," *Napoleon, or the Man of the World*, as serving to illustrate the wonderful vigor of his style, and at the same time being freest from metaphysical speculations and transcendentalism.

NAPOLEON; OR, THE MAN OF THE WORLD.

AMONG the eminent persons of the nineteenth century, Bonaparte is far the best known and the most powerful, and owes his predominance to the fidelity with which he expresses the tone of thought and belief, the aims of the masses of active and cultivated men. It is Swedenborg's theory, that every organ is made up of

homogeneous particles; or, as it is sometimes expressed, every whole is made of similars: that is, the lungs are composed of infinitely small lungs; the liver, of infinitely small livers; the kidney, of little kidneys, &c. Following this analogy, if any man is found to carry with him the power and affections of vast numbers, if Napoleon is France, if Napoleon is Europe, it is because the people whom he sways are little Napoleons.

In our society, there is a standing antagonism between the conservative and the democratic classes; between those who have made their fortunes, and the young and the poor who have fortunes to make; between the interests of dead labor, — that is, the labor of hands long ago still in the grave, which labor is now entombed in money-stocks, or in land and buildings owned by idle capitalists, — and the interests of living labor, which seeks to possess itself of land and buildings and money-stocks. The first class is timid, selfish, illiberal, hating innovation, and continually losing numbers by death. The second class is selfish also, encroaching, bold, self-relying, always outnumbering the other, and recruiting its numbers every hour by births: it desires to keep open every avenue to the competition of all, and to multiply avenues, — the class of business-men in America, in England, in France, and throughout Europe, — the class of industry and skill. Napoleon is its representative. The instinct of active, brave, able men, throughout the middle class everywhere, has pointed out Napoleon as the incarnate democrat. He had their virtues and their vices; above all, he had their spirit or aim. That tendency is material, pointing at a sensual success, and employing the richest and most various means to that end, — conversant with mechanical powers, highly intellectual, widely and accurately learned and skillful, but subordinating all intellectual and spiritual forces into means to a material success. To be the rich man is the end. "God has granted," says the Koran, "to every people, a prophet in its own tongue." Paris and London and New York, the spirit of commerce, of money, and material power, were also to have their prophet; and Bonaparte was qualified and sent.

Every one of the million readers of anecdotes or memoirs or lives of Napoleon delights in the page, because he studies in it his own history. Napoleon is thoroughly modern, and, at the highest point of his fortunes, has the very spirit of the newspapers. He is no saint; to use his own word, "no capuchin:" and he is no hero in the high sense. The man in the street finds in him the qualities and powers of other men in the street. He finds him, like himself, by birth a citizen, who by very intelligible merits arrived at such a commanding position, that he could indulge all those tastes which the common man possesses, but is obliged to conceal and deny. Good society, good books, fast travel-

ing, dress, dinners, servants without number, personal weight, the execution of his ideas, the standing in the attitude of a benefactor to all persons about him, the refined enjoyments of pictures, statues, music, palaces, and conventional honors, — precisely what is agreeable to the heart of every man in the nineteenth century, — this powerful man possessed.

It is true that a man of Napoleon's truth of adaptation to the mind of the masses around him becomes not merely representative, but actually a monopolizer and usurper of other minds. Thus Mirabeau plagiarized every good thought, every good word, that was spoken in France. Dumont relates that he sat in the gallery of the Convention, and heard Mirabeau make a speech. It struck Dumont that he could fit it with a peroration, which he wrote in pencil immediately, and showed it to Lord Elgin, who sat by him. Lord Elgin approved it; and Dumont, in the evening, showed it to Mirabeau. Mirabeau read it, pronounced it admirable, and declared he would incorporate it into his harangue to-morrow to the Assembly. "It is impossible," said Dumont, "as, unfortunately, I have shown it to Lord Elgin." — "If you have shown it to Lord Elgin, and to fifty persons beside, I shall still speak it to-morrow." And he did speak it, with much effect, at the next day's session; for Mirabeau, with his overpowering personality, felt that these things which his presence inspired were as much his own as if he had said them, and that his adoption of them gave them their weight. Much more absolute and centralizing was the successor to Mirabeau's popularity and to much more than his predominance in France. Indeed, a man of Napoleon's stamp almost ceases to have a private speech and opinion. He is so largely receptive, and is so placed, that he comes to be a bureau for all the intelligence, wit, and power of the age and country. He gains the battle; he makes the code; he makes the system of weights and measures; he levels the Alps; he builds the road. All distinguished engineers, savans, statists, report to him: so, likewise, do all good heads in every kind. He adopts the best measures, sets his stamp on them, and not these alone, but on every happy and memorable expression. Every sentence spoken by Napoleon, and every line of his writing, deserves reading, as it is the sense of France.

Bonaparte was the idol of common men because he had in transcendent degree the qualities and powers of common men. There is a certain satisfaction in coming down to the lowest ground of politics; for we get rid of cant and hypocrisy. Bonaparte wrought, in common with that great class he represented, for power and wealth; but Bonaparte, specially, without any scruple as to the means. All the sentiments which embarrass men's pursuit of these objects he set aside. The sentiments were for

women and children. Fontanes, in 1804, expressed Napoleon's own sense, when, in behalf of the Senate, he addressed him, "Sire, the desire of perfection is the worst disease that ever afflicted the human mind." The advocates of liberty and of progress are "ideologists," — a word of contempt often in his mouth. "Necker is an ideologist;" "Lafayette is an ideologist."

An Italian proverb, too well known, declares, that, "if you would succeed, you must not be too good." It is an advantage, within certain limits, to have renounced the dominion of the sentiments of piety, gratitude, and generosity; since what was an impassable bar to us, and still is to others, becomes a convenient weapon for our purposes, — just as the river, which was a formidable barrier, winter transforms into the smoothest of roads.

Napoleon renounced, once for all, sentiments and affections, and would help himself with his hands and his head. With him is no miracle and no magic. He is a worker in brass, in iron, in wood, in earth, in roads, in buildings, in money, and in troops; and a very consistent and wise master-workman. He is never weak and literary, but acts with the solidity and the precision of natural agents. He has not lost his native sense, and sympathy with things. Men give way before such a man as before natural events. To be sure, there are men enough who are immersed in things, as farmers, smiths, sailors, and mechanics generally; and we know how real and solid such men appear in the presence of scholars and grammarians: but these men ordinarily lack the power of arrangement, and are like hands without a head. But Bonaparte superadded to this mineral and animal force insight and generalization; so that men saw in him combined the natural and the intellectual power, as if the sea and land had taken flesh, and begun to cipher. Therefore the land and sea seem to presuppose him. He came unto his own, and they received him. This ciphering operative knows what he is working with, and what is the product. He knew the properties of gold and iron, of wheels and ships, of troops and diplomatists, and required that each should do after its kind.

The art of war was the game in which he exerted his arithmetic. It consisted, according to him, in having always more forces than the enemy on the point where the enemy is attacked, or where he attacks; and his whole talent is strained by endless maneuver and evolution to march always on the enemy at an angle, and destroy his forces in detail. It is obvious that a very small force, skillfully and rapidly maneuvering, so as always to bring two men against one at the point of engagement, will be an overmatch for a much larger body of men.

The times, his constitution, and his early circumstances, combined to develop this pattern democrat. He had the virtues of

his class, and the conditions for their activity. That common sense, which no sooner respects any end than it finds the means to effect it; the delight in the use of means; in the choice, simplification, and combining of means; the directness and thoroughness of his work; the prudence with which all was seen, and the energy with which all was done, — make him the natural organ and head of what I may almost call, from its extent, the *modern* party.

Nature must have far the greatest share in every success; and so in his. Such a man was wanted, and such a man was born, — a man of stone and iron, capable of sitting on horseback sixteen or seventeen hours, of going many days together without rest or food except by snatches, and with the speed and spring of a tiger in action; a man not embarrassed by any scruples; compact, instant, selfish, prudent, and of a perception which did not suffer itself to be balked or misled by any pretenses of others, or any superstition, or any heat or haste of his own. "My hand of iron," he said, "was not at the extremity of my arm: it was immediately connected with my head." He respected the power of Nature and Fortune, and ascribed to it his superiority, instead of valuing himself, like inferior men, on his opinionativeness, and waging war with Nature. His favorite rhetoric lay in allusion to his star; and he pleased himself, as well as the people, when he styled himself the "Child of Destiny." "They charge me," he said, "with the commission of great crimes: men of my stamp do not commit crimes. Nothing has been more simple than my elevation: 'tis in vain to ascribe it to intrigue or crime. It was owing to the peculiarity of the times, and to my reputation of having fought well against the enemies of my country. I have always marched with the opinion of great masses, and with events. Of what use, then, would crimes be to me?" Again he said, speaking of his son, "My son can not replace me: I could not replace myself. I am the creature of circumstances."

He had a directness of action never before combined with so much comprehension. He is a realist, terrific to all talkers and confused truth-obscuring persons. He sees where the matter hinges, throws himself on the precise point of resistance, and slights all other considerations. He is strong in the right manner; namely, by insight. He never blundered into victory, but won his battles in his head before he won them on the field. His principal means are in himself. He asks counsel of no other. In 1796, he writes to the Directory, "I have conducted the campaign without consulting any one. I should have done no good if I had been under the necessity of conforming to the notions of another person. I have gained some advantages over superior forces, and when totally destitute of every thing, because, in the persua-

sion that your confidence was reposed in me, my actions were as prompt as my thoughts."

History is full, down to this day, of the imbecility of kings and governors. They are a class of persons much to be pitied; for they know not what they should do. The weavers strike for bread; and the king and his ministers, not knowing what to do, meet them with bayonets. But Napoleon understood his business. Here was a man who in each moment and emergency knew what to do next. It is an immense comfort and refreshment to the spirits, not only of kings, but of citizens. Few men have any next; they live from hand to mouth, without plan, and are ever at the end of their line, and, after each action, wait for an impulse from abroad. Napoleon had been the first man of the world if his ends had been purely public. As he is, he inspires confidence and vigor by the extraordinary unity of his action. He is firm, sure, self-denying, self-postponing, sacrificing every thing to his aim, — money, troops, generals, and his own safety also, to his aim; not misled, like common adventurers, by the splendor of his own means. "Incidents ought not to govern policy," he said, "but policy incidents." "To be hurried away by every event is to have no political system at all." His victories were only so many doors; and he never for a moment lost sight of his way onward in the dazzle and uproar of the present circumstance. He knew what to do, and he flew to his mark. He would shorten a straight line to come at his object. Horrible anecdotes may no doubt be collected from his history, of the price at which he bought his successes: but he must not therefore be set down as cruel, but only as one who knew no impediment to his will; not bloodthirsty, not cruel; but woe to what thing or person stood in his way! Not bloodthirsty, but not sparing of blood, and pitiless. He saw only the object: the obstacle must give way. "Sire, Gen. Clarke can not combine with Gen. Junot for the dreadful fire of the Austrian battery." — "Let him carry the battery!" — "Sire, every regiment that approaches the heavy artillery is sacrificed. Sire, what orders?" — "Forward, forward!" Seruzier, a colonel of artillery, gives in his "Military Memoirs" the following sketch of a scene after the battle of Austerlitz: "At the moment in which the Russian army was making its retreat, painfully, but in good order, on the ice of the lake, the Emperor Napoleon came riding at full speed toward the artillery. 'You are losing time,' he cried. 'Fire upon those masses! they must be ingulfed: fire upon the ice!' The order remained unexecuted for ten minutes. In vain several officers and myself were placed on the slope of a hill to produce the effect: their balls and mine rolled upon the ice without breaking it up. Seeing that, I tried a simple method of elevating light howitzers. The almost perpendicular fall of the

heavy projectiles produced the desired effect. My method was immediately followed by the adjoining batteries; and in less than no time we buried" some* "thousands of Russians and Austrians under the waters of the lake."

In the plenitude of his resources, every obstacle seemed to vanish. "There shall be no Alps," he said; and he built his perfect roads, climbing by graded galleries their steepest precipices, until Italy was as open to Paris as any town in France. He laid his bones to, and wrought for his crown. Having decided what was to be done, he did that with might and main. He put out all his strength. He risked every thing, and spared nothing, — neither ammunition nor money nor troops nor generals nor himself.

We like to see every thing do its office after its kind, whether it be a milch-cow or a rattle-snake; and, if fighting be the best mode of adjusting national differences (as large majorities of men seem to agree), certainly Bonaparte was right in making it thorough. "The grand principle of war," he said, "was, that an army ought always to be ready, by day and by night, and at all hours, to make all the resistance it is capable of making." He never economized his ammunition, but on a hostile position rained a torrent of iron — shells, balls, grape-shot — to annihilate all defense. On any point of resistance, he concentrated squadron on squadron in overwhelming numbers, until it was swept out of existence. To a regiment of horse-chasseurs at Lobenstein, two days before the battle of Jena, Napoleon said, "My lads, you must not fear death: when soldiers brave death, they drive him into the enemy's ranks." In the fury of assault, he no more spared himself. He went to the edge of his possibility. It is plain that in Italy he did what he could, and all that he could. He came several times within an inch of ruin; and his own person was all but lost. He was flung into the marsh at Arcola. The Austrians were between him and his troops in the *mêlée*, and he was brought off with desperate efforts. At Lonato, and at other places, he was on the point of being taken prisoner. He fought sixty battles. He had never enough. Each victory was a new weapon. "My power would fall were I not to support it by new achievements. Conquest has made me what I am, and conquest must maintain me." He felt, with every wise man, that as much life is needed for conservation as for creation. We are always in peril, always in a bad plight, just on the edge of destruction, and only to be saved by invention and courage.

This vigor was guarded and tempered by the coldest prudence and punctuality. A thunderbolt in the attack, he was found in-

* As I quote at second-hand, and can not procure Seruzier, I dare not adopt the high figure I find.

vulnerable in his intrenchments. His very attack was never the inspiration of courage, but the result of calculation. His idea of the best defense consists in being still the attacking party. "My ambition," he says, "was great, but was of a cold nature." In one of his conversations with Las Casas, he remarked, "As to moral courage, I have rarely met with the two-o'clock-in-the-morning kind: I mean unprepared courage; that which is necessary on an unexpected occasion, and which, in spite of the most unforeseen events, leaves full freedom of judgment and decision." And he did not hesitate to declare that he was himself eminently endowed with this "two-o'clock-in-the-morning courage, and that he had met with few persons equal to himself in this respect."

Every thing depended on the nicety of his combinations; and the stars were not more punctual than his arithmetic. His personal attention descended to the smallest particulars. "At Montebello, I ordered Kellermann to attack with eight hundred horse; and with these he separated the six thousand Hungarian grenadiers before the very eyes of the Austrian cavalry. This cavalry was half a league off, and required a quarter of an hour to arrive on the field of action; and I have observed that it is always these quarters of an hour that decide the fate of a battle." "Before he fought a battle, Bonaparte thought little about what he should do in case of success, but a great deal about what he should do in case of a reverse of fortune." The same prudence and good sense mark all his behavior. His instructions to his secretary at the Tuileries are worth remembering: "During the night, enter my chamber as seldom as possible. Do not awake me when you have any good news to communicate; with that there is no hurry: but, when you bring bad news, rouse me instantly; for then there is not a moment to be lost." It was a whimsical economy of the same kind which dictated his practice, when general in Italy, in regard to his burdensome correspondence. He directed Bourrienne to leave all letters unopened for three weeks, and then observed with satisfaction how large a part of the correspondence had thus disposed of itself, and no longer required an answer. His achievement of business was immense, and enlarges the known powers of man. There have been many working kings from Ulysses to William of Orange, but none who accomplished a tithe of this man's performance.

To these gifts of Nature Napoleon added the advantage of having been born to a private and humble fortune. In his later days, he had the weakness of wishing to add to his crowns and badges the prescription of aristocracy; but he knew his debt to his austere education, and made no secret of his contempt for the born kings, and for "the hereditary asses," as he coarsely styled the Bourbons. He said, that "in their exile they had learned

nothing, and forgot nothing." Bonaparte had passed through all the degrees of military service; but also was citizen before he was emperor, and so has the key to citizenship. His remarks and estimates discover the information and justness of measurement of the middle class. Those who had to deal with him found that he was not to be imposed upon, but could cipher as well as another man. This appears in all parts of his Memoirs, dictated at St. Helena. When the expenses of the empress, of his household, of his palaces, had accumulated great debts, Napoleon examined the bills of the creditors himself, detected overcharges and errors, and reduced the claims by considerable sums.

His grand weapon — namely, the millions whom he directed — he owed to the representative character which clothed him. He interests us as he stands for France and for Europe; and he exists as captain and king only as far as the Revolution, or the interest of the industrious masses, found an organ and a leader in him. In the social interests, he knew the meaning and value of labor, and threw himself naturally on that side. I like an incident mentioned by one of his biographers at St. Helena: "When walking with Mrs. Balcombe, some servants, carrying heavy boxes, passed by on the road; and Mrs. Balcombe desired them, in rather an angry tone, to keep back. Napoleon interfered, saying, 'Respect the burden, madam.'" In the time of the empire, he directed attention to the improvement and embellishment of the markets of the capital. "The market-place," he said, "is the Louvre of the common people." The principal works that have survived him are his magnificent roads. He filled the troops with his spirit; and a sort of freedom and companionship grew up between him and them, which the forms of his court never permitted between the officers and himself. They performed under his eye that which no others could do. The best document of his relation to his troops is the order of the day on the morning of the battle of Austerlitz, in which Napoleon promises the troops that he will keep his person out of reach of fire. This declaration, which is the reverse of that ordinarily made by generals and sovereigns on the eve of a battle, sufficiently explains the devotion of the army to their leader.

But, though there is in particulars this identity between Napoleon and the mass of the people, his real strength lay in their conviction that he was their representative in his genius and aims, not only when he courted, but when he controlled and even when he decimated them by his conscriptions. He knew, as well as any Jacobin in France, how to philosophize on liberty and equality; and when allusion was made to the precious blood of centuries, which was spilled by the killing of the Duc d'Enghien, he suggested, "Neither is my blood ditch-water." The people felt that

no longer the throne was occupied, and the land sucked of its nourishment, by a small class of legitimates secluded from all community with the children of the soil, and holding the ideas and superstitions of a long-forgotten state of society. Instead of that vampire, a man of themselves held in the Tuileries knowledge and ideas like their own; opening of course, to them and their children, all places of power and trust. The day of sleepy, selfish policy, ever narrowing the means and opportunities of young men, was ended; and a day of expansion and demand was come. A market for all the powers and productions of man was opened; brilliant prizes glittered in the eyes of youth and talent. The old, iron-bound, feudal France was changed into a young Ohio or New York; and those who smarted under the immediate rigors of the new monarch pardoned them as the necessary severities of the military system which had driven out the oppressor. And, even when the majority of the people had begun to ask whether they had really gained any thing under the exhausting levies of men and money of the new master, the whole talent of the country, in every rank and kindred, took his part, and defended him as its natural patron. In 1814, when advised to rely on the higher classes, Napoleon said to those around him, "Gentlemen, in the situation in which I stand, my only nobility is the rabble of the faubourgs."

Napoleon met this natural expectation. The necessity of his position required a hospitality to every sort of talent, and its appointment to trusts; and his feeling went along with this policy. Like every superior person, he undoubtedly felt a desire for men and compeers, and a wish to measure his power with other masters, and an impatience of fools and underlings. In Italy, he sought for men, and found none. "Good God!" he said, "how rare men are! There are eighteen millions in Italy, and I have with difficulty found two, — Dandolo and Melzi." In later years, with larger experience, his respect for mankind was not increased. In a moment of bitterness, he said to one of his oldest friends, "Men deserve the contempt with which they inspire me. I have only to put some gold lace on the coat of my virtuous republicans, and they immediately become just what I wish them." This impatience at levity was, however, an oblique tribute of respect to those able persons who commanded his regard, not only when he found them friends and coadjutors, but also when they resisted his will. He could not confound Fox and Pitt, Carnot, Lafayette, and Bernadotte, with the danglers of his court; and, in spite of the detraction which his systematic egotism dictated toward the great captains who conquered with and for him, ample acknowledgments are made by him to Lannes, Duroc, Kleber, Dessaix, Massena, Murat, Ney, and Augereau. If he felt him-

self their patron, and the founder of their fortunes, — as when he said, "I made my generals out of mud," — he could not hide his satisfaction in receiving from them a seconding and support commensurate with the grandeur of his enterprise. In the Russian campaign, he was so much impressed by the courage and resources of Marshal Ney, that he said, "I have two hundred millions in my coffers, and I would give them all for Ney." The characters which he has drawn of several of his marshals are discriminating, and, though they did not content the insatiable vanity of French officers, are no doubt substantially just. And, in fact, every species of merit was sought and advanced under his government. "I know," he said, "the depth and draught of water of every one of my generals." Natural power was sure to be well received at his court. Seventeen men, in his time, were raised from common soldiers to the rank of king, marshal, duke, or general; and the crosses of his Legion of Honor were given to personal valor, and not to family connection. "When soldiers have been baptized in the fire of a battle-field, they have all one rank in my eyes."

When a natural king becomes a titular king, everybody is pleased and satisfied. The Revolution entitled the strong populace of the Faubourg St. Antoine, and every horseboy and powder-monkey in the army, to look on Napoleon as flesh of his flesh, and the creature of *his* party. But there is something in the success of grand talent which enlists a universal sympathy: for, in the prevalence of sense and spirit over stupidity and malversation, all reasonable men have an interest; and, as intellectual beings, we feel the air purified by the electric shock when material force is overthrown by intellectual energies. As soon as we are removed out of the reach of local and accidental partialities, man feels that Napoleon fights for him; these are honest victories; this strong steam-engine does our work. Whatever appeals to the imagination by transcending the ordinary limits of human ability, wonderfully encourages and liberates us. This capacious head, revolving and disposing sovereignly trains of affairs, and animating such multitudes of agents; this eye, which looked through Europe; this prompt invention; this inexhaustible resource, — what events! what romantic pictures! what strange situations! — when spying the Alps by a sunset in the Sicilian Sea; drawing up his army for battle in sight of the Pyramids, and saying to his troops, "From the tops of those Pyramids forty centuries look down on you;" fording the Red Sea; wading in the gulf of the Isthmus of Suez. On the shore of Ptolemais, gigantic projects agitated him. "Had Acre fallen, I should have changed the face of the world." His army, on the night of the battle of Austerlitz, — which was the anniversary of his inaugura-

tion as emperor, presented him with a bouquet of forty standards taken in the fight. Perhaps it is a little puerile the pleasure he took in making these contrasts glaring; as when he pleased himself with making kings wait in his ante-chambers at Tilsit, at Paris, and at Erfürt.

We can not, in the universal imbecility, indecision, and indolence of men, sufficiently congratulate ourselves on this strong and ready actor, who took occasion by the beard, and showed us how much may be accomplished by the mere force of such virtues as all men possess in less degrees; namely, by punctuality, by personal attention, by courage and thoroughness. "The Austrians," he said, "do not know the value of time." I should cite him in his earlier years as a model of prudence. His power does not consist in any wild or extravagant force; in any enthusiasm like Mahomet's, or singular power of persuasion; but in the exercise of common sense on each emergency, instead of abiding by rules and customs. The lesson he teaches is that which vigor always teaches, — that there is always room for it. To what heaps of cowardly doubts is not that man's life an answer! When he appeared, it was the belief of all military men that there could be nothing new in war; as it is the belief of men today that nothing new can be undertaken in politics, or in church, or in letters, or in trade, or in farming, or in our social manners and customs; and as it is at all times the belief of society that the world is used up. But Bonaparte knew better than society; and, moreover, knew that he knew better. I think all men know better than they do, — know that the institutions we so volubly commend are go-carts and baubles; but they dare not trust their presentiments. Bonaparte relied on his own sense, and did not care a bean for other people's. The world treated his novelties just as it treats everybody's novelties, — made infinite objection, mustered all the impediments; but he snapped his finger at their objections. "What creates great difficulty," he remarks, "in the profession of the land-commander, is the necessity of feeding so many men and animals. If he allows himself to be guided by the commissaries, he will never stir, and all his expeditions will fail." An example of his common sense is what he says of the passage of the Alps in winter; which all writers, one repeating after the other, had described as impracticable. "The winter," says Napoleon, "is not the most unfavorable season for the passage of lofty mountains. The snow is then firm, the weather settled; and there is nothing to fear from avalanches, — the real and only danger to be apprehended in the Alps. On those high mountains, there are often very fine days in December, of a dry cold, with extreme calmness in the air." Read his account, too, of the way in which battles are gained: "In all battles, a mo-

ment occurs when the bravest troops, after having made the greatest efforts, feel inclined to run. That terror proceeds from a want of confidence in their own courage; and it only requires a slight opportunity, a pretense, to restore confidence to them. The art is to give rise to the opportunity, and to invent the pretense. At Arcola, I won the battle with twenty-five horsemen. I seized that moment of lassitude, gave every man a trumpet, and gained the day with this handful. You see that two armies are two bodies which meet, and endeavor to frighten each other: a moment of panic occurs, and that moment must be turned to advantage. When a man has been present in many actions, he distinguishes that moment without difficulty: it is as easy as casting up an addition."

This deputy of the nineteenth century added to his gifts a capacity for speculation on general topics. He delighted in running through the range of practical, of literary, and of abstract questions. His opinion is always original, and to the purpose. On the voyage to Egypt, he liked, after dinner, to fix on three or four persons to support a proposition, and as many to oppose it. He gave a subject; and the discussions turned on questions of religion, the different kinds of government, and the art of war. One day, he asked whether the planets were inhabited; on another, what was the age of the world. Then he proposed to consider the probability of the destruction of the globe, either by water or by fire; at another time, the truth or fallacy of presentiments, and the interpretation of dreams. He was very fond of talking of religion. In 1806, he conversed with Fournier, bishop of Montpellier, on matters of theology. There were two points on which they could not agree; viz., that of hell, and that of salvation out of the pale of the Church. The emperor told Josephine that he disputed like a devil on these two points, on which the bishop was inexorable. To the philosophers he readily yielded all that was proved against religion as the work of men and time; but he would not hear of materialism. One fine night, on deck, amid a clatter of materialism, Bonaparte pointed to the stars, and said, "You may talk as long as you please, gentlemen; but who made all that?" He delighted in the conversation of men of science, particularly of Monge and Berthollet: but the men of letters he slighted; "they were manufacturers of phrases." Of medicine, too, he was fond of talking, and with those of its practitioners whom he most esteemed, — with Corvisart at Paris, and with Antonomarchi at St. Helena. "Believe me," he said to the last, "we had better leave off all these remedies: life is a fortress which neither you nor I know any thing about. Why throw obstacles in the way of its defense? Its own means are superior to all the apparatus of your laboratories. Corvisart can-

didly agreed with me that all your filthy mixtures are good for nothing. Medicine is a collection of uncertain prescriptions, the results of which, taken collectively, are more fatal than useful to mankind. Water, air, and cleanliness are the chief articles in my pharmacopœia."

His Memoirs, dictated to Count Montholon and Gen. Gourgaud at St. Helena, have great value, after all the deduction that it seems is to be made from them on account of his known disingenuousness. He has the good-nature of strength and conscious superiority. I admire his simple, clear narrative of his battles, — good as Cæsar's, — his good-natured and sufficiently respectful account of Marshal Wurmser and his other antagonists, and his own equality as a writer to his varying subject. The most agreeable portion is the campaign in Egypt.

He had hours of thought and wisdom. In intervals of leisure, either in the camp or the palace, Napoleon appears as a man of genius, directing on abstract questions the native appetite for truth, and the impatience of words, he was wont to show in war. He could enjoy every play of invention, a romance, a *bon-mot*, as well as a stratagem in a campaign. He delighted to fascinate Josephine and her ladies in a dim-lighted apartment by the terrors of a fiction, to which his voice and dramatic power lent every addition.

I call Napoleon the agent or attorney of the middle class of modern society; of the throng who fill the markets, shops, counting-houses, manufactories, ships, of the modern world, aiming to be rich. He was the agitator, the destroyer of prescription, the internal improver, the liberal, the radical, the inventor of means, the opener of doors and markets, the subverter of monopoly and abuse. Of course, the rich and aristocratic did not like him. England, the center of capital, and Rome and Austria, centers of tradition and genealogy, opposed him. The consternation of the dull and conservative classes; the terror of the foolish old men and old women of the Roman conclave, who in their despair took hold of any thing, and would cling to red-hot iron; the vain attempts of statists to amuse and deceive him, of the Emperor of Austria to bribe him; and the instinct of the young, ardent, and active men everywhere, which pointed him out as the giant of the middle class, — make his history bright and commanding. He had the virtues of the masses of his constituents: he had also their vices. I am sorry that the brilliant picture has its reverse. But that is the fatal quality which we discover in our pursuit of wealth, that it is treacherous, and is bought by the breaking or weakening of the sentiments; and it is inevitable that we should find the same fact in the history of this champion, who proposed to himself simply a brilliant career without any stipulation or scruple concerning the means.

Bonaparte was singularly destitute of generous sentiments. The highest-placed individual in the most cultivated age and population of the world, he has not the merit of common truth and honesty. He is unjust to his generals; egotistic and monopolizing; meanly stealing the credit of their great actions from Kellermann, from Bernadotte; intriguing to involve his faithful Junot in hopeless bankruptcy in order to drive him to a distance from Paris, because the familiarity of his manners offends the new pride of his throne. He is a boundless liar. The official paper, his "Moniteurs," and all his bulletins, are proverbs for saying what he wished to be believed; and, worse, he sat, in his premature old age, in his lonely island, coldly falsifying facts and dates and characters, and giving to history a theatrical *éclat.* Like all Frenchmen, he has a passion for stage effect. Every action that breathes of generosity is poisoned by this calculation. His star, his love of glory, his doctrine of the immortality of the soul, are all French. "I must dazzle and astonish. If I were to give the liberty of the press, my power could not last three days." To make a great noise is his favorite design. "A great reputation is a great noise: the more there is made, the farther off it is heard. Laws, institutions, monuments, nations, all fall; but the noise continues, and resounds in after-ages." His doctrine of immortality is simply fame. His theory of influence is not flattering. "There are two levers for moving men, — interest and fear. Love is a silly infatuation, depend upon it. Friendship is but a name. I love nobody. I do not even love my brothers: perhaps Joseph a little, from habit, and because he is my elder; and Duroc — I love him too; but why? Because his character pleases me: he is stern and resolute, and I believe the fellow never shed a tear. For my part, I know very well that I have no true friends. As long as I continue to be what I am, I may have as many pretended friends as I please. Leave sensibility to women; but men should be firm in heart and purpose, or they should have nothing to do with war and government." He was thoroughly unscrupulous. He would steal, slander, assassinate, drown, and poison, as his interest dictated. He had no generosity, but mere vulgar hatred; he was intensely selfish; he was perfidious; he cheated at cards; he was a prodigious gossip, and opened letters, and delighted in his infamous police; and rubbed his hands with joy when he had intercepted some morsel of intelligence concerning the men and women about him, boasting that "he knew every thing;" and interfered with the cutting the dresses of the women; and listened after the hurrahs and the compliments of the street incognito. His manners were coarse. He treated women with low familiarity. He had the habit of pulling their ears and pinching their cheeks when he was in

good-humor, and of pulling the ears and whiskers of men, and of striking and horse-play with them, to his last days. It does not appear that he listened at keyholes, or at least that he was caught at it. In short, when you have penetrated through all the circles of power and splendor, you were not dealing with a gentleman at last, but with an impostor and a rogue. And he fully deserves the epithet of *Jupiter Scapin*, or a sort of Scamp Jupiter.

In describing the two parties into which modern society divides itself, — the democrat and the conservative, — I said Bonaparte represents the democrat, or the party of men of business, against the stationary or conservative party. I omitted then to say what is material to the statement; namely, that these two parties differ only as young and old. The democrat is a young conservative: the conservative is an old democrat. The aristocrat is the democrat ripe, and gone to seed, because both parties stand on the one ground of the supreme value of property, which one endeavors to get, and the other to keep. Bonaparte may be said to represent the whole history of this party, — its youth and its age; yes, and, with poetic justice, its fate, in his own. The counter-revolution, the counter-party, still waits for its organ and representative in a lover and a man of truly public and universal aims.

Here was an experiment, under the most favorable conditions, of the powers of intellect without conscience. Never was such a leader so endowed and so weaponed; never leader found such aids and followers. And what was the result of this vast talent and power, of these immense armies, burned cities, squandered treasures, immolated millions of men, of this demoralized Europe? It came to no result. All passed away like the smoke of his artillery, and left no trace. He left France smaller, poorer, feebler, than he found it; and the whole contest for freedom was to be begun again. The attempt was, in principle, suicidal. France served him with life and limb and estate as long as it could identify its interest with him: but when men saw that after victory was another war; after the destruction of armies, new conscriptions; and they who had toiled so desperately were never nearer to the reward, — they could not spend what they had earned, nor repose on their down-beds, nor strut in their châteaux; they deserted him. Men found that his absorbing egotism was deadly to all other men. It resembled the torpedo, which inflicts a succession of shocks on any one who takes hold of it, producing spasms which contract the muscles of the hand, so that the man can not open his fingers; and the animal inflicts new and more violent shocks, until he paralyzes and kills his victim. So this exorbitant egotist narrowed, impoverished, and ab-

sorbed the power and existence of those who served him; and the universal cry of France and of Europe, in 1814, was, "Enough of him!" "*Assez de Bonaparte!*"

It was not Bonaparte's fault. He did all that in him lay to live and thrive without moral principle. It was the nature of things, the eternal law of man and of the world, which balked and ruined him; and the result in a million experiments will be the same. Every experiment, by multitudes or by individuals, that has a sensual and selfish aim, will fail. The pacific Fourier will be as inefficient as the pernicious Napoleon. As long as our civilization is essentially one of property, of fences, of exclusiveness, it will be mocked by delusions. Our riches will leave us sick; there will be bitterness in our laughter; and our wine will burn our mouth. Only that good profits which we can taste with all doors open, and which serves all men.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

BORN APRIL 3, 1783, NEW-YORK CITY.
DIED NOV. 28, 1859.

Leaving school at the age of sixteen, he commenced the study of law; but, after having traveled in Europe for his health, he gave up the law, though he had been admitted to the bar, and devoted himself to literary pursuits. Of all the kind remarks that all the critics have made of him, we will quote only the following: —

"But allow me to speak what I honestly feel. —
To a true poet-heart add the fun of Dick Steele;
Throw in all of Addison, minus the chill;
With the whole of that partnership's stock and good-will
Mix well; and, while stirring, hum o'er as a spell
The 'fine old English gentleman;' simmer it well;
Sweeten just to your own private liking; then strain,
That only the finest and clearest remain;
Let it stand out of doors till a soul it receives
From the warm, lazy sun, loitering down through green leaves, —
And you'll find a choice nature, not wholly deserving
A name either English or Yankee, — just Irving."
James Russell Lowell's Fable for the Critics.

PRINCIPAL PRODUCTIONS.

"Salmagundi;" "Sketch-Book;" "History of New York, by Diedrich Knickerbocker;" "Bracebridge Hall;" "Tales of a Traveler;" "Life of Columbus;" "Chronicles of Conquest of Grenada;" "Alhambra;" "Tour of the Prairies;" "Abbotsford and Newstead Abbey;" "Legends of the Conquest of Spain;" "Astoria;" "The Adventures of Captain Bonneville;" "Life of Goldsmith;" "Life of Washington."

RIP VAN WINKLE.

A POSTHUMOUS WRITING OF DIEDRICH KNICKERBOCKER.

[The following tale was found among the papers of the late Diedrich Knickerbocker, an old gentleman of New York who was very curious in the Dutch history of the province, and the manners of the descendants from its primitive settlers.

His historical researches, however, did not lie so much among books as among men; for the former are lamentably scanty on his favorite topic: whereas he found the old burghers, and, still more, their wives, rich in that legendary lore so invaluable to true history. Whenever, therefore, he happened upon a genuine Dutch family, snugly shut up in its low-roofed farmhouse, under a spreading sycamore, he looked upon it as a little clasped volume of black-letter, and studied it with the zeal of a book-worm.

The result of all these researches was a history of the province during the reign of the Dutch governors, which he published some years since. There have been various opinions as to the literary character of his work; and, to tell the truth, it is not a whit better than it should be. Its chief merit is its scrupulous accuracy, which, indeed, was a little questioned on its first appearance, but has since been completely established; and it is now admitted into all historical collections as a book of unquestionable authority.

The old gentleman died shortly after the publication of his work; and, now that he is dead and gone, it can not do much harm to his memory to say that his time might have been much better employed in weightier labors. He, however, was apt to ride his hobby his own way: and though it did now and then kick up the dust a little in the eyes of his neighbors, and grieve the spirit of some friends for whom he felt the truest deference and affection, yet his errors and follies are remembered "more in sorrow than in anger;" and it begins to be suspected that he never intended to injure or offend. But, however his memory may be appreciated by critics, it is still held dear by many folks whose good opinion is well worth having; particularly by certain biscuit-bakers, who have gone so far as to imprint his likeness on their New-Year cakes, and have thus given him a chance for immortality almost equal to the being stamped on a Waterloo medal or a Queen Anne's farthing.]

WHOEVER has made a voyage up the Hudson must remember the Catskill Mountains. They are a dismembered branch of the great Appalachian family, and are seen away to the west of the river, swelling up to a noble hight, and lording it over the surrounding country. Every change of season, every change of weather, indeed, every hour of the day, produces some change in the magical hues and shapes of these mountains; and they are regarded by all the good-wives far and near as perfect barometers. When the weather is fair and settled, they are clothed in blue and purple, and print their bold outlines on the clear evening sky; but sometimes, when the rest of the landscape is cloudless, they will gather a hood of gray vapors about their summits, which, in the last rays of the setting sun, will glow and light up like a crown of glory.

At the foot of these fairy mountains, the voyager may have descried the light smoke curling up from a village, whose shingle-roofs gleam among the trees, just where the blue tints of the upland melt away into the fresh green of the nearer landscape. It is a little village of great antiquity, having been founded by some of the Dutch colonists in the early times of the province, — just about the beginning of the government of the good Peter Stuyvesant, (may he rest in peace!) and there were some of the houses of the original settlers standing within a few years, built of small yellow bricks brought from Holland, having latticed windows, and gable fronts surrounded with weathercocks.

In that same village, and in one of these very houses (which, to tell the precise truth, was sadly time-worn and weather-beaten), there lived many years since, while the country was yet a province of Great Britain, a simple, good-natured fellow, of the name of Rip Van Winkle. He was a descendant of the Van Winkles who figured so gallantly in the chivalrous days of Peter Stuyvesant, and accompanied him to the siege of Fort Christina. He inherited, however, but little of the martial character of his ancestors. I have observed that he was a simple, good-natured man. He was, moreover, a kind neighbor, an obedient, henpecked husband. Indeed, to the latter circumstance might be owing that meekness of spirit which gained him such universal popularity; for those men are most apt to be obsequious and conciliating abroad who are under the discipline of shrews at home. Their tempers, doubtless, are rendered pliant and malleable in the fiery furnace of domestic tribulation; and a curtain-lecture is worth all the sermons in the world for teaching the virtues of patience and long-suffering. A termagant wife may therefore, in some respects, be considered a tolerable blessing; and, if so, Rip Van Winkle was thrice blessed.

Certain it is that he was a great favorite among all the good-wives of the village, who, as usual with the amiable sex, took his part in all family squabbles, and never failed, whenever they talked those matters over in their evening gossipings, to lay all the blame on Dame Van Winkle. The children of the village, too, would shout with joy whenever he approached. He assisted at their sports, made their playthings, taught them to fly kites and shoot marbles, and told them long stories of ghosts, witches, and Indians. Whenever he went dodging about the village, he was surrounded by a troop of them, hanging on his skirts, clambering on his back, and playing a thousand tricks on him with impunity; and not a dog would bark at him throughout the neighborhood.

The great error in Rip's composition was an insuperable aversion to all kinds of profitable labor. It could not be from the

want of assiduity or perseverance; for he would sit on a wet rock, with a rod as long and heavy as a Tartar's lance, and fish all day, without a murmur, even though he should not be encouraged by a single nibble. He would carry a fowling-piece on his shoulder for hours together, trudging through woods and swamps, and up hill and down dale, to shoot a few squirrels or wild-pigeons. He would never refuse to assist a neighbor, even in the roughest toil; and was a foremost man at all country frolics for husking corn, or building stone fences. The women of the village, too, used to employ him to run their errands, and to do such little odd jobs as their less-obliging husbands would not do for them. In a word, Rip was ready to attend to anybody's business but his own; but as to doing family duty, and keeping his farm in order, he found it impossible.

In fact, he declared it was of no use to work on his farm: it was the most pestilent little piece of ground in the whole country: every thing about it went wrong, and would go wrong, in spite of him. His fences were continually falling to pieces; his cows would either go astray, or get among the cabbages; weeds were sure to grow quicker in his fields than anywhere else; the rain always made a point of setting in just as he had some out-door work to do: so that though his patrimonial estate had dwindled away under his management, acre by acre, until there was little more left than a mere patch of Indian corn and potatoes, yet it was the worst conditioned farm in the neighborhood.

His children, too, were as ragged and wild as if they belonged to nobody. His son Rip, an urchin begotten in his own likeness, promised to inherit the habits, with the old clothes, of his father. He was generally seen trooping like a colt at his mother's heels, equipped in a pair of his father's cast-off galligaskins, which he had much ado to hold up with one hand, as a fine lady does her train in bad weather.

Rip Van Winkle, however, was one of those happy mortals, of foolish, well-oiled dispositions, who take the world easy; eat white bread or brown, whichever can be got with least thought or trouble; and would rather starve on a penny than work for a pound. If left to himself, he would have whistled life away in perfect contentment; but his wife kept continually dinning in his ears about his idleness, his carelessness, and the ruin he was bringing on his family. Morning, noon, and night, her tongue was incessantly going; and every thing he said or did was sure to produce a torrent of household eloquence. Rip had but one way of replying to all lectures of the kind; and that, by frequent use, had grown into a habit. He shrugged his shoulders, shook his head, cast up his eyes, but said nothing. This, however, always provoked a fresh volley from his wife: so that he was fain to draw

off his forces, and take to the outside of the house, — the only side which, in truth, belongs to a hen-pecked husband.

Rip's sole domestic adherent was his dog Wolf, who was as much hen-pecked as his master; for Dame Van Winkle regarded them as companions in idleness, and even looked upon Wolf with an evil eye, as the cause of his master's going so often astray. True it is, in all points of spirit befitting an honorable dog, he was as courageous an animal as ever scoured the woods; but what courage can withstand the ever-during and all-besetting terrors of a woman's tongue? The moment Wolf entered the house, his crest fell, his tail drooped to the ground, or curled between his legs; he sneaked about with a gallows-air, casting many a side-long glance at Dame Van Winkle; and, at the least flourish of a broomstick or ladle, he would fly to the door with yelping precipitation.

Times grew worse and worse with Rip Van Winkle as years of matrimony rolled on. A tart temper never mellows with age, and a sharp tongue is the only edged tool that grows keener with constant use. For a long while, he used to console himself, when driven from home, by frequenting a kind of perpetual club of the sages, philosophers, and other idle personages of the village, which held its sessions on a bench before a small inn designated by a rubicund portrait of his Majesty George the Third. Here they used to sit in the shade through a long, lazy summer's day, talking listlessly over village gossip, or telling endless sleepy stories about nothing. But it would have been worth any statesman's money to have heard the profound discussions that sometimes took place when by chance an old newspaper fell into their hands from some passing traveler. How solemnly they would listen to the contents as drawled out by Derrick Van Bummel, the schoolmaster! — a dapper, learned little man, who was not to be daunted by the most gigantic word in the dictionary; and how sagely they would deliberate upon public events some months after they had taken place!

The opinions of this junto were completely controlled by Nicholas Vedder, a patriarch of the village, and landlord of the inn; at the door of which he took his seat from morning till night, just moving sufficiently to avoid the sun, and keep in the shade of a large tree: so that the neighbors could tell the hour by his movements as accurately as by a sun-dial. It is true, he was rarely heard to speak, but smoked his pipe incessantly. His adherents, however (for every great man has his adherents), perfectly understood him, and knew how to gather his opinions. When any thing that was read or related displeased him, he was observed to smoke his pipe vehemently, and to send forth short, frequent, and angry puffs; but, when pleased, he would inhale the smoke slowly

and tranquilly, and emit it in light and placid clouds; and sometimes, taking the pipe from his mouth, and letting the fragrant vapor curl about his nose, would gravely nod his head in token of perfect approbation.

From even this stronghold the unlucky Rip was at length routed by his termagant wife, who would suddenly break in upon the tranquillity of the assemblage, and call the members all to naught. Nor was that august personage, Nicholas Vedder himself, sacred from the daring tongue of this terrible virago, who charged him outright with encouraging her husband in habits of idleness.

Poor Rip was at last reduced almost to despair; and his only alternative to escape from the labor of the farm and clamor of his wife was to take gun in hand, and stroll away into the woods. Here he would sometimes seat himself at the foot of a tree, and share the contents of his wallet with Wolf, with whom he sympathized as a fellow-sufferer in persecution. "Poor Wolf!" he would say: "thy mistress leads thee a dog's life of it. But never mind, my lad: whilst I live, thou shalt never want a friend to stand by thee." Wolf would wag his tail; look wistfully in his master's face; and, if dogs can feel pity, I verily believe he reciprocated the sentiment with all his heart.

In a long ramble of the kind on a fine autumnal day, Rip had unconsciously scrambled to one of the highest parts of the Catskill Mountains. He was after his favorite sport of squirrel-shooting; and the still solitudes had echoed with the reports of his gun. Panting and fatigued, he threw himself, late in the afternoon, on a green knoll, covered with mountain-herbage, that crowned the brow of a precipice. From an opening between the trees he could overlook all the lower country for many a mile of rich woodland. He saw at a distance the lordly Hudson, far, far below him, moving on its silent but majestic course, with the reflection of a purple cloud, or the sail of a lagging bark, here and there sleeping on its glassy bosom, and at last losing itself in the blue highlands.

On the other side, he looked down into a deep mountain-glen, wild, lonely, and shagged; the bottom filled with fragments from the impending cliffs, and scarcely lighted by the reflected rays of the setting sun. For some time, Rip lay musing on this scene. Evening was gradually advancing: the mountains began to throw their long blue shadows over the valleys. He saw that it would be dark long before he could reach the village; and he heaved a heavy sigh when he thought of encountering the terrors of Dame Van Winkle.

As he was about to descend, he heard a voice from a distance hallooing, "Rip Van Winkle, Rip Van Winkle!" He looked round, but could see nothing but a crow winging its solitary flight

across the mountain. He thought his fancy must have deceived him, and turned again to descend; when he heard the same cry ring through the still evening air, "Rip Van Winkle, Rip Van Winkle!" and at the same time Wolf bristled up his back, and, giving a low growl, skulked to his master's side, looking fearfully down into the glen. Rip now felt a vague apprehension stealing over him. He looked anxiously in the same direction, and perceived a strange figure slowly toiling up the rocks, and bending under the weight of something he carried on his back. He was surprised to see any human being in this lonely and unfrequented place; but, supposing it to be some one of the neighborhood in need of his assistance, he hastened down to yield it.

On nearer approach, he was still more surprised at the singularity of the stranger's appearance. He was a short, square-built old fellow, with thick, bushy hair, and a grizzled beard. His dress was of the antique Dutch fashion, — a cloth jerkin strapped round the waist; several pairs of breeches (the outer one of ample volume), decorated with rows of buttons down the sides, and bunches at the knees. He bore on his shoulder a stout keg, that seemed full of liquor; and made signs for Rip to approach, and assist him with the load. Though rather shy and distrustful of this new acquaintance, Rip complied with his usual alacrity; and, mutually relieving one another, they clambered up a narrow gully, apparently the dry bed of a mountain-torrent. As they ascended, Rip every now and then heard long, rolling peals, like distant thunder, that seemed to issue out of a deep ravine, or rather cleft, between lofty rocks, toward which their rugged path conducted. He paused for an instant; but, supposing it to be the muttering of one of those transient thunder-showers which often take place in mountain hights, he proceeded. Passing through the ravine, they came to a hollow, like a small amphitheater, surrounded by perpendicular precipices, over the brinks of which impending trees shot their branches, so that you only caught glimpses of the azure sky and the bright evening cloud. During the whole time, Rip and his companion had labored on in silence; for though the former marveled greatly what could be the object of carrying a keg of liquor up this wild mountain, yet there was something strange and incomprehensible about the unknown, that inspired awe, and checked familiarity.

On entering the amphitheater, new objects of wonder presented themselves. On a level spot in the center was a company of odd-looking personages playing at ninepins. They were dressed in a quaint, outlandish fashion: some wore short doublets; others jerkins, with long knives in their belts; and most of them had enormous breeches, of similar style with that of the guide's. Their visages, too, were peculiar: one had a large beard, broad

face, and small, piggish eyes; the face of another seemed to consist entirely of nose, and was surmounted by a white sugar-loaf hat, set off with a little red cock's tail. They all had beards, of various shapes and colors. There was one who seemed to be the commander. He was a stout old gentleman, with a weather-beaten countenance: he wore a laced doublet, broad belt and hanger, high-crowned hat and feather, red stockings, and high-heeled shoes, with roses on them. The whole group reminded Rip of the figures in an old Flemish painting in the parlor of Dominie Van Shaick, the village parson, and which had been brought over from Holland at the time of the settlement.

What seemed particularly odd to Rip was, that though these folks were evidently amusing themselves, yet they maintained the gravest faces, the most mysterious silence, and were, withal, the most melancholy party of pleasure he had ever witnessed. Nothing interrupted the stillness of the scene but the noise of the balls, which, whenever they were rolled, echoed along the mountains like rumbling peals of thunder.

As Rip and his companion approached them, they suddenly desisted from their play, and stared at him with such fixed, statue-like gaze, and such strange, uncouth, lack-luster countenances, that his heart turned within him, and his knees smote together. His companion now emptied the contents of the keg into large flagons, and made signs to him to wait on the company. He obeyed with fear and trembling. They quaffed the liquor in profound silence, and then returned to their game.

By degrees, Rip's awe and apprehension subsided. He even ventured, when no eye was fixed upon him, to taste the beverage, which he found had much of the flavor of excellent Hollands. He was naturally a thirsty soul, and was soon tempted to repeat the draught. One taste provoked another; and he reiterated his visits to the flagon so often, that at length his senses were overpowered, his eyes swam in his head, his head gradually declined, and he fell into a deep sleep.

On waking, he found himself on the green knoll whence he had first seen the old man of the glen. He rubbed his eyes. It was a bright, sunny morning. The birds were hopping and twittering among the bushes; and the eagle was wheeling aloft, and breasting the pure mountain-breeze. "Surely," thought Rip, "I have not slept here all night." He recalled the occurrences before he fell asleep, — the strange man with a keg of liquor, the mountain-ravine, the wild retreat among the rocks, the woe-begone party at ninepins, the flagon. "Oh that flagon! that wicked flagon!" thought Rip. "What excuse shall I make to Dame Van Winkle?"

He looked round for his gun; but in place of the clean, well-

oiled fowling-piece, he found an old firelock lying by him, the barrel incrusted with rust, the lock falling off, and the stock worm-eaten. He now suspected that the grave roisters of the mountain had put a trick upon him, and, having dosed him with liquor, had robbed him of his gun. Wolf, too, had disappeared; but he might have strayed away after a squirrel or partridge. He whistled after him, and shouted his name; but all in vain. The echoes repeated his whistle and shout; but no dog was to be seen.

He determined to revisit the scene of the last evening's gambol, and, if he met with any of the party, to demand his dog and gun. As he rose to walk, he found himself stiff in the joints, and wanting in his usual activity. "These mountain-beds do not agree with me," thought Rip; "and, if this frolic should lay me up with a fit of the rheumatism, I shall have a blessed time with Dame Van Winkle." With some difficulty he got down into the glen. He found the gully up which he and his companion had ascended the preceding evening; but, to his astonishment, a mountain-stream was now foaming down it, leaping from rock to rock, and filling the glen with babbling murmurs. He, however, made shift to scramble up its sides, working his toilsome way through thickets of birch, sassafras, and witch-hazel, and sometimes tripped up or entangled by the wild grape-vines that twisted their coils or tendrils from tree to tree, and spread a kind of network in his path.

At length, he reached to where the ravine had opened through the cliffs to the amphitheater; but no traces of such opening remained. The rocks presented a high, impenetrable wall, over which the torrent came tumbling in a sheet of feathery foam, and fell into a broad, deep basin, black from the shadows of the surrounding forest. Here, then, poor Rip was brought to a stand. He again called and whistled after his dog. He was only answered by the cawing of a flock of idle crows, sporting high in air about a dry tree that overhung a sunny precipice, and who, secure in their elevation, seemed to look down and scoff at the poor man's perplexities. What was to be done? The morning was passing away, and Rip felt famished for want of his breakfast. He grieved to give up his dog and gun; he dreaded to meet his wife: but it would not do to starve among the mountains. He shook his head, shouldered the rusty firelock, and, with a heart full of trouble and anxiety, turned his steps homeward.

As he approached the village, he met a number of people, but none whom he knew; which somewhat surprised him, for he had thought himself acquainted with every one in the country round. Their dress, too, was of a different fashion from that to which he

was accustomed. They all stared at him with equal marks of surprise, and, whenever they cast their eyes upon him, invariably stroked their chins. The constant recurrence of this gesture induced Rip involuntarily to do the same; when, to his astonishment, he found his beard had grown a foot long.

He had now entered the skirts of the village. A troop of strange children ran at his heels, hooting after him, and pointing at his gray beard. The dogs too, not one of which he recognized for an old acquaintance, barked at him as he passed. The very village was altered: it was larger and more populous. There were rows of houses which he had never seen before; and those which had been his familiar haunts had disappeared. Strange names were over the doors, strange faces at the windows; every thing was strange. His mind now misgave him: he began to doubt whether both he and the world around him were not bewitched. Surely this was his native village, which he had left but the day before. There stood the Catskill Mountains; there ran the silver Hudson at a distance; there was every hill and dale precisely as it had always been. Rip was sorely perplexed. "That flagon last night," thought he, "has addled my poor head sadly."

It was with some difficulty that he found the way to his own house, which he approached with silent awe, expecting every moment to hear the shrill voice of Dame Van Winkle. He found the house gone to decay, the roof fallen in, the windows shattered, and the doors off the hinges. A half-starved dog that looked like Wolf was skulking about it. Rip called him by name; but the cur snarled, showed his teeth, and passed on. This was an unkind cut indeed. "My very dog," sighed poor Rip, "has forgotten me!"

He entered the house, which, to tell the truth, Dame Van Winkle had always kept in neat order. It was empty, forlorn, and apparently abandoned. This desolateness overcame all his connubial fears. He called loudly for his wife and children. The lonely chambers rang for a moment with his voice; and then all again was silence.

He now hurried forth, and hastened to his old resort, — the village inn; but it, too, was gone. A large, rickety wooden building stood in its place, with great gaping windows (some of them broken, and mended with old hats and petticoats); and over the door was painted, "The Union Hotel, by Jonathan Doolittle." Instead of the great tree that used to shelter the quiet little Dutch inn of yore, there now was reared a tall, naked pole, with something on the top that looked like a red nightcap; and from it was fluttering a flag, on which was a singular assemblage of stars and stripes. All this was strange and incomprehensible.

He recognized on the sign, however, the ruby face of King George, under which he had smoked so many a peaceful pipe; but even this was singularly metamorphosed. The red coat was changed for one of blue and buff; a sword was held in the hand instead of a scepter; the head was decorated with a cocked hat; and underneath was painted in large characters, GEN. WASHINGTON.

There was, as usual, a crowd of folk about the door, but none that Rip recollected. The very character of the people seemed changed. There was a busy, bustling, disputatious tone about it, instead of the accustomed phlegm and drowsy tranquillity. He looked in vain for the sage Nicholas Vedder, with his broad face, double chin, and fair long pipe, uttering clouds of tobacco-smoke instead of idle speeches; or Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, doling forth the contents of an ancient newspaper. In place of these, a lean, bilious-looking fellow, with his pockets full of hand-bills, was haranguing vehemently about rights of citizens, elections, members of Congress, liberty, Bunker's Hill, heroes of seventy-six, and other words, which were a perfect Babylonish jargon to the bewildered Van Winkle.

The appearance of Rip, with his long, grizzled beard, his rusty fowling-piece, his uncouth dress, and an army of women and children at his heels, soon attracted the attention of the tavern politicians. They crowded round him, eying him from head to foot with great curiosity. The orator bustled up to him, and, drawing him partly aside, inquired on which side he voted. Rip stared in vacant stupidity. Another short but busy little fellow pulled him by the arm, and, rising on tiptoe, inquired in his ear whether he was Federal or Democrat. Rip was equally at a loss to comprehend the question; when a knowing, self-important old gentleman, in a sharp cocked hat, made his way through the crowd, putting them to the right and left with his elbows as he passed, and planting himself before Van Winkle, with one arm akimbo, the other resting on his cane, his keen eyes and sharp hat penetrating, as it were, into his very soul, demanded in an austere tone what brought him to the election with a gun on his shoulder, and a mob at his heels; and whether he meant to breed a riot in the village. "Alas! gentlemen," cried Rip, somewhat dismayed, "I am a poor, quiet man; a native of the place; and a loyal subject of the king, God bless him!"

Here a general shout burst from the bystanders, — "A Tory, a Tory, a spy, a refugee! Hustle him! Away with him!" It was with great difficulty that the self-important man in the cocked hat restored order; and, having assumed a tenfold austerity of brow, demanded again of the unknown culprit what he came

there for, and whom he was seeking. The poor man humbly assured him that he meant no harm, but merely came there in search of some of his neighbors who used to keep about the tavern.

"Well, who are they? Name them."

Rip bethought himself a moment, and inquired, "Where's Nicholas Vedder?"

There was a silence for a little while; when an old man replied in a thin, piping voice, "Nicholas Vedder! why, he is dead and gone these eighteen years! There was a wooden tombstone in the churchyard that used to tell all about him; but that's rotten and gone too."

"Where's Brom Dutcher?"

"Oh! he went off to the army in the beginning of the war. Some say he was killed at the storming of Stony Point; others say he was drowned in a squall at the foot of Antony's Nose. I don't know: he never came back again."

"Where's Van Bummel, the schoolmaster?"

"He went off to the wars too; was a great militia general; and is now in Congress."

Rip's heart died away at hearing of these sad changes in his home and friends, and finding himself thus alone in the world. Every answer puzzled him, too, by treating of such enormous lapses of time, and of matters which he could not understand, — war, Congress, Stony Point. He had no courage to ask after any more friends, but cried out in despair, "Does nobody here know Rip Van Winkle?"

"Oh, Rip Van Winkle!" exclaimed two or three, — "oh, to be sure! That's Rip Van Winkle yonder, leaning against the tree."

Rip looked, and beheld a precise counterpart of himself as he went up the mountain; apparently as lazy, and certainly as ragged. The poor fellow was now completely confounded. He doubted his own identity, and whether he was himself, or another man. In the midst of his bewilderment, the man in the cocked hat demanded who he was, and what was his name.

"God knows!" exclaimed he, at his wits' end. "I'm not myself: I'm somebody else. That's me yonder — no — that's somebody else got into my shoes. I was myself last night; but I fell asleep on the mountain; and they've changed my gun; and every thing's changed; and I'm changed: and I can't tell what's my name, or who I am!"

The bystanders began now to look at each other, nod, wink significantly, and tap their fingers against their foreheads. There was a whisper, also, about securing the gun, and keeping the old fellow from doing mischief; at the very suggestion of

which the self-important man in the cocked hat retired with some precipitation.

At this critical moment, a fresh, comely woman pressed through the throng to get a peep at the gray-bearded man. She had a chubby child in her arms, which, frightened at his looks, began to cry. "Hush, Rip!" cried she, — "hush, you little fool! The old man won't hurt you." The name of the child, the air of the mother, the tone of her voice, all awakened a train of recollections in his mind. "What is your name, my good woman?" asked he.

"Judith Gardenier."

"And your father's name?"

"Ah, poor man! Rip Van Winkle was his name; but it's twenty years since he went away from home with his gun, and never has been heard of since. His dog came home without him; but whether he shot himself, or was carried away by the Indians, nobody can tell. I was then but a little girl."

Rip had but one question more to ask; but he put it with a faltering voice: —

"Where's your mother?"

"Oh! she, too, had died but a short time since. She broke a blood-vessel in a fit of passion at a New-England peddler."

There was a drop of comfort, at least, in this intelligence. The honest man could contain himself no longer. He caught his daughter and her child in his arms. "I am your father!" cried he, — "young Rip Van Winkle once, old Rip Van Winkle now! Does nobody know poor Rip Van Winkle?"

All stood amazed, until an old woman, tottering out from among the crowd, put her hand to her brow, and, peering under it in his face for a moment, exclaimed, —

"Sure enough! It is Rip Van Winkle! it is himself! Welcome home again, old neighbor! Why, where have you been these twenty long years?

Rip's story was soon told; for the whole twenty years had been to him but as one night. The neighbors stared when they heard it: some were seen to wink at each other, and put their tongues in their cheeks; and the self-important man in the cocked hat, who, when the alarm was over, had returned to the field, screwed down the corners of his mouth, and shook his head; upon which there was a general shaking of the head throughout the assemblage.

It was determined, however, to take the opinion of old Peter Vanderdonk, who was seen slowly advancing up the road. He was a descendant of the historian of that name, who wrote one of the earliest accounts of the province. Peter was the most ancient inhabitant of the village, and well versed in all the won-

derful events and traditions of the neighborhood. He recollected Rip at once, and corroborated his story in the most satisfactory manner. He assured the company that it was a fact, handed down from his ancestor the historian, that the Catskill Mountains had always been haunted by strange beings; that it was affirmed that the great Hendrick Hudson, the first discoverer of the river and country, kept a kind of vigil there every twenty years with his crew of "The Half-Moon," being permitted in this way to revisit the scenes of his enterprise, and to keep a guardian eye on the river and the great city called by his name; that his father had once seen them in their old Dutch dresses playing at ninepins in a hollow of the mountain; and that he himself had heard, one summer afternoon, the sound of their balls, like distant peals of thunder.

To make a long story short, the company broke up, and returned to the more important concerns of the election. Rip's daughter took him home to live with her. She had a snug, well-furnished house, and a stout, cheery farmer for a husband, whom Rip recollected for one of the urchins that used to climb upon his neck. As to Rip's son and heir, who was the ditto of himself, seen leaning against the tree, he was employed to work on the farm, but evinced an hereditary disposition to attend to any thing but his business.

Rip now resumed his old walks and habits. He soon found many of his former cronies, though all rather the worse for the wear and tear of time; and preferred making friends among the rising generation, with whom he soon grew into great favor. Having nothing to do at home, and being arrived at that happy age when a man can be idle with impunity, he took his place once more on the bench at the inn-door, and was reverenced as one of the patriarchs of the village, and a chronicle of the old times "before the war." It was some time before he could get into the regular track of gossip, or could be made to comprehend the strange events that had taken place during his torpor, — how that there had been a revolutionary war; that the country had thrown off the yoke of Old England; and that, instead of being a subject of his Majesty George the Third, he was now a free citizen of the United States. Rip, in fact, was no politician: the changes of states and empires made but little impression on him. But there was one species of despotism under which he had long groaned, and that was petticoat government. Happily, that was at an end. He had got his neck out of the yoke of matrimony, and could go in and out whenever he pleased, without dreading the tyranny of Dame Van Winkle. Whenever her name was mentioned, however, he shook his head, shrugged his shoulders, and cast up his eyes; which might pass either

for an expression of resignation to his fate, or joy at his deliverance.

He used to tell his story to every stranger that arrived at Mr. Doolittle's hotel. He was observed, at first, to vary on some points every time he told it; which was, doubtless, owing to his having so recently awaked. It at last settled down precisely to the tale I have related; and not a man, woman, or child, in the neighborhood, but knew it by heart. Some always pretended to doubt the reality of it, and insisted that Rip had been out of his head, and that this was one point on which he always remained flighty. The old Dutch inhabitants, however, almost universally gave it full credit. Even to this day, they never hear a thunder-storm of a summer afternoon about the Catskill, but they say Hendrick Hudson and his crew are at their game of ninepins; and it is a common wish of all henpecked husbands in the neighborhood, when life hangs heavy on their hands, that they might have a quieting draught out of Rip Van Winkle's flagon.

THE WIDOW'S RETINUE.

"Little dogs and all." — *Lear.*

In giving an account of the arrival of Lady Lillycraft at the hall, I ought to have mentioned the entertainment which I derived from witnessing the unpacking of her carriage, and the disposing of her retinue. There is something extremely amusing to me in the number of factitious wants, the loads of imaginary conveniences, but real encumbrances, with which the luxurious are apt to burden themselves. I like to watch the whimsical stir and display about one of these petty progresses, — the number of robustious footmen and retainers of all kinds bustling about, with looks of infinite gravity and importance, to do almost nothing; the number of heavy trunks and parcels and band-boxes belonging to my lady; and the solicitude exhibited about some humble, odd-looking box, by my lady's maid; the cushions piled in a carriage to make a soft seat still softer, and to prevent the dreaded possibility of a jolt; the smelling-bottles, the cordials, the basket of biscuit and fruit, the new publications (all provided to guard against hunger, fatigue, or ennui); the led horses to vary the mode of traveling, — and all these preparations and parade to move, perhaps, some very good-for-nothing personage about a little space of earth. I do not mean to apply the latter part of these observations to Lady Lillycraft, for whose simple kind-heartedness I have a very great respect, and who is really

a most amiable and worthy being. I can not refrain, however, from mentioning some of the motley retinue she has brought with her; and which, indeed, bespeak the overflowing kindness of her nature, which requires her to be surrounded with objects on which to lavish it.

In the first place, her ladyship has a pampered coachman, with a red face, and cheeks that hang down like dew-laps. He evidently domineers over her a little with respect to the fat horses; and only drives out when he thinks proper, and when he thinks it will be "good for the cattle."

She has a favorite page to attend upon her person, — a handsome boy of about twelve years of age, but a mischievous varlet, very much spoiled, and in a fair way to be good for nothing. He is dressed in green, with a profusion of gold cord and gilt buttons about his clothes. She always has one or two attendants of the kind, who are replaced by others as soon as they grow to fourteen years of age. She has brought two dogs with her also, out of a number of pets which she maintains at home. One is a fat spaniel, called Zephyr; though Heaven defend me from such a zephyr! He is fed out of all shape and comfort; his eyes are nearly strained out of his head; he wheezes with corpulency, and can not walk without great difficulty. The other is a little, old, gray, muzzled curmudgeon, with an unhappy eye, that kindles like a coal if you only look at him; his nose turns up; his mouth is drawn into wrinkles, so as to show his teeth: in short, he has altogether the look of a dog far gone in misanthropy, and totally sick of the world. When he walks, he has his tail curled up so tight, that it seems to lift his feet from the ground; and he seldom makes use of more than three legs at a time, keeping the other drawn up as a reserve. This last wretch is called Beauty.

These dogs are full of elegant ailments unknown to vulgar dogs, and are petted and nursed by Lady Lillycraft with the tenderest kindness. They are pampered and fed with delicacies by their fellow-minion, the page; but their stomachs are weak and out of order, so that they can not eat; though I have now and then seen the page give them a mischievous pinch, or thwack over the head, when his mistress was not by. They have cushions for their express use, on which they lie before the fire, and yet are apt to shiver and moan if there is the least draught of air. When any one enters the room, they make a tyrannical barking that is absolutely deafening. They are insolent to all the other dogs of the establishment. There is a noble stag-hound, a great favorite of the squire, who is a privileged visitor to the parlor: but, the moment he makes his appearance, these intruders fly at him with furious rage; and I have admired the sovereign indifference and contempt with which he seems to look

down upon his puny assailants. When her ladyship drives out, these dogs are generally carried with her to take the air; when they look out of each window of the carriage, and bark at all vulgar pedestrian dogs. These dogs are a continual source of misery to the household, as they are always in the way; and they every now and then get their toes trod on, and then there is a yelping on their part, and a loud lamentation on the part of their mistress, that fill the room with clamor and confusion.

BIOGRAPHY OF OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

THERE are few writers for whom the reader feels such personal kindness as for Oliver Goldsmith; for few have so eminently possessed the magic gift of identifying themselves with their writings. We read his character in every page, and grow into familiar intimacy with him as we read. The artless benevolence that beams throughout his works; the whimsical yet amiable views of human life and human nature; the unforced humor, blending so happily with good feeling and good sense, and singularly dashed at times with a pleasing melancholy; even the very nature of his mellow and flowing and softly-tinted style, —all seem to bespeak his moral as well as his intellectual qualities, and make us love the man at the same time that we admire the author. While the productions of writers of loftier pretension and more sounding names are suffered to molder on our shelves, those of Goldsmith are cherished and laid in our bosoms. We do not quote them with ostentation; but they mingle with our minds, sweeten our tempers, and harmonize our thoughts: they put us in good humor with ourselves and with the world; and, in so doing, they make us happier and better men.

An acquaintance with the private biography of Goldsmith lets us into the secret of his gifted pages. We there discover them to be little more than transcripts of his own heart, and picturings of his fortunes. There he shows himself the same kind, artless, good-humored, excursive, sensible, whimsical, intelligent being that he appears in his writings. Scarcely an adventure or character is given in his works that may not be traced to his own party-colored story. Many of his most ludicrous scenes and ridiculous incidents have been drawn from his own blunders and mischances; and he seems really to have been buffeted into almost every maxim imparted by him for the instruction of his reader.

Oliver Goldsmith was born on the 10th of November, 1728, at the hamlet of Pallas, or Pallasmore, county of Longford, in Ire-

land. He sprang from a respectable, but by no means a thrifty stock. Some families seem to inherit kindliness and incompetency, and to hand down virtue and poverty from generation to generation. Such was the case with the Goldsmiths. "They were always," according to their own accounts, "a strange family: they rarely acted like other people: their hearts were in the right place, but their heads seemed to be doing any thing but what they ought." "They were remarkable," says another statement, "for their worth, but of no cleverness in the ways of the world." Oliver Goldsmith will be found faithfully to inherit the virtues and weaknesses of his race.

His father, the Rev. Charles Goldsmith, with hereditary improvidence, married when very young and very poor, and starved along for several years on a small country curacy and the assistance of his wife's friends. His whole income, eked out by the produce of some fields which he farmed, and of some occasional duties performed for his wife's uncle, the rector of an adjoining parish, did not exceed forty pounds: —

"And passing rich with forty pounds a year."

He inhabited an old, half-rustic mansion, that stood on a rising ground in a rough, lonely part of the country overlooking a low tract occasionally flooded by the River Inny. In this house Goldsmith was born: and it was a birthplace worthy of a poet; for, by all accounts, it was haunted ground. A tradition handed down among the neighboring peasantry states, that, in after-years, the house, remaining for some time untenanted, went to decay, the roof fell in, and it became so lonely and forlorn as to be a resort for the "good people," or fairies, who, in Ireland, are supposed to delight in old, crazy, deserted mansions for their midnight revels. All attempts to repair it were in vain: the fairies battled stoutly to maintain possession. A huge, misshapen hobgoblin used to bestride the house every evening with an immense pair of jackboots, which, in his efforts at hard riding, he would thrust through the roof, kicking to pieces all the work of the preceding day. The house was therefore left to its fate, and went to ruin.

Such is the popular tradition about Goldsmith's birthplace. About two years after his birth, a change came over the circumstances of his father. By the death of his wife's uncle, he succeeded to the rectory of Kilkenny West; and, abandoning the old goblin mansion, he removed to Lissoy, in the county of Westmeath, where he occupied a farm of seventy acres, situated on the skirts of that pretty little village.

This was the scene of Goldsmith's boyhood, — the little world whence he drew many of those pictures, rural and domestic, whimsical and touching, which abound throughout his works, and

which appeal so eloquently both to the fancy and the heart. Lissoy is confidently cited as the original of his "Auburn" in "The Deserted Village." His father's establishment — a mixture of farm and parsonage — furnished hints, it is said, for the rural economy of "The Vicar of Wakefield;" and his father himself, with his learned simplicity, his guileless wisdom, his amiable piety, and utter ignorance of the world, has been exquisitely portrayed in the worthy Dr. Primrose. Let us pause for a moment, and draw from Goldsmith's writings one or two of those pictures, which, under feigned names, represent his father and his family, and the happy fireside of his childish days.

"My father," says the "Man in Black," — who in some respects is a counterpart of Goldsmith himself, — "my father, the younger son of a good family, was possessed of a small living in the church. His education was above his fortune, and his generosity greater than his education. Poor as he was, he had his flatterers poorer than himself. For every dinner he gave them, they returned him an equivalent in praise; and this was all he wanted. The same ambition that actuates a monarch at the head of his army influenced my father at the head of his table. He told the story of the ivy-tree, and that was laughed at; he repeated the jest of the two scholars and one pair of breeches, and the company laughed at that: but the story of Taffy in the sedan-chair was sure to set the table in a roar. Thus his pleasure increased in proportion to the pleasure he gave. He loved all the world; and he fancied all the world loved him.

"As his fortune was but small, he lived up to the very extent of it. He had no intention of leaving his children money; for that was dross. He resolved they should have learning; for learning, he used to observe, was better than silver or gold. For this purpose, he undertook to instruct us himself, and took as much care to form our morals as to improve our understanding. We were told that universal benevolence was what first cemented society. We were taught to consider all the wants of mankind as our own; to regard the *human face divine* with affection and esteem. He wound us up to be mere machines of pity, and rendered us incapable of withstanding the slightest impulse made either by real or fictitious distress. In a word, we were perfectly instructed in the art of giving away thousands before we were taught the necessary qualifications of getting a farthing."

In "The Deserted Village" we have another picture of his father and his father's fireside: —

> "His house was known to all the vagrant train:
> He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain.
> The long-remembered beggar was his guest,
> Whose beard, descending, swept his aged breast;

The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talked the night away,
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
Shouldered his crutch, and showed how fields were won.
Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe:
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began."

The family of the worthy pastor consisted of five sons and three daughters. Henry, the eldest, was the good man's pride and hope; and he tasked his slender means to the utmost in educating him for a learned and distinguished career. Oliver was the second son, and seven years younger than Henry, who was the guide and protector of his childhood, and to whom he was most tenderly attached throughout life.

Oliver's education began when he was about three years old; that is to say, he was gathered under the wings of one of those good old motherly dames, found in every village, who cluck together the whole callow brood of the neighborhood to teach them their letters, and keep them out of harm's way. Mistress Elizabeth Delap (for that was her name) flourished in this capacity for upwards of fifty years; and it was the pride and boast of her declining days, when nearly ninety years of age, that she was the first that had put a book (doubtless a hornbook) into Goldsmith's hands. Apparently he did not much profit by it; for she confessed he was one of the dullest boys she had ever dealt with, insomuch that she had sometimes doubted whether it was possible to make any thing of him, — a common case with imaginative children, who are apt to be beguiled from the dry abstractions of elementary study by the picturings of the fancy.

At six years of age he passed into the hands of the village schoolmaster, one Thomas (or, as he was commonly and irreverently named, Paddy) Byrne, — a capital tutor for a poet. He had been educated for a pedagogue, but had enlisted in the army, served abroad during the wars of Queen Anne's time, and risen to the rank of quartermaster of a regiment in Spain. At the return of peace, having no longer exercise for the sword, he resumed the ferule, and drilled the urchin populace of Lissoy. Goldsmith is supposed to have had him and his school in view in the following sketch in his "Deserted Village:" —

"Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way
With blossomed furze unprofitably gay, —
There, in his noisy mansion, skilled to rule,
The village master taught his little school.
A man severe he was, and stern to view:
I knew him well, and every truant knew.
Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face;

Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes (for many a joke had he);
Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned.
Yet he was kind; or if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault.
The village all declared how much he knew:
'Twas certain he could write, and cipher too;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage;
And e'en the story ran that he could gauge.
In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill;
For, e'en though vanquished, he could argue still:
While words of learned length and thundering sound
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around;
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all he knew."

There are certain whimsical traits in the character of Byrne not given in the foregoing sketch. He was fond of talking of his vagabond wanderings in foreign lands; and had brought with him from the wars a world of campaigning stories, of which he was generally the hero, and which he would deal forth to his wondering scholars when he ought to have been teaching them their lessons. These traveler's tales had a powerful effect upon the vivid imagination of Goldsmith, and awakened an unconquerable passion for wandering, and seeking adventure. Byrne was, moreover, of a romantic vein, and exceedingly superstitious. He was deeply versed in the fairy superstitions which abound in Ireland; all which he professed implicitly to believe. Under his tuition, Goldsmith soon became almost as great a proficient in fairy lore. From this branch of good-for-nothing knowledge, his studies, by an easy transition, extended to the histories of robbers, pirates, smugglers, and the whole race of Irish rogues and rapparees. Every thing, in short, that savored of romance, fable, and adventure, was congenial to his poetic mind, and took instant root there; but the slow plants of useful knowledge were apt to be overrun, if not choked, by the weeds of his quick imagination.

Another trait of his motley preceptor, Byrne, was a disposition to dabble in poetry; and this, likewise, was caught by his pupil. Before he was eight years old, Goldsmith had contracted a habit of scribbling verses on small scraps of paper, which, in a little while, he would throw into the fire. A few of these sibylline leaves, however, were rescued from the flames, and conveyed to his mother. The good woman read them with a mother's delight, and saw at once that her son was a genius and a poet. From that time, she beset her husband with solicitations to give the boy an education suitable to his talents. The worthy man was already straitened by the costs of instruction of his eldest son Henry, and had intended to bring his second son up to a trade. But the mother would listen to no such thing: as usual, her influence prevailed; and Oliver, instead of being instructed in some humble

but cheerful and gainful handicraft, was devoted to poverty and the Muse.

A severe attack of the small-pox caused him to be taken from under the care of his story-telling preceptor, Byrne. His malady had nearly proved fatal; and his face remained pitted through life. On his recovery, he was placed under the charge of the Rev. Mr. Griffin, schoolmaster of Elphin, in Roscommon; and became an inmate in the house of his uncle, John Goldsmith, Esq., of Ballyonghter, in that vicinity. He now entered upon studies of a higher order, but without making any uncommon progress. Still a careless, easy facility of disposition, an amusing eccentricity of manners, and a vein of quiet and peculiar humor, rendered him a general favorite; and a trifling incident soon induced his uncle's family to concur in his mother's opinion of his genius.

A number of young folks had assembled at his uncle's to dance. One of the company, named Cummings, played on the violin. In the course of the evening, Oliver undertook a hornpipe. His short and clumsy figure, and his face pitted and discolored with the small-pox, rendered him a ludicrous figure in the eyes of the musician, who made merry at his expense, dubbing him his little Æsop. Goldsmith was nettled by the jest, and, stopping short in the hornpipe, exclaimed, —

> "Our herald hath proclaimed this saying, —
> See Æsop dancing, and his monkey playing."

The repartee was thought wonderful for a boy of nine years old; and Oliver became, forthwith, the wit and the bright genius of the family. It was thought a pity he should not receive the same advantages with his elder brother Henry, who had been sent to the university; and, as his father's circumstances would not afford it, several of his relatives, spurred on by the representations of his mother, agreed to contribute towards the expense. The greater part, however, was borne by his uncle, the Rev. Thomas Cantarine. This worthy man had been the college companion of Bishop Berkeley, and was possessed of moderate means, holding the living of Carrick-on-Shannon. He had married the sister of Goldsmith's father, but was now a widower, with an only child, — a daughter, named Jane. Cantarine was a kind-hearted man, with a generosity beyond his means. He took Goldsmith into favor from his infancy. His daughter Jane, two years older than the poet, was his early playmate; and Uncle Cantarine continued to the last one of his most active, unwavering, and generous friends.

Fitted out in a great measure by this considerate relative, Oliver was now transferred to schools of a higher order to prepare him for the university, — first to one at Athlone, kept by the Rev.

Mr. Campbell; and, at the end of two years, to one at Edgeworthstown, under the superintendence of the Rev. Patrick Hughes. Even at these schools, his proficiency does not appear to have been brilliant. He was indolent and careless, however, rather than dull; and, on the whole, appears to have been well thought of by his teachers. In his studies, he inclined towards the Latin poets and historians; relished Ovid and Horace, and delighted in Livy. He exercised himself with pleasure in reading and translating Tacitus; and was brought to pay attention to style in his compositions by a reproof from his brother Henry, to whom he had written brief and confused letters, and who told him in reply, that, if he had but little to say, to endeavor to say that little well.

The career of his brother Henry at the university was enough to stimulate him to exertion. He seemed to be realizing all his father's hopes, and was winning collegiate honors that the good man considered indicative of his future success in life.

In the mean while, Oliver, if not distinguished among his teachers, was popular among his schoolmates. He had a thoughtless generosity extremely captivating to young hearts. His temper was quick and sensitive, and easily offended; but his anger was momentary, and it was impossible for him to harbor resentment. He was the leader of all boyish sports and athletic amusements, especially ball-playing; and he was foremost in all mischievous pranks. Many years afterward, an old man, Jack Fitzsimmons, one of the directors of the sports, and keeper of the ball-count, at Ballymahon, used to boast of having been schoolmate of "Noll Goldsmith," as he called him; and would dwell with vain-glory on one of their exploits in robbing the orchards of Tirlicken, an old family residence of Lord Annaby.

The exploit, however, had nearly involved disastrous consequences; for the crew of juvenile depredators were captured, like Shakspeare and his deer-stealing colleagues: and nothing but the respectability of Goldsmith's connections saved him from the punishment that would have awaited more plebeian delinquents.

An amusing incident is related as occurring in Goldsmith's last journey homeward from Edgeworthstown. His father's house was about twenty miles distant: the road lay through a rough country, impassable for carriages. Goldsmith procured a horse for the journey; and a friend furnished him with a guinea for traveling-expenses. He was but a stripling of sixteen; and being thus suddenly mounted on horseback, with money in his pocket, it is no wonder that his head was turned. He determined to play the man, and to spend his money in independent traveler's style. Accordingly, instead of pushing directly for home, he halted for the night at the little town of Andagh, and, accosting

the first person he met, inquired with somewhat of a consequential air for the best house in the place. Unluckily, the person he had accosted was one Kelly, a notorious wag, who was quartered in a family of one Mr. Featherstone, a gentleman of fortune. Amused with the self-consequence of the stripling, and willing to pay off a practical joke at his expense, he directed him to what was literally "the best house in the place;" namely, the family mansion of Mr. Featherstone. Goldsmith, accordingly, rode up to what he supposed to be an inn; ordered his horse to be taken to the stable; walked into the parlor, seated himself by the fire, and demanded what he could have for supper. On ordinary occasions, he was diffident, and even awkward in his manners: but here he was at ease in his inn; and he felt called upon to show his manhood, and enact the experienced traveler. His person was by no means calculated to play off his pretensions; for he was short and thick, with a pock-marked face, and an air and carriage by no means of a distinguished cast. The owner of the house, however, soon discovered his whimsical mistake, and, being a man of humor, determined to indulge it, especially as he accidentally learned that this intruding guest was the son of an old acquaintance.

Accordingly, Goldsmith was "fooled to the top of his bent," and permitted to have full sway throughout the evening. Never was schoolboy more elated. When supper was served, he most condescendingly insisted that the landlord, his wife and daughter, should partake; and ordered a bottle of wine to crown the repast, and benefit the house. His last flourish was on going to bed, when he gave especial orders to have a hot cake at breakfast. His confusion and dismay on discovering, the next morning, that he had been swaggering in this free-and-easy way in the house of a private gentleman, may be readily conceived. True to his habit of turning the events of his life to literary account, we find this chapter of ludicrous blunders and cross-purposes dramatized many years afterward in his admirable comedy of "She Stoops to Conquer; or, The Mistakes of a Night." Chap. I.

HISTORY OF NEW YORK.

DESCRIPTION OF THE WORLD.

According to the best authorities, the world in which we dwell is a huge, opaque, reflecting, inanimate mass, floating in the vast ethereal ocean of infinite space. It has the form of an orange, being an oblate spheroid curiously flattened at opposite parts for

the insertion of two imaginary poles, which are supposed to penetrate, and unite at the center; thus forming an axis on which the mighty orange turns with a regular diurnal revolution.

The transitions of light and darkness, whence proceed the alternations of day and night, are produced by this diurnal revolution, successively presenting the different parts of the earth to the rays of the sun. The latter is, according to the best, that is to say the latest accounts, a luminous or fiery body of a prodigious magnitude, from which this world is driven by a centrifugal or repelling power, and to which it is drawn by a centripetal or attractive force, otherwise called the attraction of gravitation; the combination, or rather the counteraction, of these two opposing impulses, producing a circular and annual revolution. Hence result the different seasons of the year; viz., spring, summer, autumn, and winter.

This I believe to be the most approved modern theory on the subject: though there be many philosophers who have entertained very different opinions; some, too, of them entitled to much deference from their great antiquity and illustrious character. Thus it was advanced by some of the ancient sages, that the earth was an extended plain, supported by vast pillars; and by others, that it rested on the head of a snake or the back of a huge tortoise: but, as they did not provide a resting-place for either the pillars or the tortoise, the whole theory fell to the ground for want of proper foundation.

The Brahmins assert that the heavens rest upon the earth, and the sun and moon swim therein like fishes in the water, moving from east to west by day, and gliding along the edge of the horizon to their original stations during night: while, according to the puranas of India, it is a vast plain, encircled by seven oceans of milk, nectar, and other delicious liquids; that it is studded with seven mountains, and ornamented in the center by a mountainous rock of burnished gold; and that a great dragon occasionally swallows up the moon, which accounts for the phenomena of lunar eclipses.

Besides these and many other equally sage opinions, we have the profound conjectures of ABOUL HASSAN-ALY, son of Al Khan, son of Aly, son of Abderrahman, son of Abdallah, son of Masoud-el-Hadheli, who is commonly called MASOUDI, and surnamed Cothbiddin, but who takes the humble title of Lahebar-rasoul, which means the companion of the ambassador of God. He has written a universal history, entitled "Mourondgeed-dharab; or, The Golden Meadows and the Mines of Precious Stones." In this valuable work he has related the history of the world, from the creation down to the moment of writing; which was under the Khaliphat of Mothi Billah, in the month Dgiou-

madi-el-aoual of the three hundred and thirty-sixth year of the Hegira, or flight of the Prophet. He informs us that the earth is a huge bird; Mecca and Medina constituting the head, Persia and India the right wing, the land of Eng the left wing, and Africa the tail. He informs us, moreover, that an earth has existed before the present (which he considers as a mere chicken of seven thousand years); that it has undergone divers deluges; and that, according to the opinion of some well-informed Brahmins of his acquaintance, it will be renovated every seventy thousandth hazarouam, each hazarouam consisting of twelve thousand years.

These are a few of the many contradictory opinions of philosophers concerning the earth; and we find that the learned have had equal perplexity as to the nature of the sun. Some of the ancient philosophers have affirmed that it is a vast wheel of brilliant fire; others, that it is merely a mirror, or sphere, of transparent crystal; and a third class, at the head of whom stands Anaxagoras, maintained that it was nothing but a huge ignited mass of iron or stone: indeed, he declared the heavens to be merely a vault of stone, and that the stars were stones whirled upward from the earth, and set on fire by the velocity of its revolutions. But I give little attention to the doctrines of this philosopher; the people of Athens having fully refuted them by banishing him from their city, — a concise mode of answering unwelcome doctrines, much resorted to in former days. Another sect of philosophers do declare that certain fiery particles exhale constantly from the earth, which, concentrating in a single point of the firmament by day, constitute the sun; but being scattered, and rambling about in the dark at night, collect in various points, and form stars. These are regularly burnt out and extinguished, not unlike to the lamps in our streets; and require a fresh supply of exhalatives for the next occasion.

It is even recorded, that at certain remote and obscure periods, in consequence of a great scarcity of fuel, the sun has been completely burnt out, and sometimes not rekindled for a month at a time, — a most melancholy circumstance, the very idea of which gave vast concern to Heraclitus, that worthy weeping philosopher of antiquity. In addition to these various speculations, it was the opinion of Herschel that the sun is a magnificent habitable abode; the light it furnishes arising from certain empyreal, luminous, or phosphoric clouds swimming in its transparent atmosphere.

But we will not enter further at present into the nature of the sun; that being an inquiry not immediately necessary to the development of this history. Neither will we embroil ourselves in any more of the endless disputes of philosophers touching the

form of this globe, but content ourselves with the theory advanced in the beginning of this chapter; and will proceed to illustrate, by experiment, the complexity of motion therein ascribed to this our rotatory planet.

Prof. Von Poddingcoft (or Puddinghead, as the name may be rendered into English) was long celebrated in the University of Leyden for profound gravity of deportment, and a talent at going to sleep in the midst of examinations, to the infinite relief of his hopeful students, who thereby worked their way through college with great ease and little study. In the course of one of his lectures, the learned professor, seizing a bucket of water, swung it around his head at arm's-length; the impulse with which he threw the vessel from him being a centrifugal force, the retention of his arm operating as a centripetal power, and the bucket, which was a substitute for the earth, describing a circular orbit round about the globular head and ruby visage of Prof. Von Poddingcoft, which formed no bad representation of the sun. All of these particulars were duly explained to the class of gaping students around him. He apprised them, moreover, that the same principle of gravitation which retained the water in the bucket restrains the ocean from flying from the earth in its rapid revolutions; and he further informed them, that, should the motion of the earth be suddenly checked, it would incontinently fall into the sun, through the centripetal force of gravitation, — a most ruinous event to this planet, and one which would also obscure, though it most probably would not extinguish, the solar luminary. An unlucky stripling, one of those vagrant geniuses who seem sent into the world merely to annoy men of the Puddinghead order, desirous of ascertaining the correctness of the experiment, suddenly arrested the arm of the professor just at the moment that the bucket was in its zenith, which immediately descended with astonishing precision upon the philosophic head of the instructor of youth. A hollow sound and a red-hot hiss attended the contact: but the theory was in the amplest manner illustrated, for the unfortunate bucket perished in the conflict; but the blazing countenance of Prof. Von Poddingcoft emerged from amidst the waters, glowing fiercer than ever with unutterable indignation, whereby the students were marvelously edified, and departed considerably wiser than before.

It is a mortifying circumstance, which greatly perplexes many a painstaking philosopher, that Nature often refuses to second his most profound and elaborate efforts; so that, after having invented one of the most ingenious and natural theories imaginable, she will have the perverseness to act directly in the teeth of his system, and flatly contradict his most favorite positions. This is

a manifest and unmerited grievance, since it throws the censure of the vulgar and unlearned entirely upon the philosopher; whereas the fault is not to be ascribed to his theory, which is unquestionably correct, but to the waywardness of Dame Nature, who, with the proverbial fickleness of her sex, is continually indulging in coquetries and caprices, and seems really to take pleasure in violating all philosophic rules, and jilting the most learned and indefatigable of her adorers. Thus it happened with respect to the foregoing satisfactory explanation of the motion of our planet. It appears that the centrifugal force has long since ceased to operate, while its antagonist remains in undiminished potency: the world, therefore, according to the theory as it originally stood, ought in strict propriety to tumble into the sun. Philosophers were convinced that it would do so, and awaited in anxious impatience the fulfillment of their prognostics. But the untoward planet pertinaciously continued her course, notwithstanding that she had reason, philosophy, and a whole university of learned professors, opposed to her conduct. The philosophers took this in very ill part; and it is thought they would never have pardoned the slight and affront which they conceived put upon them by the world, had not a good-natured professor kindly officiated as a mediator between the parties, and effected a reconciliation.

Finding the world would not accommodate itself to the theory, he wisely determined to accommodate the theory to the world: he therefore informed his brother philosophers that the circular motion of the earth round the sun was no sooner engendered by the conflicting impulses above described than it became a regular revolution, independent of the causes which gave it origin. His learned brethren readily joined in the opinion, being heartily glad of any explanation that would decently extricate them from their embarrassment; and, ever since that memorable era, the world has been left to take her own course, and to revolve around the sun in such orbit as she thinks proper. Chap. I.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

1804–1864.

A writer of singular purity and simplicity. His writings are principally denoted by their fine poetical imagery, originality of thought and expression. His pleasant fancies are philosophical, and his keen reflections not too metaphysical.

PRINCIPAL PRODUCTIONS.

"Twice-told Tales;" "Our Old Home;" "Mosses from an Old Manse;" "The Scarlet Letter;" "The House of the Seven Gables;" "True Stories from History and Biography;" "The Blithedale Romance;" "A Wonder-Book for Boys and Girls, in 1852;" "The Snow-Image and other Twice-told Tales;" "Tanglewood Tales, for Boys and Girls;" "The Marble Faun;" "Passages from the American Note-Books of Nathaniel Hawthorne."

A RILL FROM THE TOWN-PUMP.

SCENE. — The corner of two principal streets. The TOWN-PUMP talking through its nose.

NOON by the north clock! Noon by the east! High noon, too, by these hot sunbeams, which fall scarcely aslope upon my head, and almost make the water bubble and smoke in the trough under my nose! Truly, we public characters have a tough time of it! And, among all the town-officers chosen at March meeting, where is he that sustains for a single year the burden of such manifold duties as are imposed in perpetuity upon the Town-Pump? The title of "Town Treasurer" is rightfully mine, as guardian of the best treasure that the town has. The overseers of the poor ought to make me their chairman, since I provide bountifully for the pauper, without expense to him that pays taxes. I am at the head of the fire-department, and one of the physicians to the board of health. As a keeper of the peace, all water-drinkers will confess me equal to the constable. I perform some of the duties of the town-clerk by promulgating public notices when they are posted on my front. To speak within bounds, I am the chief person of the municipality, and exhibit, moreover, an admirable pattern to my brother-officers, by the cool, steady, upright, downright, and impartial discharge of my business, and the constancy with which I stand to my post. Summer or winter, nobody seeks me in vain: for, all day long, I am seen at the busiest corner, just above the market, stretching out my arms to rich and poor alike; and at night I hold a lantern over my head, both to show where I am, and keep people out of the gutters.

At this sultry noontide, I am cupbearer to the parched populace, for whose benefit an iron goblet is chained to my waist. Like a dramseller on the mall at muster-day, I cry aloud to all and sundry, in my plainest accents, and at the very tiptop of my voice, "Here it is, gentlemen! Here is the good liquor! Walk up, walk up, gentlemen! walk up, walk up! Here is the superior stuff! Here is the unadulterated ale of Father Adam, — better than Cognac, Hollands, Jamaica, strong beer, or wine of any price! here it is by the hogshead or the single glass, and not a cent to pay! Walk up, gentlemen, walk up, and help yourselves!"

It were a pity if all this outcry should draw no customers. Here they come! "A hot day, gentlemen! Quaff, and away again, so as to keep yourselves in a nice cool sweat. You, my friend, will need another cupful to wash the dust out of your throat, if it be as thick there as it is on your cowhide shoes. I see that you have trudged half a score of miles to-day, and, like a wise man, have passed by the taverns, and stopped at the running brooks and well-curbs. Otherwise, betwixt heat without and fire within, you would have been burnt to a cinder, or melted down to nothing at all, in the fashion of a jelly-fish. Drink, and make room for that other fellow who seeks my aid to quench the fiery fever of last night's potations, which he drained from no cup of mine. Welcome, most rubicund sir! You and I have been great strangers hitherto; nor, to confess the truth, will my nose be anxious for a closer intimacy till the fumes of your breath be a little less potent. Mercy on you, man! the water absolutely hisses down your red-hot gullet, and is converted quite to steam in the miniature Tophet which you mistake for a stomach. Fill again, and tell me, on the word of an honest toper, did you ever, in cellar, tavern, or any kind of a dram-shop, spend the price of your children's food for a swig half so delicious? Now, for the first time these ten years, you know the flavor of cold water. Good-by! and, whenever you are thirsty, remember that I keep a constant supply at the old stand. Who next? O my little friend! you are let loose from school, and come hither to scrub your blooming face, and drown the memory of certain taps of the ferule and other schoolboy troubles, in a draught from the Town-Pump. Take it, pure as the current of your young life! Take it, and may your heart and tongue never be scorched with a fiercer thirst than now! There, my dear child, put down the cup, and yield your place to this elderly gentleman, who treads so tenderly over the paving-stones, that I suspect he is afraid of breaking them. What! he limps by without so much as thanking me; as if my hospitable offers were meant only for people who have no wine-cellars. Well, well, sir,

no harm done, I hope! Go draw the cork, tip the decanter; but, when your great toe shall set you a-roaring, it will be no affair of mine. If gentlemen love the pleasant titillation of the gout, it is all one to the Town-Pump. This thirsty dog, with his red tongue lolling out, does not scorn my hospitality, but stands on his hind-legs, and laps eagerly out of the trough. See how lightly he capers away again! Jowler, did your worship ever have the gout? . . .

"Your pardon, good people! I must interrupt my stream of eloquence, and spout forth a stream of water to replenish the trough for this teamster and his two yoke of oxen, who have come from Topsfield, or somewhere along that way. No part of my business is pleasanter than the watering of cattle. Look! how rapidly they lower the water-mark on the sides of the trough, till their capacious stomachs are moistened with a gallon or two apiece, and they can afford time to breathe it in with sighs of calm enjoyment. Now they roll their quiet eyes around the brim of their monstrous drinking-vessel. An ox is your true toper. . . .

"Ahem! Dry work this speechifying, especially to an unpracticed orator. I never conceived till now what toil the temperance lecturers undergo for my sake. Hereafter, they shall have the business to themselves. Do, some kind Christian, pump a stroke or two, just to wet my whistle. Thank you, sir! My dear hearers, when the world shall have been regenerated by my instrumentality, you will collect your useless vats and liquor-casks into one great pile, and make a bonfire in honor of the Town-Pump. And when I shall have decayed, like my predecessors, then, if you revere my memory, let a marble fountain, richly sculptured, take my place upon the spot. Such monuments should be erected everywhere, and inscribed with the names of the distinguished champions of my cause." . . .

One o'clock! Nay, then, if the dinner-bell begins to speak, I may as well hold my peace. Here comes a pretty young girl of my acquaintance, with a large stone pitcher for me to fill. May she draw a husband while drawing her water, as Rachel did of old! "Hold out your vessel, my dear! There it is, full to the brim: so now run home, peeping at your sweet image in the pitcher as you go; and forget not in a glass of my own liquor to drink 'SUCCESS TO THE TOWN-PUMP!'"

From "Twice-told Tales."

A SELECT PARTY.

A MAN OF FANCY made an entertainment at one of his castles in the air, and invited a select number of distinguished personages to favor him with their presence. The mansion, though less splendid than many that have been situated in the same region, was, nevertheless, of a magnificence such as is seldom witnessed by those acquainted only with terrestrial architecture. Its strong foundations and massive walls were quarried out of a ledge of heavy and somber clouds which had hung brooding over the earth, apparently as dense and ponderous as its own granite, throughout a whole autumnal day. Perceiving that the general effect was gloomy, — so that the airy castle looked like a feudal fortress, or a monastery of the middle ages, or a state-prison of our own times, rather than the home of pleasure and repose which he intended it to be, — the owner, regardless of expense, resolved to gild the exterior from top to bottom. Fortunately, there was just then a flood of evening sunshine in the air. This being gathered up, and poured abundantly upon the roof and walls, imbued them with a kind of solemn cheerfulness; while the cupolas and pinnacles were made to glitter with the purest gold, and all the hundred windows gleamed with a glad light, as if the edifice itself were rejoicing in its heart. And now, if the people of the lower world chanced to be looking upward out of the turmoil of their petty perplexities, they probably mistook the castle in the air for a heap of sunset clouds, to which the magic of light and shade had imparted the aspect of a fantastically-constructed mansion. To such beholders it was unreal, because they lacked the imaginative faith. Had they been worthy to pass within its portal, they would have recognized the truth, that the dominions which the spirit conquers for itself among unrealities become a thousand times more real than the earth whereon they stamp their feet, saying, "This is solid and substantial: this may be called a fact."

At the appointed hour, the host stood in his great saloon to receive the company. It was a vast and noble room, the vaulted ceiling of which was supported by double rows of gigantic pillars that had been hewn entire out of masses of variegated clouds. So brilliantly were they polished, and so exquisitely wrought by the sculptor's skill, as to resemble the finest specimens of emerald, porphyry, opal, and chrysolite; thus producing a delicate richness of effect which their immense size rendered not incompatible with grandeur. To each of these pillars a meteor was suspended. Thousands of these ethereal lusters are continually wandering about the firmament, burning out to waste, yet capable of impart-

ing a useful radiance to any person who has the art of converting them to domestic purposes. As managed in the saloon, they are far more economical than ordinary lamplight. Such, however, was the intensity of their blaze, that it had been found expedient to cover each meteor with a globe of evening-mist; thereby muffling the too-potent glow, and soothing it into a mild and comfortable splendor. It was like the brilliancy of a powerful yet chastened imagination, — a light which seemed to hide whatever was unworthy to be noticed, and give effect to every beautiful and noble attribute. The guests, therefore, as they advanced up the center of the saloon, appeared to better advantage than ever before in their lives.

The first that entered, with old-fashioned punctuality, was a venerable figure in the costume of bygone days, with his white hair flowing down over his shoulders, and a reverend beard upon his breast. He leaned upon a staff, the tremulous stroke of which, as he set it carefully upon the floor, re-echoed through the saloon at every footstep. Recognizing at once this celebrated personage, whom it had cost him a vast deal of trouble and research to discover, the host advanced nearly three-fourths of the distance down between the pillars to meet and welcome him.

"Venerable sir," said the Man of Fancy, bending to the floor, "the honor of this visit would never be forgotten were my term of existence to be as happily prolonged as your own."

The old gentleman received the compliment with gracious condescension. He then thrust up his spectacles over his forehead, and appeared to take a critical survey of the saloon.

"Never within my recollection," observed he, "have I entered a more spacious and noble hall. But are you sure that it is built of solid materials, and that the structure will be permanent?"

"Oh, never fear, my venerable friend!" replied the host. "In reference to a lifetime like your own, it is true, my castle may well be called a temporary edifice; but it will endure long enough to answer all the purposes for which it was erected."

But we forget that the reader has not yet been made acquainted with the guest. It was no other than that universally-accredited character so constantly referred to in all seasons of intense cold or heat; he that remembers the hot Sunday and the cold Friday; the witness of a past age, whose negative reminiscences find their way into every newspaper, yet whose antiquated and dusky abode is so overshadowed by accumulated years, and crowded back by modern edifices, that none but the Man of Fancy could have discovered it: it was, in short, the twin-brother of Time, and great-grandsire of Mankind, and hand-and-glove associate of all forgotten men and things, — the Oldest Inhabitant. The host would willingly have drawn him into conversation, but succeeded

only in eliciting a few remarks as to the oppressive atmosphere of this present summer evening compared with one which the guest had experienced about fourscore years ago. The old gentleman, in fact, was a good deal overcome by his journey among the clouds; which, to a frame so earth-incrusted by long continuance in a lower region, was unavoidably more fatiguing than to younger spirits. He was therefore conducted to an easy-chair, well cushioned, and stuffed with vaporous softness, and left to take a little repose.

The Man of Fancy now discerned another guest, who stood so quietly in the shadow of one of the pillars, that he might easily have been overlooked.

"My dear sir," exclaimed the host, grasping him warmly by the hand, "allow me to greet you as the hero of the evening. Pray do not take it as an empty compliment; for, if there were not another guest in my castle, it would be entirely pervaded with your presence."

"I thank you," answered the unpretending stranger. "But, though you happened to overlook me, I have not just arrived. I came very early; and, with your permission, shall remain after the rest of the company have retired."

And who does the reader imagine was this unobtrusive guest? It was the famous performer of acknowledged impossibilities, — a character of superhuman capacity and virtue, and, if his enemies are to be credited, of no less remarkable weaknesses and defects. With a generosity with which he alone sets us an example, we will glance merely at his nobler attributes. He it is, then, who prefers the interests of others to his own, and a humble station to an exalted one. Careless of fashion, custom, the opinions of men, and the influence of the press, he assimilates his life to the standard of ideal rectitude, and thus proves himself the one independent citizen of our free country. In point of ability, many people declare him to be the only mathematician capable of squaring the circle; the only mechanic acquainted with the principle of perpetual motion; the only scientific philosopher who can compel water to run up hill; the only writer of the age whose genius is equal to the production of an epic poem; and finally, so various are his accomplishments, the only professor of gymnastics who has succeeded in jumping down his own throat. With all these talents, however, he is so far from being considered a member of good society, that it is the severest censure of any fashionable assemblage to affirm that this remarkable individual was present. Public orators, lecturers, and theatrical performers particularly, eschew his company. For especial reasons, we are not at liberty to disclose his name, and shall mention only one other trait, — a most singular phenomenon in natural philosophy,

— that, when he happens to cast his eyes upon a looking-glass, he beholds nobody reflected there.

Several other guests now made their appearance; and among them, chattering with immense volubility, a brisk little gentleman of universal vogue in private society, and not unknown in the public journals under the title of Monsieur On-Dit. The name would seem to indicate a Frenchman; but, whatever be his country, he is thoroughly versed in all the languages of the day, and can express himself quite as much to the purpose in English as in any other tongue. No sooner were the ceremonies of salutation over than this talkative little person put his mouth to the host's ear, and whispered three secrets of state, an important piece of commercial intelligence, and a rich item of fashionable scandal. He then assured the Man of Fancy that he would not fail to circulate in the society of the lower world a minute description of this magnificent castle in the air, and of the festivities at which he had the honor to be a guest. So saying, Monsieur On-Dit made his bow, and hurried from one to another of the company, with all of whom he seemed to be acquainted, and to possess some topic of interest or amusement for every individual. Coming at last to the Oldest Inhabitant, who was slumbering comfortably in the easy-chair, he applied his mouth to that venerable ear.

"What do you say?" cried the old gentleman, starting from his nap, and putting up his hand to serve the purpose of an ear-trumpet.

Monsieur On-Dit went forward again, and repeated his communication.

"Never within my memory," exclaimed the Oldest Inhabitant, lifting his hands in astonishment, "has so remarkable an incident been heard of."

Now came in the Clerk of the Weather, who had been invited out of deference to his official station; although the host was well aware that his conversation was likely to contribute but little to the general enjoyment. He soon, indeed, got into a corner with his acquaintance of long ago, the Oldest Inhabitant, and began to compare notes with him in reference to the great storms, gales of wind, and other atmospherical facts, that had occurred during a century past. It rejoiced the Man of Fancy that his venerable and much-respected guest had met with so congenial an associate. Entreating them both to make themselves perfectly at home, he now turned to receive the Wandering Jew. This personage, however, had latterly grown so common, by mingling in all sorts of society, and appearing at the beck of every entertainer, that he could hardly be deemed a proper guest in a very exclusive circle. Besides, being covered with dust from his continual wander-

ings along the highways of the world, he really looked out of place in a dress-party: so that the host felt relieved of an incommodity when the restless individual in question, after a brief stay, took his departure on a ramble toward Oregon.

The portal was now thronged by a crowd of shadowy people with whom the Man of Fancy had been acquainted in his visionary youth. He had invited them hither for the sake of observing how they would compare, whether advantageously or otherwise, with the real characters to whom his maturer life had introduced him. They were beings of crude imagination, such as glide before a young man's eye, and pretend to be actual inhabitants of the earth, — the wise and witty with whom he would hereafter hold intercourse; the generous and heroic friends whose devotion would be requited with his own; the beautiful dream-woman who would become the helpmate of his human toils and sorrows, and at once the source and partaker of his happiness. Alas! it is not good for the full-grown man to look too closely at these old acquaintances, but rather to reverence them at a distance through the medium of years that have gathered duskily between. There was something laughably untrue in their pompous stride and exaggerated sentiment: they were neither human, nor tolerable likenesses of humanity, but fantastic maskers, rendering heroism and nature alike ridiculous by the grave absurdity of their pretensions to such attributes. And as for the peerless Dream-Lady, behold! there advanced up the saloon, with a movement like a jointed doll, a sort of wax figure of an angel, — a creature as cold as moonshine; an artifice in petticoats, with an intellect of pretty phrases, and only the semblance of a heart, yet in all these particulars the true type of a young man's imaginary mistress. Hardly could the host's punctilious courtesy restrain a smile as he paid his respects to this unreality, and met the sentimental glance with which the Dream sought to remind him of their former love-passages.

"No, no, fair lady," murmured he betwixt sighing and smiling: "my taste is changed. I have learned to love what Nature makes, better than my own creations in the guise of womanhood."

"Ah, false one!" shrieked the Dream-Lady, pretending to faint, but dissolving into thin air, out of which came the deplorable murmur of her voice, "your inconstancy has annihilated me."

"So be it," said the cruel Man of Fancy to himself; "and a good riddance too."

Together with these shadows, and from the same region, there came an uninvited multitude of shapes, which at any time during his life had tormented the Man of Fancy in his moods of morbid melancholy, or had haunted him in the delirium of fever. The

walls of his castle in the air were not dense enough to keep them out; nor would the strongest of earthly architecture have availed to their exclusion. Here were those forms of dim terror which had beset him at the entrance of life, waging warfare with his hopes; here were strange uglinesses of earlier date, such as haunt children in the nightmare. He was particularly startled by the vision of a deformed old black woman, whom he imagined as lurking in the garret of his native home, and who, when he was an infant, had once come to his bedside and grinned at him in the crisis of a scarlet-fever. This same black shadow, with others almost as hideous, now glided among the pillars of the magnificent saloon, grinning recognition, until the man shuddered anew at the forgotten terrors of his childhood. It amused him, however, to observe the black woman, with the mischievous caprice peculiar to such beings, steal up to the chair of the Oldest Inhabitant, and peep into his half-dreamy mind.

"Never within my memory," muttered that venerable personage, aghast, "did I see such a face."

Almost immediately after the unrealities just described, arrived a number of guests whom incredulous readers may be inclined to rank equally among creatures of imagination. The most noteworthy were an incorruptible patriot, a scholar without pedantry, a priest without worldly ambition, and a beautiful woman without pride or coquetry, a married pair whose life had never been disturbed by incongruity of feeling, a reformer untrammeled by his theories, and a poet who felt no jealousy toward other votaries of the lyre. In truth, however, the host was not one of the cynics who consider these patterns of excellence without the fatal flaw such rarities in the world; and he had invited them to his select party chiefly out of humble deference to the judgment of society, which pronounces them almost impossible to be met with.

"In my younger days," observed the Oldest Inhabitant, "such characters might be seen at the corner of every street."

Be that as it might, these specimens of perfection proved to be not half so entertaining companions as people with the ordinary allowance of faults.

But now appeared a stranger, whom the host had no sooner recognized, than, with an abundance of courtesy unlavished on any other, he hastened down the whole length of the saloon in order to pay him emphatic honor. Yet he was a young man, in poor attire, with no insignia of rank or acknowledged eminence, nor any thing to distinguish him among the crowd, except a high, white forehead, beneath which a pair of deepest eyes were glowing with warm light. It was such a light as never illuminates the earth save when a great heart burns as the household fire of a grand intellect. And who was he? — who but the Master

Genius, for whom our country is looking anxiously into the mist of Time, as destined to fulfil the great mission of creating an American literature, hewing it, as it were, out of the unwrought granite of our intellectual quarries? From him, whether molded in the form of an epic poem, or assuming a guise altogether new, as the spirit itself may determine, we are to receive our first great original work, which shall do all that remains to be achieved for our glory among the nations. How this child of a mighty destiny had been discovered by the Man of Fancy, it is of little consequence to mention. Suffice it that he dwells as yet unhonored among men, unrecognized by those who have known him from his cradle. The noble countenance, which should be distinguished by a halo diffused around it, passes daily amid the throng of people, toiling, and troubling themselves about the trifles of a moment; and none pay reverence to the worker of immortality. Nor does it matter much to him, in his triumph over all the ages, though a generation or two of his own times shall do themselves the wrong to disregard him.

By this time, Monsieur On-Dit had caught up the stranger's name and destiny, and was busily whispering the intelligence among the other guests.

"Pshaw!" said one: "there can never be an American genius."

"Pish!" cried another: "we have already as good poets as any in the world. For my part, I desire to see no better."

And the Oldest Inhabitant, when it was proposed to introduce him to the Master Genius, begged to be excused; observing, that a man who had been honored with the acquaintance of Dwight and Freneau and Joel Barlow might be allowed a little austerity of taste.

The saloon was now fast filling up by the arrival of other remarkable characters, among whom were noticed Davy Jones, the distinguished nautical personage, and a rude, carelessly-dressed, harum-scarum sort of elderly fellow, known by the nickname of Old Harry. The latter, however, after being shown to a dressing-room, re-appeared with his gray hair nicely combed, his clothes brushed, a clean dicky on his neck, and altogether so changed in aspect as to merit the more respectful appellation of Venerable Henry. John Doe and Richard Roe came arm in arm, accompanied by a man of straw, a fictitious indorser, and several persons who had no existence except as voters in closely-contested elections. The celebrated Seatsfield, who now entered, was at first supposed to belong to the same brotherhood, until he made it apparent that he was a real man of flesh and blood, and had his earthly domicile in Germany. Among the latest comers, as might reasonably be expected, arrived a guest from the Far Future.

"Do you know him? do you know him?" whispered Monsieur On-Dit, who seemed to be acquainted with everybody. "He is the representative of posterity, — the man of an age to come."

"And how came he here?" asked a figure who was evidently the prototype of the fashion-plate in a magazine, and might be taken to represent the vanities of the passing moment. "The fellow infringes upon our rights by coming before his time."

"But you forget where we are," answered the Man of Fancy, who overheard the remark. "The lower earth, it is true, will be forbidden ground to him for many long years hence; but a castle in the air is a sort of No Man's Land, where posterity may make acquaintance with us on equal terms."

No sooner was his identity known than a throng of guests gathered about Posterity, all expressing the most generous interest in his welfare, and many boasting of the sacrifices which they had made, or were willing to make, in his behalf. Some, with as much secrecy as possible, desired his judgment upon certain copies of verses or great manuscript rolls of prose; others accosted him with the familiarity of old friends, taking it for granted that he was perfectly cognizant of their names and characters. At length, finding himself thus beset, Posterity was put quite beside his patience.

"Gentlemen, my good friends," cried he, breaking loose from a misty poet who strove to hold him by the button, "I pray you to attend to your own business, and leave me to take care of mine! I expect to owe you nothing, unless it be certain national debts, and other encumbrances and impediments, physical and moral, which I shall find it troublesome enough to remove from my path. As to your verses, pray send them to your contemporaries. Your names are as strange to me as your faces; and, even were it otherwise, — let me whisper you a secret, — the cold, icy memory which one generation may retain of another is but a poor recompense to barter life for. Yet, if your heart is set on being known to me, the surest, the only method is to live truly and wisely for your own age, whereby, if the native force be in you, you may likewise live for posterity."

"It is nonsense," murmured the Oldest Inhabitant, who, as a man of the past, felt jealous that all notice should be withdrawn from himself to be lavished on the future, — "sheer nonsense, to waste so much thought on what only is to be."

To divert the minds of his guests, who were considerably abashed by this little incident, the Man of Fancy led them through several apartments of the castle, receiving their compliments upon the taste and varied magnificence that were displayed in each. One of these rooms was filled with moonlight, which

did not enter through the window, but was the aggregate of all the moonshine that is scattered around the earth on a summer night while no eyes are awake to enjoy its beauty. Airy spirits had gathered it up, wherever they found it gleaming on the broad bosom of a lake, or silvering the meanders of a stream, or glimmering among the wind-stirred boughs of a wood, and had garnered it in this one spacious hall. Along the walls, illuminated by the mild intensity of the moonshine, stood a multitude of ideal statues, the original conception of the great works of ancient or modern art, which the sculptors did but imperfectly succeed in putting into marble: for it is not to be supposed that the pure idea of an immortal creation ceases to exist; it is only necessary to know where they are deposited in order to obtain possession of them. In the alcoves of another vast apartment was arranged a splendid library, the volumes of which were inestimable, because they consisted, not of actual performances, but of the works which the authors only planned, without ever finding the happy season to achieve them. To take familiar instances, here were the untold tales of Chaucer's "Canterbury Pilgrims," the unwritten cantos of the "Fairy Queen," the conclusion of Coleridge's "Christabel," and the whole of Dryden's projected epic on the subject of King Arthur. The shelves were crowded; for it would not be too much to affirm that every author has imagined and shaped out in his thought more and far better works than those which actually proceeded from his pen. And here, likewise, were the unrealized conceptions of youthful poets who died of the very strength of their own genius, before the world had caught one inspired murmur from their lips.

When the peculiarities of the library and statue gallery were explained to the Oldest Inhabitant, he appeared infinitely perplexed, and exclaimed with more energy than usual, that he had never heard of such a thing within his memory, and, moreover, did not at all understand how it could be.

"But my brain, I think," said the good old gentleman, "is getting not so clear as it used to be. You young folks, I suppose, can see your way through these strange matters. For my part, I give it up."

"And so do I," muttered the Old Harry. "It is enough to puzzle the —— ahem!"

Making as little reply as possible to these observations, the Man of Fancy preceded the company to another noble saloon, the pillars of which were solid golden sunbeams taken out of the sky in the first hour in the morning. Thus, as they retained all their living luster, the room was filled with the most cheerful radiance imaginable, yet not too dazzling to be borne with comfort and delight. The windows were beautifully adorned with

curtains made of the many-colored clouds of sunrise, all imbued with virgin light, and hanging in magnificent festoons from the ceiling to the floor. Moreover, there were fragments of rainbows scattered through the room: so that the guests, astonished at one another, reciprocally saw their heads made glorious by the seven primary hues; or, if they chose, — as who would not? — they could grasp a rainbow in the air, and convert it to their own apparel and adornment. But the morning light and scattered rainbows were only a type and symbol of the real wonders of the apartment. By an influence akin to magic, yet perfectly natural, whatever means and opportunities of joy are neglected in the lower world had been carefully gathered up and deposited in the saloon of morning sunshine. As may well be conceived, therefore, there was material enough to supply, not merely a joyous evening, but also a happy lifetime, to more than as many people as that spacious apartment could contain. The company seemed to renew their youth; while that pattern and proverbial standard of innocence, the child unborn, frolicked to and fro among them, communicating his own unwrinkled gayety to all who had the good fortune to witness his gambols.

"My honored friends," said the Man of Fancy after they had enjoyed themselves a while, "I am now to request your presence in the banqueting-hall, where a slight collation is awaiting you."

"Ah, well said!" ejaculated a cadaverous figure, who had been invited for no other reason than that he was pretty constantly in the habit of dining with Duke Humphrey. "I was beginning to wonder whether a castle in the air were provided with a kitchen."

It was curious, in truth, to see how instantly the guests were diverted from the high moral enjoyments, which they had been tasting with so much apparent zest, by a suggestion of the more solid as well as liquid delights of the festive board. They thronged eagerly in the rear of the host, who now ushered them into a lofty and extensive hall, from end to end of which was arranged a table, glittering all over with innumerable dishes and drinking-vessels of gold. It is an uncertain point whether these rich articles of place were made for the occasion out of molten sunbeams, or recovered from the wrecks of the Spanish galleons that had lain for ages at the bottom of the sea. The upper end of the table was overshadowed by a canopy, beneath which was placed a chair of elaborate magnificence, which the host himself declined to occupy, and besought his guests to assign it to the worthiest among them. As a suitable homage to his incalculable antiquity and eminent distinction, the post of honor was at first tendered to the Oldest Inhabitant. He, however, eschewed it, and requested the favor of a bowl of gruel at a side-table, where

he could refresh himself with a quiet nap. There was some little hesitation as to the next candidate, until Posterity took the Master Genius of our country by the hand, and led him to the chair of state beneath the princely canopy. When once they beheld him in his true place, the company acknowledged the justice of the selection by a long thunder-roll of vehement applause.

Then was served up a banquet, combining, if not all the delicacies of the season, yet all the rarities which careful purveyors had met with in the flesh, fish, and vegetable markets of the land of Nowhere. The bill of fare being unfortunately lost, we can only mention a phœnix roasted in its own flames, cold potted birds-of-paradise, ice-creams from the Milky Way, and whip-syllabubs and flummery from the Paradise of Fools, whereof there was a very great consumption. As for drinkables, the temperance people contented themselves with water as usual, but it was the water of the Fountain of Youth; the ladies sipped Nepenthe; the love-lorn, the care-worn, and the sorrow-stricken were supplied with brimming goblets of Lethe; and it was shrewdly conjectured that a certain golden vase, from which only the more distinguished guests were invited to partake, contained nectar that had been mellowing ever since the day of classical mythology. The cloth being removed, the company, as usual, grew eloquent over their liquor, and delivered themselves of a succession of brilliant speeches; the task of reporting which we resign to the more adequate ability of Counselor Gill, whose indispensable co-operation the Man of Fancy had taken the precaution to secure.

When the festivity of the banquet was at its most ethereal point, the Clerk of the Weather was observed to steal from the table, and thrust his head between the purple and golden curtains of one of the windows.

"My fellow-guests," he remarked aloud, after carefully noting the signs of the night, "I advise such of you as live at a distance to be going as soon as possible; for a thunder-storm is certainly at hand."

"Mercy on me!" cried Mother Carey, who had left her brood of chickens, and come hither in gossamer drapery, with pink silk stockings. "How shall I ever get home?"

All now was confusion and hasty departure, with but little superfluous leave-taking. The Oldest Inhabitant, however, true to the rule of those long-past days in which his courtesy had been studied, paused on the threshold of the meteor-lighted hall to express his vast satisfaction at the entertainment.

"Never within my memory," observed the gracious old gentleman, "has it been my good fortune to spend a pleasanter evening, or in a more select society."

The wind here took his breath away, whirled his three-cornered hat into infinite space, and drowned what further compliments it had been his purpose to bestow. Many of the company had bespoken will-o'-the-wisps to convey them home; and the host, in his general beneficence, had engaged the Man in the Moon, with an immense horn lantern, to be the guide of such desolate spinsters as could do no better for themselves. But a blast of the rising tempest blew out all their lights in the twinkling of an eye. How, in the darkness that ensued, the guests contrived to get back to earth, or whether the greater part of them contrived to get back at all, or are still wandering among clouds, mists, and puffs of tempestuous wind, bruised by the beams and rafters of the overthrown castle in the air, and deluded by all sorts of unrealities, are points that concern themselves much more than the writer or the public. People should think of these matters before they trust themselves on a pleasure-party into the realm of Nowhere.

THEOLOGY, METAPHYSICS, RELIGION, AND CHRISTIANITY.

JONATHAN EDWARDS. — 1703–1758. The first and most eminent metaphysician of America. His most famous work is "The Freedom of the Will, and Moral Agency."

FRANCIS WAYLAND. — 1796. President of Brown University from 1827 to 1856. "Occasional Discourses;" "Moral Science;" "Political Economy;" "Thoughts on Collegiate Education;" "Limitations of Human Responsibility;" "University Sermons;" "Memoirs of Judson;" "Intellectual Philosophy;" "Notes on the Principles and Practices of the Baptists;" "Discourse on the Life and Character of Hon. Nicholas Brown;" "Sermons to the Churches;" "Priesthood and Clergy Unknown to Christianity."

WILLIAM B. SPRAGUE. — 1795. "Letters to a Daughter;" "Letters from Europe;" "Lectures to Young People;" "Lectures on Revivals;" "Hints on Christian Intercourse;" "Contrast between True and False Religion;" "Life of Edward Dorr Griffin;" "Life of President Dwight;" "Aids to Early Religion;" "Words to a Young Man's Conscience;" "Letters to Young Men;" "European Celebrities;" "Annals of the American Pulpit," — invaluable volumes of their kind.

EDWARD ROBINSON. — 1794. "Lexicon of New Testament;" "Biblical Researches in Palestine," four vols.; "Harmony of the Four Gospels in Greek;" "Harmony of the Four Gospels in English." Works of much learning and patient research.

JOHN GORHAM PALFREY. — 1796. "Evidences of Christianity," two vols.; "Lectures on the Hebrew Scriptures," four vols.; "Duties of Private Life;" "Life of William Palfrey;" "A History of New England."

WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING. — 1780–1842. The works of this celebrated divine are published by his nephew in six volumes.

LEONARD BACON, D.D. — Born Feb. 19, 1802, Detroit, Mich. "Thirteen Historical Discourses on the Completion of Two Hundred Years from the Beginning of the First Church in New Haven;" also many addresses, essays, and articles for magazines and papers. A writer of great vigor of thought and expression.

MARK HOPKINS, D.D. — Born Feb. 4, 1802, Stockbridge, Mass. "Lectures on the Evidences of Christianity," 1844; "Miscellaneous Essays and Discourses," 1847.

GEORGE W. BETHUNE, D.D. — Born March 18, 1805, New York. "The Fruits of the Spirit," 1839; "Early Lost, Early Saved," 1846; "Volume of Sermons," 1847; "History of a Penitent, or Guide to an Inquirer," 1847; "Walton Angler," 1848; "Lays of Love and Faith, with other Poems," 1848; "The British Female Poets," 1848; and numerous orations before literary societies.

THEODORE PARKER. — Essays and Sermons.

Rev. ANDREW P. PEABODY, D.D. — Born in Beverly, Mass., 1811. "Lectures on Christian Doctrine," 1844; "Sermons on Consolation," 1847; besides many contributions to "North-American Review" and "Christian Examiner."

Rev. GEORGE B. CHEEVER, D.D. — Born April 17, 1807, Hallowell, Me. This vigorous writer and eloquent preacher has published the following: "American Commonplace Book of Prose," 1828; "American Commonplace Book of Poetry," 1829; "Studies in Poetry, with Sketches of the Poets," 1830; "Selections from Archbishop Leighton, with Introductory Essay," 1832; "God's Hand in America," 1841; "The Argument for Punishment by Death," 1842; "Lectures on Pilgrim's Progress," 1843; "Hierarchical Lectures," 1844; "Wanderings of a Pilgrim in the Shadow of Mont Blanc and the Yungfrau Alp," 1846; "The Journal of the Pilgrims at Plymouth," 1848; "The Hill Difficulty and other Allegories," 1849; "The Windings of the River of the Water of Life," 1849; "Voices of Nature to her Foster-Child, the Soul of Man," 1852; "Reel in a Bottle, or Voyage to the Celestial Country, by an Old Salt," 1853; "Right of the Bible in our Common Schools," 1854; "Lectures on Cowper," 1856; "The Powers of the World to Come," 1856; "God against Slavery," 1857; besides many contributions to papers, periodicals, and reviews.

HORACE BUSHNELL, D.D. — Born in Washington, Conn., 1804. An able and independent thinker in theology. Has published "God in Christ;" "Views of Christian Nurture;" "Christ in Theology;" "Unconscious Influence;" "The Day of Roads;" "Barbarism the First Danger;" "Religious Music;" "Politics under the Law of God;" "Nature and the Supernatural;" "The One System of God;" "Noah Porter;" "The Human Intellect," 1869.

ALBERT BARNES. — 1798. "Notes on New Testament;" "Commentaries on Books of the Old Testament;" many volumes of sermons. Eminent theologian and an indefatigable author.

Among others of note are —

ANDREWS NORTON.
JAMES WALKER.
HENRY WARE, Jun.
LEVI FRISBEE.
J. S. BUCKMINSTER.
GULIAN C. VERPLANCK.
WILLIAM BARROWS.
LYMAN BEECHER.
ARCHIBALD ALEXANDER.
TIMOTHY DWIGHT.
JOHN WITHERSPOON.
JOHN M. MASON.
CHARLES PETTIT MCILVAINE.
FREDERIC H. HEDGE.

SCHOLARS, ESSAYISTS, AND CRITICS.

JOHN JAY, JAMES MADISON, ALEXANDER HAMILTON, were the authors of "The Federalist." Nos. 2, 3, 4, 5, 54, were written by Jay; 10, 14, 37 to 38 inclusive, by Madison; 18, 19, 20, by Madison and Hamilton; the rest, sixty-three in all, by Hamilton. Political essays of highest ability.

JOHN MARSHALL. — 1755–1835. The eminent Chief Justice of the United States. "Life of Washington," five vols.; "History of the American Colonies;" "The Federal Constitution."

LINDLEY MURRAY. — 1745–1826. Born in Swatora, near Lancaster, Penn. Author of the famous English Grammar, and Reader; also an Introduction and a Sequel to the Reader.

THOMAS JEFFERSON. — 1743–1826. Author of "The Declaration of Independence;" "Notes on Virginia."

FRANCIS HOPKINSON. — 1737–1791. Author of several pieces of excellent wit and satire.

NOAH WEBSTER. — 1758–1843. "Spelling-Book;" "English Grammar;" and "Dictionary." It is a little strange that the best dictionary of the English language should have been made by an American. Begun in 1807; published in 1828. In addition to this magnificent monument to his name, he has left various political essays.

WILLIAM SULLIVAN. — 1774–1839. "The Political Class-Book;" "The Moral Class-Book;" "Historical Class-Book;" "Historical Causes and Effects, from Fall of Roman Empire, 476, to Reformation, 1517;" "The Public Men of the Revolution, including Events from Peace of 1783 to Peace of 1815, in a Series of Letters."

WILLIAM WIRT. — 1722–1834. "The British Spy;" "The Old Bachelor;" "Life of Patrick Henry."

WILLIAM TUDOR. — 1779–1830. Founder of "The North-American Review;" "Letters on the Eastern States;" "Miscellanies;" "Life of James Otis."

JOSEPH DENNIE. — 1768–1812. Established, in 1800, "The Portfolio."

THOMAS PAINE. — 1736–1809. Author of "Common Sense;" "Rights of Man," in answer to Burke's "Reflections;" "The Age of Reason;" and several political tracts.

JOSEPH T. BUCKINGHAM. — 1779. One of the first and ablest journalists of New England. Four volumes of "Personal Memoirs;" "Anecdotes and Recollections of Editorial Life."

WILLIAM JAY. — 1789–1858. "The Life and Writings of John Jay," two vols. "An Inquiry into the Character and Tendency of the American Colonization and American Antislavery Societies;" "A View of the Action of the Federal Government in Behalf of Slavery;" "Miscellaneous Writings on Slavery;" "History of the Mexican War;" all written with candor and charity.

ALEXANDER H. EVERETT. — "Europe;" "America;" "New Ideas on Population;" "Critical and Miscellaneous Essays," two vols. His writings are principally of a political character, but of high literary merit.

HENRY REED. — Born July 11, 1808, Philadelphia, Penn. Drowned in the steamship "Arctic," Sept. 27, 1854. "Lectures on English Literature, from Chaucer to Tennyson;" "Lectures on the British Poets," two vols.; "Lectures on English History and Tragic Poetry, as illustrated by Shakspeare;" "Two Lectures on the History of the American Union."

JOSEPH E. WORCESTER. — The celebrated lexicographer; resided in Cambridge, Mass. His quarto dictionary is an enduring monument of his industry and philological learning.

RUFUS WILMOT GRISWOLD. — Born 1815, Benson, Vt.; died 1857. "Poets and Poetry of America," 1842; "Prose-Writers of America;" "The Female Poets of America," 1848; "The Curiosities of American Literature;" "The Poets and Poetry of England in the Nineteenth Century;" and several other volumes.

HENRY THEODORE TUCKERMAN. — Born April 20, 1813, Boston, Mass. "Artist-Life, or Sketches of American Painters;" "The Italian Sketch-Book;" "The Optimist Essays;" "Rambles and Reveries;" "Sicily, a Pilgrimage;" "Thoughts on the Poets;" "Characteristics of Literature;" "Memorial of Greenough the Sculptor;" "Leaves from the Diary of a Dreamer;" "Biographical Essays;" and a volume of Poems, all genial and graceful.

MARGARET FULLER D'OSSOLI. — 1810–1850. "Summer on the Lakes;" "Woman in the Nineteenth Century," herself one of the ablest.

GEORGE STILLMAN HILLARD. — Born Sept. 22, 1808, Machias, Me. "Six Months in Italy;" valuable articles to principal American reviews; and an excellent series of Readers.

JOSIAH GILBERT HOLLAND. — Born July 24, 1819, Belchertown, Mass. Editor of "Springfield Republican;" is well known as the author of "Timothy Titcomb's Letters to Young People," 1858 (humorous and satirical); "Bitter-Sweet;" and "The Bay Path."

EDWIN P. WHIPPLE. — Born March 8, 1819, Gloucester, Mass. Has published two volumes of "Essays and Reviews," and "Lectures on Subjects connected with Literature and Life;" all of much value for their terse, vigorous style, and keen analysis.

BAYARD TAYLOR. — Born Jan. 11, 1825, Kennet Square, Chester County, Penn. Has published several interesting books of travel; "Views Afoot;" "Rhymes of Travel;" "A Journey to Central Africa;" "The Lands of the Saracens;" "India, China, and Japan;" "Northern Travel;" "Poems of the Orient;" "Poems of Home and Travel;" "The Lawson Tragedy," 1870.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS. — Born 1824, Providence, R.I. A brilliant and popular writer and orator; is now editor of "Harper's Monthly." Published in 1850 "Nile-Notes of a Howadji;" 1852, "The Howadji in Syria;" and "Lotus-Eating," a summer book. "The Potiphar Papers" were very popular satirical sketches of society.

C. C. FELTON.
HORACE MANN.
E. E. HALE.
HENRY D. THOREAU.
JOHN RUSSELL BARTLETT.
CATHERINE BEECHER.
HENRY BELLOWS.
SARAH STICKNEY.
CALEB CUSHING.
GEORGE T. CURTIS.
H. F. TUCKERMAN.
CHARLES ANTHON.
HENRY BARNARD.
ORESTES A. BROWNSON.
GEORGE BURGESS.
ELIHU BURRITT.
MARY H. EASTMAN.
THOMAS H. BENTON.
CHARLES D. CLEVELAND.
WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

WRITERS OF FICTION.

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER. — 1789–1851. This celebrated American novelist was born in Burlington, N.J. Besides his novels named in the list below, he has published a "History of the United-States Navy;" "Gleanings in Europe;" "Sketches of Switzerland;" and other smaller works.

LIST OF NOVELS.

"Precaution," 1821; "The Spy," 1821; "The Pioneers," 1823; "The Pilot," 1823; "Lionel Lincoln," 1825; "Last of the Mohicans," 1826; "Red Rover," 1827; "The Prairie," 1827; "Traveling Bachelor," 1828; "Wept of Wish-ton-Wish," 1829; "The Water-Witch," 1830; "The Bravo," 1831; "The Heidenmauer," 1832; "The Headsman," 1833; "The Monikins," 1835; "Homeward Bound," 1838; "Home as Found," 1838; "The Pathfinder," 1840; "Mercedes of Castile," 1840; "The Deerslayer," 1841; "The Two Admirals," 1842; "Wing-and-Wing," 1842; "Ned Myers," 1843; "Wyandotte," 1843; "Afloat and Ashore," 1844; "Miles Wallingford," 1844; "The Chainbearer," 1845; "Satanstoe," 1845; "The Red-Skins," 1846; "The Crater," 1847; "Jack Tier," 1848; "Oak-Openings," 1848; "The Sea Lions," 1849; "The Ways of the Hour," 1850.

THE CAPTURE OF A WHALE.

"TOM," cried Barnstable, starting, "there is the blow of a whale!"

"Ay, ay, sir!" returned the cockswain with undisturbed com-

posure: "here is his spout, not half a mile to seaward. The easterly gale has driven the creater to leeward; and he begins to find himself in shoal water. He's been sleeping while he should have been working to windward."

"The fellow takes it coolly too. He's in no hurry to get an offing."

"I rather conclude, sir," said the cockswain, rolling over his tobacco in his mouth very composedly, while his little sunken eyes began to twinkle with pleasure at the sight, "the gentleman has lost his reckoning, and don't know which way to head to take himself back into blue water."

"'Tis a fin-back!" exclaimed the lieutenant. "He will soon make headway, and be off."

"No, sir; 'tis a right whale," answered Tom: "I saw his spout. He threw up a pair of as pretty rainbows as a Christian would wish to look at. He's a raal oil-butt, that fellow!"

Barnstable laughed, and exclaimed in joyous tones, —

"Give strong way, my hearties! There seems nothing better to be done: let us have a stroke of a harpoon at that impudent rascal."

The men shouted spontaneously; and the old cockswain suffered his solemn visage to relax into a small laugh, while the whale-boat sprang forward like a courser for the goal. During the few minutes they were pulling toward their game, Long Tom arose from his crouching attitude in the stern-sheets, and transferred his huge frame to the bows of the boat, where he made such preparation to strike the whale as the occasion required. The tub, containing about half of a whale-line, was placed at the feet of Barnstable, who had been preparing an oar to steer with in place of the rudder, which was unshipped, in order, that, if necessary, the boat might be whirled round when not advancing.

Their approach was utterly unnoticed by the monster of the deep, who continued to amuse himself with throwing the water in two circular spouts high into the air; occasionally flourishing the broad flukes of his tail with graceful but terrific force until the hardy seamen were within a few hundred feet of him, when he suddenly cast his head downwards, and, without apparent effort, reared his immense body for many feet above the water, waving his tail violently, and producing a whizzing noise that sounded like the rushing of winds. The cockswain stood erect, poising his harpoon, ready for the blow; but, when he beheld the creature assuming this formidable attitude, he waved his hand to his commander, who instantly signed to his men to cease rowing. In this situation the sportsman rested a few moments; while the whale struck several blows on the water in rapid succession, the noise of which re-echoed along the cliffs like the hollow reports

of so many cannon. After this wanton exhibition of his terrible strength, the monster sank again into his native element, and slowly disappeared from the eyes of his pursuers.

"Which way did he head, Tom?" cried Barnstable the moment the whale was out of sight.

"Pretty much up and down, sir," returned the cockswain, whose eye was gradually brightening with the excitement of the sport. "He'll soon run his nose against the bottom if he stands long on that course, and will be glad to get another snuff of pure air. Send her a few fathoms to starboard, sir, and I promise we shall not be out of his track."

The conjecture of the experienced old seaman proved true; for in a few minutes the water broke near them, and another spout was cast into the air, when the huge animal rushed for half his length in the same direction, and fell on the sea with a turbulence and foam equal to that which is produced by the launching of a vessel for the first time into its proper element. After this evolution, the whale rolled heavily, and seemed to rest from further efforts.

His slightest movements were closely watched by Barnstable and his cockswain; and, when he was in a state of comparative rest, the former gave a signal to his crew to ply their oars once more. A few long and vigorous strokes sent the boat directly up to the broadside of the whale, with its bows pointing towards one of the fins, which was at times, as the animal yielded sluggishly to the action of the waves, exposed to view. The cockswain poised his harpoon with much precision, and then darted it from him with a violence that buried the iron in the body of their foe. The instant the blow was made, Long Tom shouted with singular earnestness, —

"Starn, all!"

"Stern, all!" echoed Barnstable; when the obedient seamen, by united efforts, forced the boat in a backward direction, beyond the reach of any blow from their formidable antagonist. The alarmed animal, however, meditated no such resistance. Ignorant of his own power, and of the insignificance of his enemies, he sought refuge in flight. One moment of stupid surprise succeeded the entrance of the iron; when he cast his huge tail into the air with a violence that threw the sea around him into increased commotion, and then disappeared with the quickness of lightning amid a cloud of foam.

"Snub him!" shouted Barnstable. "Hold on, Tom! he rises already."

"Ay, ay, sir!" replied the composed cockswain, seizing the line, which was running out of the boat with a velocity that rendered such a maneuver rather hazardous, and causing it to yield more

gradually round the large loggerhead that was placed in the bows of the boat for that purpose. Presently the line stretched forward; and, rising to the surface with tremulous vibrations, it indicated the direction in which the animal might be expected to re-appear. Barnstable had cast the bows of the boat towards that point before the terrified and wounded victim rose once more to the surface, whose time was, however, no longer wasted in his sports, but who cast the waters aside as he forced his way with prodigious velocity along their surface. The boat was dragged violently in his wake, and cut through the billows with a terrific rapidity, that at moments appeared to bury the slight fabric in the ocean. When Long Tom beheld his victim throwing his spouts on high again, he pointed with exultation to the jetting fluid, which was streaked with the deep red of blood, and cried, —

"Ay, I've touched the fellow's life! It must be more than two foot of blubber that stops my iron from reaching the life of any whale that ever sculled the ocean."

"I believe you have saved yourself the trouble of using the bayonet you have rigged for a lance," said his commander, who entered into the sport with all the ardor of one whose youth had been chiefly passed in such pursuits. "Feel your line, Master Coffin: can we haul alongside of our enemy? I like not the course he is steering, as he tows us from the schooner."

"'Tis the creater's way, sir," said the cockswain. "You know they need the air in their nostrils when they run, the same as a man. But lay hold, boys, and let us haul up to him."

The seamen now seized their whale-line, and slowly drew their boat to within a few feet of the tail of the fish, whose progress became sensibly less rapid as he grew weak with the loss of blood. In a few minutes he stopped running, and appeared to roll uneasily on the water, as if suffering the agony of death.

"Shall we pull in and finish him, Tom?" cried Barnstable. "A few sets from your bayonet would do it."

The cockswain stood examining his game with cool discretion, and replied to this interrogatory, —

"No, sir! no! He's going into his flurry: there's no occasion for disgracing ourselves by using a soldier's weapon in taking a whale. Starn off, sir! starn off! the creater's in his flurry."

The warning of the prudent cockswain was promptly obeyed; and the boat cautiously drew off to a distance, leaving to the animal a clear space while under its dying agonies. From a state of perfect rest, the terrible monster threw its tail on high as when in sport; but its blows were trebled in rapidity and violence, till all was hid from view by a pyramid of foam that was deeply dyed with blood. The roarings of the fish were like the bellowings of a herd of bulls; and, to one who was ignorant of the fact,

it would have appeared as if a thousand monsters were engaged in deadly combat behind the bloody mist that obstructed the view. Gradually these efforts subsided; and, when the discolored water again settled down to the long and regular swell of the ocean, the fish was seen exhausted, and yielding passively to its fate. As life departed, the enormous black mass rolled to one side; and, when the white and glistening skin of the belly became apparent, the seamen well knew that their victory was achieved.

THE WRECK OF "THE ARIEL."

"Go, my boys, go!" said Barnstable, as the moment of dreadful uncertainty passed: "you have still the whale-boat; and she, at least, will take you nigh the shore. Go into her, my boys! God bless you, God bless you all! You have been faithful and honest fellows; and I believe he will not yet desert you. Go, my friends, while there is a lull!"

The seamen threw themselves in a mass of human bodies into the light vessel, which nearly sunk under the unusual burden; but, when they looked around them, Barnstable and Merry, Dillon and the cockswain, were yet to be seen on the decks of "The Ariel." The former was pacing, in deep and perhaps bitter melancholy, the wet planks of the schooner; while the boy hung unheeded on his arm, uttering disregarded petitions to his commander to desert the wreck. Dillon approached the side where the boat lay, again and again; but the threatening countenances of the seamen as often drove him back in despair. Tom had seated himself on the heel of the bowsprit, where he continued in an attitude of quiet resignation, returning no other answers to the loud and repeated calls of his shipmates than by waving his hand towards the shore.

"Now, hear me," said the boy, urging his request to tears: "if not for my sake or for your own sake, Mr. Barnstable, or for the hopes of God's mercy, go into the boat for the love of my cousin Katherine."

The young lieutenant paused in his troubled walk; and for a moment he cast a glance of hesitation at the cliffs: but at the next instant his eyes fell on the ruin of his vessel; and he answered, —

"Never, boy, never! If my hour has come, I will not shrink from my fate."

"Listen to the men, dear sir: the boat will be swamped alongside the wreck; and their cry is, that, without you, they will not let her go."

Barnstable motioned to the boat to bid the boy enter it, and turned away in silence.

"Well," said Merry with firmness, "if it be right that a lieutenant shall stay by the wreck, it must also be right for a midshipman. Shove off: neither Mr. Barnstable nor myself will quit the vessel."

"Boy, your life has been intrusted to my keeping, and at my hands will it be required," said his commander, lifting the struggling youth, and tossing him into the arms of the seamen. "Away with ye! and God be with you! There is more weight in you now than can go safe to land."

Still the seamen hesitated: for they perceived the cockswain moving with a steady tread along the deck; and they hoped he had relented, and would yet persuade the lieutenant to join his crew. But Tom, imitating the example of his commander, seized the latter suddenly in his powerful grasp, and threw him over the bulwarks with an irresistible force. At the same moment, he cast the fast of the boat from the pin that held it; and, lifting his broad hands high into the air, his voice was heard in the tempest.

"God's will be done with me!" he cried. "I saw the first timber of 'The Ariel' laid, and shall live just long enough to see it turn out of her bottom; after which I wish to live no longer."

But his shipmates were swept far beyond the sounds of his voice before half these words were uttered. All command of the boat was rendered impossible by the numbers it contained, as well as the raging of the surf; and, as it rose on the white crest of a wave, Tom saw his beloved little craft for the last time. It fell into a trough of the sea; and in a few moments more its fragments were ground into splinters on the adjacent rocks. The cockswain still remained where he had cast off the rope, and beheld the numerous heads and arms that appeared rising at short intervals on the waves: some making powerful and well-directed efforts to gain the sands, that were becoming visible as the tide fell; and others wildly tossed in the frantic movements of helpless despair. The honest old seaman gave a cry of joy as he saw Barnstable issue from the surf, bearing the form of Merry in safety to the sands, where, one by one, several seamen soon appeared also, dripping and exhausted. Many others of the crew were carried in a similar manner to places of safety; though, as Tom returned to his seat on the bowsprit, he could not conceal from his reluctant eyes the lifeless forms that were, in other spots, driven against the rocks with a fury that soon left them but few of the outward vestiges of humanity.

Dillon and the cockswain were now the sole occupants of their dreadful station. The former stood in a kind of stupid despair, a witness of the scene we have related; but, as his curdled blood began again to flow more warmly through his heart, he crept close to the side of Tom with that sort of selfish feeling that makes

even hopeless misery more tolerable when endured in participation with another.

"When the tide falls," he said in a voice that betrayed the agony of fear, though his words expressed the renewal of hope, "we shall be able to walk to land."

"There was One, and only One, to whose feet the waters were the same as a dry deck," returned the cockswain; "and none but such as have this power will ever be able to walk from these rocks to the sands." The old seaman paused; and turning his eyes, which exhibited a mingled expression of disgust and compassion, on his companion, he added with reverence, "Had you thought more of him in fair weather, your case would be less to be pitied in this tempest."

"Do you still think there is much danger?" asked Dillon.

"To them that have reason to fear death. Listen! Do you hear that hollow noise beneath ye?"

"'Tis the wind driving by the vessel."

"'Tis the poor thing herself," said the affected cockswain, "giving her last groans. The water is breaking up her decks; and, in a few minutes more, the handsomest model that ever cut a wave will be like the chips that fell from her timbers in framing."

"Why, then, did you remain here?" cried Dillon wildly.

"To die in my coffin, if it should be the will of God," returned Tom. "These waves to me are what the land is to you: I was born on them, and I have always meant that they should be my grave."

"But I — I," shrieked Dillon, — "I am not ready to die! — I can not die! — I will not die!"

"Poor wretch!" muttered his companion. "You must go, like the rest of us. When the death-watch is called, none can skulk from the muster."

"I can swim," Dillon continued, rushing with frantic eagerness to the side of the wreck. "Is there no billet of wood, no rope, that I can take with me?"

"None: every thing has been cut away, or carried off by the sea. If ye are about to strive for your life, take with ye a stout heart and a clean conscience, and trust the rest to God."

"God!" echoed Dillon in the madness of his frenzy: "I know no God! There is no God that knows me!"

"Peace!" said the deep tones of the cockswain in a voice that seemed to speak in the elements; "blasphemer, peace!"

The heavy groaning produced by the water in the timbers of "The Ariel," at that moment added its impulse to the raging feelings of Dillon; and he cast himself headlong into the sea.

The water thrown by the rolling of the surf on the beach was

necessarily returned to the ocean in eddies, in different places favorable to such an action of the element. Into the edge of one of these counter-currents, that was produced by the very rocks on which the schooner lay, and which the watermen call the "under-tow," Dillon had, unknowingly, thrown his person; and, when the waves had driven him a short distance from the wreck, he was met by a stream that his most desperate efforts could not overcome. He was a light and powerful swimmer; and the struggle was hard and protracted. With the shore immediately before his eyes, and at no great distance, he was led, as by a false phantom, to continue his efforts, although they did not advance him a foot. The old seaman, who at first had watched his motions with careless indifference, understood the danger of his situation at a glance; and, forgetful of his own fate, he shouted aloud, in a voice that was driven over the struggling victim to the ears of his shipmates on the sands, —

"Sheer to port, and clear the under-tow! — sheer to the southward!"

Dillon heard the sounds; but his faculties were too much obscured by terror to distinguish their object: he, however, blindly yielded to the call, and gradually changed his direction, until his face was once more turned toward the vessel. The current swept him diagonally by the rocks; and he was forced into an eddy, where he had nothing to contend against but the waves, whose violence was much broken by the wreck. In this state he continued still to struggle, but with a force that was too much weakened to overcome the resistance he met. Tom looked around him for a rope; but not one presented itself to his hands: all had gone over with the spars, or been swept away by the waves. At this moment of disappointment, his eyes met those of the desperate Dillon. Calm, and inured to horrors, as was the veteran seaman, he involuntarily passed his hand before his brow as if to exclude the look of despair he encountered; and when, a moment afterwards, he removed the rigid member, he beheld the sinking form of the victim as it gradually settled in the ocean, still struggling, with regular but impotent strokes of the arms and feet, to gain the wreck, and to preserve an existence that had been so much abused in its hour of allotted probation.

"He will soon know his God, and learn that his God knows him," murmured the cockswain to himself. As he yet spoke, the wreck of "The Ariel" yielded to an overwhelming sea; and, after a universal shudder, her timbers and planks gave way, and were swept towards the cliffs, bearing the body of the simple-hearted cockswain among the ruins.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE. — Born June 14, 1812, Litchfield, Conn. Daughter of Rev. Lyman Beecher, D.D., and sister of Rev. Henry Ward Beecher.

Mrs. Stowe's most remarkable work is "Uncle Tom's Cabin, or Life among the Lowly," first published in numbers (weekly) in "The National Era," in book-form, in 1852. Its great popularity is shown by the copies sold; no single production ever having equaled it. Translated into all languages, dramatized in twenty different forms, its sales were reckoned by millions instead of by thousands. Her writings, not wanting in deep pathos, originality of thought, and knowledge of human nature, are yet more distinguished for their vigorous common sense.

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SCENES FROM THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP.

THE dull red glow of a wood-fire — for no lamp or candle burnt within the room — showed him a figure, seated on the hearth with its back towards him, bending over the fitful light. The attitude was that of one who sought the heat. It was, and yet was not. The stooping posture and the cowering form were there; but no hands were stretched out to meet the grateful warmth, no shrug or shiver compared its luxury with the piercing cold outside. With limbs huddled together, head bowed down, arms crossed upon the breast, and fingers tightly clinched, it rocked to and fro upon its seat without a moment's pause, accompanying the action with the mournful sound he had heard.

The heavy door had closed behind him on his entrance with a crash that made him start. The figure neither spoke, nor turned to look, nor gave in any other way the faintest sign of having heard the noise. The form was that of an old man, his white head akin in color to the moldering embers upon which he gazed. He, and the failing light and dying fire, the time-worn room, the solitude, the wasted life, and gloom, were all in fellowship, — ashes and dust and ruin!

Kit tried to speak, and did pronounce some words; though what they were he scarcely knew. Still the same terrible low cry went on; still the same rocking in the chair; the same

* Charles Dickens died suddenly, June 9, 1870; and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

stricken figure was there, unchanged, and heedless of his presence.

He had his hand upon the latch, when something in the form — distinctly seen as one log broke and fell, and, as it fell, blazed up — arrested it. He returned to where he had stood before; advanced a pace — another — another still. Another, and he saw the face. Yes! changed as it was, he knew it well.

"Master!" he cried, stooping on one knee, and catching at his hand, — "dear master! Speak to me!"

The old man turned slowly toward him, and muttered in a hollow voice, —

"This is another! How many of these spirits there have been to-night!"

"No spirit, master; no one but your old servant. You know me now, I am sure? Miss Nell — where is she? where is she?"

"They all say that!" cried the old man. "They all ask the same question. A spirit!"

"Where is she?" demanded Kit. "Oh! tell me but that, — but that, dear master!"

"She is asleep — yonder — in there."

"Thank God!"

"Ay, thank God!" returned the old man. "I have prayed to him many and many and many a livelong night when she has been asleep, he knows. Hark! Did she call?"

"I heard no voice."

"You did. You hear her now. Do you tell me that you don't hear *that?*"

He started up, and listened again.

"Nor that?" he cried with a triumphant smile. "Can anybody know that voice so well as I? Hush! hush!"

Motioning to him to be silent, he stole away into another chamber. After a short absence (during which he could be heard to speak in a softened, soothing tone), he returned, bearing in his hand a lamp.

"She is still asleep!" he whispered. "You were right. She did not call, unless she did so in her slumber. She has called to me in her sleep before now, sir. As I have sat by, watching, I have seen her lips move; and have known, though no sound came from them, that she spoke of me. I feared the light might dazzle her eyes and wake her: so I brought it here.

He spoke rather to himself than to the visitor; but, when he had put the lamp upon the table, he took it up, as if impelled by some momentary recollection or curiosity, and held it near his face. Then, as if forgetting his motive in the very action, he turned away, and put it down again.

"She is sleeping soundly," he said; "but no wonder. Angel-

hands have strewn the ground deep with snow, that the lightest footstep may be lighter yet; and the very birds are dead, that they may not wake her. She used to feed them, sir. Though never so cold and hungry, the timid things would fly from us. They never flew from her!"

Again he stopped to listen, and, scarcely drawing breath, listened for a long, long time. That fancy past, he opened an old chest, took out some clothes as fondly as if they had been living things, and began to smooth and brush them with his hand.

"Why dost thou lie so idle there, dear Nell," he murmured, "when there are bright red berries out of doors waiting for thee to pluck them? Why dost thou lie so idle there, when thy little friends come creeping to the door, crying, 'Where is Nell, sweet Nell?' and sob and weep because they do not see thee? She was always gentle with children. The wildest would do her bidding. She had a tender way with them; indeed she had."

Kit had no power to speak. His eyes were filled with tears.

"Her little homely dress, her favorite," cried the old man, pressing it to his breast, and patting it with his shriveled hand. "She will miss it when she wakes. They have hid it here in sport: but she shall have it; she shall have it. I would not vex my darling for the wide world's riches. See here, — these shoes, how worn they are! She kept them to remind her of our last long journey. You see where the little feet went bare upon the ground. They told me afterwards that the stones had cut and bruised them. *She* never told me that. No, no, God bless her! And I have remembered since, she walked behind me, sir, that I might not see how lame she was; but yet she had my hand in hers, and seemed to lead me still."

He pressed them to his lips, and, having carefully put them back again, went on communing with himself, looking wistfully from time to time towards the chamber he had lately visited.

"She was not wont to be a lie-abed; but she was well then. We must have patience. When she is well again, she will rise early, as she used to do, and ramble abroad in the healthy morning-time. I often tried to track the way she had gone; but her small footstep left no print upon the dewy ground to guide me. Who is that? Shut the door. Quick! Have we not enough to to do to drive away that marble cold, and keep her warm?"

The door was indeed opened for the entrance of Mr. Garland and his friend, accompanied by two other persons. These were the schoolmaster and the bachelor. The former held a light in his hand. He had, it seemed, but gone to his own cottage to replenish the exhausted lamp at the moment when Kit came up and found the old man alone.

He softened again at sight of these two friends, and, laying

aside the angry manner (if to any thing so feeble and so sad the term can be applied) in which he had spoken when the door opened, resumed his former seat, and subsided by little and little into the old action, and the old, dull, wandering sound.

Of the strangers he took no heed whatever. He had seen them, but appeared quite incapable of interest or curiosity. The younger brother stood apart. The bachelor drew a chair towards the old man, and sat down close beside him. After a long silence, he ventured to speak.

"Another night, and not in bed?" he said softly. "I hoped you would be more mindful of your promise to me. Why do you not take some rest?"

"Sleep has left me," returned the old man. "It is all with her."

"It would pain her very much to know that you were watching thus," said the bachelor. "You would not give her pain?"

"I am not so sure of that, if it would only rouse her. She has slept so very long! And yet I am rash to say so. It is a good and happy sleep, eh?"

"Indeed it is!" returned the bachelor; "indeed, indeed, it is!"

"That's well. And the waking?" faltered the old man.

"Happy too, — happier than tongue can tell, or heart of man conceive."

They watched him as he rose and stole on tiptoe to the other chamber where the lamp had been replaced. They listened as he spoke again within its silent walls. They looked into the faces of each other; and no man's cheek was free from tears. He came back, whispering that she was still asleep, but that he thought she had moved. It was her hand, he said, — a little, a very, very little; but he was pretty sure she had moved it, — perhaps in seeking his. He had known her do that before now, though in the deepest sleep the while. And, when he had said this, he dropped into his chair again, and, clasping his hands above his head, uttered a cry never to be forgotten.

The poor schoolmaster motioned to the bachelor that he would come on the other side, and speak to him. They gently unlocked his fingers, which he had twisted in his gray hair, and pressed them in their own.

"He will hear me," said the schoolmaster, "I am sure. He will hear either me or you if we beseech him. She would at all times."

"I will hear any voice she liked to hear," cried the old man. "I love all she loved."

"I know you do," returned the schoolmaster: "I am certain of it. Think of her; think of all the sorrows and afflictions you have shared together, of all the trials and all the peaceful pleasures you have jointly known."

"I do; I do. I think of nothing else."

"I would have you think of nothing else to-night, — of nothing but those things which will soften your heart, dear friend, and open it to old affections and old times. It is so that she would speak to you herself; and in her name it is that I speak now."

"You do well to speak softly," said the old man. "We will not wake her. I should be glad to see her eyes again, and to see her smile. There is a smile upon her young face now; but it is fixed and changeless. I would have it come and go. That shall be in Heaven's good time. We will not wake her."

"Let us not talk of her in her sleep, but as she used to be when you were journeying together, far away; as she was at home, in the old house from which you fled together; as she was in the old cheerful time," said the schoolmaster.

"She was always cheerful, very cheerful," cried the old man, looking steadfastly at him. "There was ever something mild and quiet about her, I remember, from the first; but she was of a happy nature."

"We have heard you say," pursued the schoolmaster, "that in this, and in all goodness, she was like her mother. You can think of and remember her?"

He maintained his steadfast look, but gave no answer.

"Or even one before her?" said the bachelor. "It is many years ago, and affliction makes the time longer; but you have not forgotten her whose death contributed to make this child so dear to you, even before you knew her worth, or could read her heart? Say that you could carry back your thoughts to very distant days, — to the time of your early life, when, unlike this fair flower, you did not pass your youth alone. Say that you could remember, long ago, another child who loved you dearly; you being but a child yourself. Say that you had a brother, long forgotten, long unseen, long separated from you, who now at last, in your utmost need, came back to comfort and console you" —

"To be to you what you were once to him," cried the younger, falling on his knee before him; "to repay your old affection, brother dear, by constant care, solicitude, and love; to be, at your right hand, what he has never ceased to be when oceans rolled between us; to call to witness his unchanging truth, and mindfulness of bygone days, — whole years of desolation. Give me but one word of recognition, brother; and never — no, never in the brightest moment of our youngest days, when, poor silly boys, we thought to pass our lives together — have we been half as dear and precious to each other as we shall be from this time hence."

The old man looked from face to face, and his lips moved; but no sound came from them in reply.

"If we were knit together then," pursued the younger brother, "what will be the bond between us now! Our love and fellowship began in childhood, when life was all before us; and will be resumed when we have proved it, and are but children at the last. As many restless spirits who have hunted fortune, fame, or pleasure, through the world, retire in their decline to where they first drew breath, vainly seeking to be children once again before they die; so we, less fortunate than they in early life, but happier in its closing scenes, will set up our rest again among our boyish haunts, and going home with no hope realized that had its growth in manhood, carrying back nothing that we brought away but our old yearnings to each other, saving no fragment from the wreck of life but that which first endeared it, may be, indeed, but children as at first. And even," he added in an altered voice, — "even if what I dread to name has come to pass, — even if that be so, or is to be, (which Heaven forbid and spare us!) still, dear brother, we are not apart, and have that comfort in our great affliction."

By little and little, the old man had drawn back towards the inner chamber while these words were spoken. He pointed there as he replied with trembling lips, —

"You plot among you to wean my heart from her. You never will do that; never while I have life! I have no relative or friend but her; I never had; I never will have. She is all in all to me. It is too late to part us now."

Waving them off with his hand, and calling softly to her as he went, he stole into the room. They who were left behind drew close together, and, after a few whispered words (not unbroken by emotion, or easily uttered), followed him. They moved so gently, that their footsteps made no noise; but there were sobs from among the group, and sounds of grief and mourning.

For she was dead. There, upon her little bed, she lay at rest. The solemn stillness was no marvel now.

She was dead. No sleep so beautiful and calm, so free from trace of pain, so fair to look upon. She seemed a creature fresh from the hand of God, and waiting for the breath of life; not one who had lived, and suffered death.

Her couch was dressed with here and there some winter-berries and green leaves gathered in a spot she had been used to favor. "When I die, put near me something that has loved the light, and had the sky above it always." Those were her words.

She was dead. Dear, gentle, patient, noble Nell was dead. Her little bird, a poor slight thing the pressure of a finger would have crushed, was stirring nimbly in its cage; and the strong heart of its child-mistress was mute and motionless for ever.

Where were the traces of her early cares, her sufferings, and

fatigues? All gone. Sorrow was dead indeed in her; but peace and perfect happiness were born, imaged in her tranquil beauty and profound repose.

And still her former self lay there, unaltered in this change. Yes; the old fireside had smiled upon that same sweet face; it had passed, like a dream, through haunts of misery and care. At the door of the poor schoolmaster on the summer evening, before the furnace-fire upon the cold, wet night, at the still bedside of the dying boy, there had been the same mild, lovely look. So shall we know the angels in their majesty after death.

The old man held one languid arm in his, and had the small hand tight folded to his breast for warmth. It was the hand she had stretched out to him with her last smile, — the hand that led him on through all their wanderings. Ever and anon, he pressed it to his lips; then hugged it to his breast again, murmuring that it was warmer now; and, as he said it, he looked in agony to those who stood around, as if imploring them to help her.

She was dead, and past all help, or need of it. The ancient rooms she had seemed to fill with life, even while her own was waning fast; the garden she had tended; the eyes she had gladdened; the noiseless haunts of many a thoughtful hour; the paths she had trodden as it were but yesterday, — could know her never more.

"It is not," said the schoolmaster, as he bent down to kiss her on the cheek, and gave his tears free vent, — "it is not on earth that Heaven's justice ends. Think what earth is compared with the world to which her young spirit has winged its early flight; and say, if one deliberate wish expressed in solemn terms above this bed could call her back to life, which of us would utter it?"

SCENES FROM "PICKWICK."

THE DILEMMA.

Mr. Pickwick's apartments in Goswell Street, although on a limited scale, were not only of a very neat and comfortable description, but peculiarly adapted for the residence of a man of his genius and observation. His sitting-room was the first floor front; his bed-room was the second floor front; and thus, whether he was sitting at his desk in the parlor, or standing before the dressing-glass in his dormitory, he had an equal opportunity of contemplating human nature in all the numerous phases it exhibits in that not more populous than popular thoroughfare.

His landlady, Mrs. Bardell, — the relict and sole executrix of

a deceased custom-house officer, — was a comely woman of bustling manners and agreeable appearance, with a natural genius for cooking, improved by study and long practice into an exquisite talent. There were no children, no servants, no fowls. The only other inmates of the house were a large man and a small boy, — the first a lodger, the second a production of Mrs. Bardell's. The large man was always at home precisely at ten o'clock at night, at which hour he regularly condensed himself into the limits of a dwarfish French bedstead in the back parlor; and the infantine sports and gymnastic exercises of Master Bardell were exclusively confined to the neighboring pavements and gutters. Cleanliness and quiet reigned throughout the house; and in it Mr. Pickwick's will was law.

To any one acquainted with these points of the domestic economy of the establishment, and conversant with the admirable regulation of Mr. Pickwick's mind, his appearance and behavior on the morning previous to that which had been fixed upon for the journey to Eatansvill would have been most mysterious and unaccountable. He paced the room to and fro with hurried steps, popped his head out of the window at intervals of about three minutes each, constantly referred to his watch, and exhibited many other manifestations of impatience very unusual with him. It was evident that something of great importance was in contemplation; but what that something was, not even Mrs. Bardell herself had been enabled to discover.

"Mrs. Bardell," said Mr. Pickwick at last, as that amiable female approached the termination of a prolonged dusting of the apartment. "Sir," said Mrs. Bardell. "Your little boy is a very long time gone." — "Why, it's a good long way to the borough, sir," remonstrated Mrs. Bardell. "Ah!" said Mr. Pickwick, "very true: so it is." Mr. Pickwick relapsed into silence; and Mrs. Bardell resumed her dusting.

"Mrs. Bardell," said Mr. Pickwick at the expiration of a few minutes. "Sir," said Mrs. Bardell again. "Do you think it's a much greater expense to keep two people than to keep one?" — "La, Mr. Pickwick!" said Mrs. Bardell, coloring up to the very border of her cap as she fancied she observed a species of matrimonial twinkle in the eyes of her lodger, — "la, Mr. Pickwick, what a question!" — "Well, but *do* you?" inquired Mr. Pickwick. "That depends," said Mrs. Bardell, approaching the duster very near to Mr. Pickwick's elbow, which was planted on the table, — "that depends a good deal upon the person, you know, Mr. Pickwick; and whether it's a saving and careful person, sir." — "That's very true," said Mr. Pickwick. "But the person I have in my eye (here he looked very hard at Mrs. Bardell), I think, possesses these qualities; and has, moreover, a considerable

knowledge of the world, and a great deal of sharpness, Mrs. Bardell, which may be of material use to me."

"La, Mr. Pickwick!" said Mrs. Bardell, the crimson rising to her cap-border again. "I do," said Mr. Pickwick, growing energetic, as was his wont in speaking of a subject which interested him, — "I do indeed; and to tell you the truth, Mrs. Bardell, I have made up my mind." — "Dear me, sir!" exclaimed Mrs. Bardell. "You'll think it not very strange now," said the amiable Mr. Pickwick with a good-humored glance at his companion, "that I never consulted you about this matter, and never mentioned it till I sent your little boy out this morning, eh?"

Mrs. Bardell could only reply by a look. She had long worshiped Mr. Pickwick at a distance; but here she was, all at once, raised to a pinnacle to which her wildest and most extravagant hopes had never dared to aspire. Mr. Pickwick was going to propose: a deliberate plan too, — sent her little boy to the borough to get him out of the way. How thoughtful! how considerate! "Well," said Mr. Pickwick, "what do you think?" — "O Mr. Pickwick!" said Mrs. Bardell, trembling with agitation, "you're very kind, sir." — "It will save you a great deal of trouble, won't it?" said Mr. Pickwick. "Oh! I never thought any thing of the trouble, sir," replied Mrs. Bardell; "and, of course, I should take more trouble to please you then than ever: but it is so kind of you, Mr. Pickwick, to have so much consideration for my loneliness!"

"Ah! to be sure," said Mr. Pickwick: "I never thought of that. When I am in town, you'll always have somebody to sit with you. To be sure, so you will." — "I'm sure I ought to be a very happy woman," said Mrs. Bardell. "And your little boy," said Mr. Pickwick. "Bless his heart!" interposed Mrs. Bardell with a maternal sob. "He, too, will have a companion," resumed Mr. Pickwick; "a lively one, who'll teach him, I'll be bound, more tricks in a week than he would ever learn in a year." And Mr. Pickwick smiled placidly.

"Oh, you dear!" said Mrs. Bardell. Mr. Pickwick started. "Oh, you kind, good, playful dear!" said Mrs. Bardell; and, without more ado, she rose from her chair, and flung her arms round Mr. Pickwick's neck with a cataract of tears and a chorus of sobs. "Bless my soul!" cried the astonished Mr. Pickwick. "Mrs. Bardell, my good woman! — dear me, what a situation! — pray, consider. Mrs. Bardell, don't — if anybody should come" — "Oh! let them come," exclaimed Mrs. Bardell frantically. "I'll never leave you, dear, kind, good soul!" and with these words Mrs. Bardell clung the tighter.

"Mercy upon me!" said Mr. Pickwick struggling violently. "I hear somebody coming up the stairs. Don't, don't, there's a

good creature, don't!" But entreaty and remonstrance were alike unavailing: for Mrs. Bardell had fainted in Mr. Pickwick's arms; and, before he could gain time to deposit her on a chair, Master Bardell entered the room, ushering in Mr. Tupman, Mr. Winkle, and Mr. Snodgrass. Mr. Pickwick was struck motionless and speechless. He stood with his lovely burden in his arms, gazing vacantly on the countenances of his friends, without the slightest attempt at recognition or explanation. They, in their turn, stared at him; and Master Bardell, in his turn, stared at everybody.

The astonishment of the Pickwickians was so absorbing, and the perplexity of Mr. Pickwick was so extreme, that they might have remained in exactly the same relative situation until the suspended animation of the lady was restored, had it not been for a most beautiful and touching expression of filial affection on the part of her youthful son. Clad in a tight suit of corduroy, spangled with brass buttons of a very considerable size, he at first stood at the door astounded and uncertain: but, by degrees, the impression that his mother must have suffered some personal damage pervaded his partially-developed mind; and, considering Mr. Pickwick the aggressor, he set up an appalling and semi-earthly kind of howling, and, butting forward with his head, commenced assailing that immortal gentleman about the back and legs with such blows and pinches as the strength of his arm and the violence of his excitement allowed.

"Take this little villain away!" said the agonized Mr. Pickwick: "he's mad!" — "What *is* the matter?" said the three tongue-tied Pickwickians. "I don't know," replied Mr. Pickwick pettishly. "Take away the boy!" (here Mr. Winkle carried the interesting boy, screaming and struggling, to the farther end of the apartment:) "now help me to lead this woman down stairs." — "Oh! I'm better now," said Mrs. Bardell faintly. "Let me lead you down stairs," said the ever-gallant Mr. Tupman. "Thank you, sir, thank you!" exclaimed Mrs. Bardell hysterically. And down stairs she was led accordingly, accompanied by her affectionate son.

"I can not conceive," said Mr. Pickwick when his friend returned, — "I can not conceive what has been the matter with that woman. I had merely announced to her my intention of keeping a man-servant, when she fell into the extraordinary paroxysm in which you found her. Very extraordinary thing." — "Very," said his three friends. "Placed me in such an extremely awkward situation!" continued Mr. Pickwick. "Very," was the reply of his followers, as they coughed slightly, and looked dubiously at each other.

This behavior was not lost upon Mr. Pickwick. He remarked

their incredulity. They evidently suspected him. "There is a man in the passage now," said Mr. Tupman. "It's the man that I spoke to you about," said Mr. Pickwick: "I sent for him to the borough this morning. Have the goodness to call him up, Snodgrass."

SPEECH OF SERJEANT BUZFUZ.

"You heard from my learned friend, gentlemen of the jury, that this is an action for a breach of promise of marriage, in which the damages are laid at fifteen hundred pounds. The plaintiff, gentlemen, is a widow; yes, gentlemen, a widow. The late Mr. Bardell, some time before his death, became the father, gentlemen, of a little boy. With this little boy, the only pledge of her departed exciseman, Mrs. Bardell shrank from the world, and courted the retirement and tranquillity of Goswell Street; and here she placed in her front-parlor window a written placard bearing this inscription: 'APARTMENTS FURNISHED FOR A SINGLE GENTLEMAN. INQUIRE WITHIN.'

"Mrs. Bardell's opinions of the opposite sex, gentlemen, were derived from a long contemplation of the inestimable qualities of her lost husband. She had no fear; she had no distrust, — all was confidence and reliance. 'Mr. Bardell,' said the widow, 'was a man of honor; Mr. Bardell was a man of his word; Mr. Bardell was no deceiver; Mr. Bardell was once a single gentleman himself. To single gentlemen I look for protection, for assistance, comfort, and consolation; in single gentlemen I shall perpetually see something to remind me of what Mr. Bardell was when he first won my young and untried affections; to a single gentleman, then, shall my lodgings be let.'

"Actuated by this beautiful and touching impulse (among the best impulses of our imperfect nature, gentlemen), the lonely and desolate widow dried her tears, furnished her first floor, caught her innocent boy to her maternal bosom, and put the bill up in her parlor-window. Did it remain there long? No. The serpent was on the watch; the train was laid; the mine was preparing; the sapper and miner was at work! Before the bill had been in the parlor-window three days, — three days, gentlemen, — a being, erect upon two legs, and bearing all the outward semblance of a man, and not of a monster, knocked at the door of Mrs. Bardell's house. He inquired within; he took the lodgings; and, on the very next day, he entered into possession of them. This man was Pickwick, — Pickwick, the defendant!

"Of this man I will say little. The subject presents but few attractions; and I, gentlemen, am not the man, nor are you, gentlemen, the men, to delight in the contemplation of revolting

heartlessness and of systematic villainy. I say, 'systematic villainy,' gentlemen; and, when I say 'systematic villainy,' let me tell the defendant Pickwick, if he be in court (as I am informed he is), that it would have been more decent in him, more becoming, if he had stopped away. Let me tell him, further, that a counsel, in the discharge of his duty, is neither to be intimidated, nor bullied, nor put down; and that any attempt to do either the one or the other will recoil on the head of the attempter, be he plaintiff, or be he defendant; be his name Pickwick or Noakes or Stoakes or Stiles or Brown or Thompson.

"I shall show you, gentlemen, that, for two years, Pickwick continued to reside constantly, and without interruption or intermission, at Mrs. Bardell's house. I shall show you that Mrs. Bardell, during the whole of that time, waited on him; attended to his comforts; cooked his meals; looked out his linen for the washerwoman when it went abroad; darned, aired, and prepared it for wear when it came home; and, in short, enjoyed his fullest trust and confidence. I shall show you, that, on many occasions, he gave half-pence, and on some occasions even sixpence, to her little boy. I shall prove to you, that on one occasion, when he returned from the country, he distinctly and in terms offered her marriage (previously, however, taking special care that there should be no witnesses to their solemn contract); and I am in a situation to prove to you, on the testimony of three of his own friends, — most unwilling witnesses, gentlemen, — most unwilling witnesses, — that on that morning he was discovered by them holding the plaintiff in his arms, and soothing her agitation by his caresses and endearments.

"And now, gentlemen, but one word more. Two letters have passed between these parties; letters that must be viewed with a cautious and suspicious eye; letters that were evidently intended at the time, by Pickwick, to mislead and delude any third parties into whose hands they might fall. Let me read the first: 'Garraway's, twelve o'clock. Dear Mrs. B. Chops and tomato-sauce. Yours, Pickwick.' Gentlemen, what does this mean? — 'Chops and tomato-sauce. Yours, Pickwick.' Chops (gracious Heavens!) and tomato-sauce! Gentlemen, is the happiness of a sensitive and confiding female to be trifled away by such shallow artifices as these?

"The next has no date whatever, which is in itself suspicious: 'Dear Mrs. B., I shall not be at home to-morrow. Slow coach.' And then follows this very remarkable expression, — 'Don't trouble yourself about the warming-pan.' The 'warming-pan'! Why, gentlemen, who *does* trouble himself about a warming-pan? Why is Mrs. Bardell so earnestly entreated not to agitate herself about this warming-pan, unless (as is no doubt the case) it is a mere

cover for hidden fire, — a mere substitute for some endearing word or promise, agreeably to a preconcerted system of correspondence, artfully contrived by Pickwick with a view to his contemplated desertion? And what does this allusion to the slow coach mean? For aught I know, it may be a reference to Pickwick himself, who has most unquestionably been a criminally slow coach during the whole of this transaction, but whose speed will now be very unexpectedly accelerated, and whose wheels, gentlemen, as he will find to his cost, will very soon be greased, by you.

"But enough of this, gentlemen. It is difficult to smile with an aching heart. My client's hopes and prospects are ruined; and it is no figure of speech to say that her occupation is gone indeed. The bill is down; but there is no tenant. Eligible single gentlemen pass and repass; but there is no invitation for them to inquire within or without. All is gloom and silence in the house. Even the voice of the child is hushed: his infant sports are disregarded when his mother weeps.

"But Pickwick, gentlemen, Pickwick, the ruthless destroyer of this domestic oasis in the desert of Goswell Street, — Pickwick, who has choked up the well, and thrown ashes on the sward, — Pickwick, who comes before you to-day with his heartless tomato-sauce and warming-pans, — Pickwick still rears his head with unblushing effrontery, and gazes without a sigh on the ruin he has made. Damages, gentlemen, heavy damages, is the only punishment with which you can visit him, — the only recompense you can award to my client; and for those damages she now appeals to an enlightened, a high-minded, a right-feeling, a conscientious, a dispassionate, a sympathizing, a contemplative jury of her civilized countrymen."

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

1811–1863.

Artist as well as author, he has painted human nature exactly as he saw it. With wit and humor, expressed in excellent English, he ruthlessly exposed the shams and hypocrisies of fashionable society, and, for a time, about equally divided popular favor with Dickens as a novelist. We select from his lectures "Charity and Humor," which admirably represents the man; but the style of the distinguished novelist must be learned by reading his

PRINCIPAL PRODUCTIONS.

"Vanity Fair;" "Pendennis;" "The Newcomes;" "The Virginians;" "The Adventures of Philip;" "Henry Esmond;" "Lovel the Widower;" "Miscellanies," five vols.

CHARITY AND HUMOR.

SEVERAL charitable ladies of this city, to some of whom I am under great personal obligation, having thought that a lecture of mine would advance a benevolent end which they had in view, I have preferred, in place of delivering a discourse, which many of my hearers no doubt know already, upon a subject merely literary or biographical, to put together a few thoughts, which may serve as a supplement to the former lectures, if you like, and which have this, at least, in common with the kind purpose which assembles you here, — that they rise out of the same occasion, and treat of charity.

Besides contributing to our stock of happiness, to our harmless laughter and amusement, to our scorn for falsehood and pretension, to our righteous hatred of hypocrisy, to our education in the perception of truth, our love of honesty, our knowledge of life, and shrewd guidance through the world, have not our humorous writers, our gay and kind week-day preachers, done much in support of that holy cause which has assembled you in this place, and which you are all abetting? — the cause of love and charity; the cause of the poor, the weak, and the unhappy; the sweet mission of love and tenderness, and peace and good-will toward men. That same theme which is urged upon you by the eloquence and example of good men to whom you are delighted listeners on sabbath days is taught in his way, and according to his power, by the humorous writer, the commentator on every-day life and manners.

And as you are here assembled for a charitable purpose, giving your contributions at the door to benefit deserving people who need them without, I like to hope and think that the men of our calling have done something in aid of the cause of charity, and have helped with kind words and kind thoughts, at least, to confer happiness and to do good.

If the humorous writers claim to be week-day preachers, have they conferred any benefit by their sermons? Are people happier, better, better disposed to their neighbors, more inclined to do works of kindness, to love, forbear, forgive, pity, after reading in Addison, in Steele, in Fielding, in Goldsmith, in Hood, in Dickens? I hope and believe so, and fancy, that, in writing, they are also acting charitably; contributing, with the means which Heaven supplies them, to forward the end which brings you, too, together. A love of the human species is a very vague and indefinite kind of virtue, sitting very easily on a man, not confining his actions at all, shining in print, or exploding in paragraphs; after which efforts of benevolence, the philanthropist is

sometimes said to go home, and be no better than his neighbors. Tartuffe and Joseph Surface, Stiggins and Chadband, who are always preaching fine sentiments, and are no more virtuous than hundreds of those whom they denounce and whom they cheat, are fair objects of mistrust and satire; but their hypocrisy (the homage, according to the old saying, which vice pays to virtue) has this of good in it, — that its fruits are good. A man may preach good morals, though he may be himself but a lax practitioner: a Pharisee may put pieces of gold into the charity-plate out of mere hypocrisy and ostentation; but the bad man's gold feeds the widow and fatherless as well as the good man's. The butcher and baker must needs look, not to motives, but to money, in return for their wares. I am not going to hint that we of the literary calling resemble Monsieur Tartuffe or Monsieur Stiggins; though there may be such men in our body, as there are in all.

A literary man of the humoristic turn is pretty sure to be of a philanthropic nature; to have a great sensibility; to be easily moved to pain or pleasure; keenly to appreciate the varieties of temper of people round about him, and sympathize in their laughter, love, amusement, tears. Such a man is philanthropic, man-loving, by nature, as another is irascible or red-haired or six feet high. And so I would arrogate no particular merit to literary men for the possession of this faculty of doing good, which some of them enjoy. It costs a gentleman no sacrifice to be benevolent on paper; and the luxury of indulging in the most beautiful and brilliant sentiments never makes any man a penny the poorer. A literary man is no better than another, as far as my experience goes; and a man writing a book, no better nor no worse than one who keeps accounts in a ledger, or follows any other occupation. Let us, however, give him credit for the good, at least, which he is the means of doing, as we give credit to a man with a million for the hundred which he puts into the plate at a charity-sermon. He never misses them: he has made them in a moment, by a lucky speculation; and parts with them, knowing that he has an almost endless balance at his bank, whence he can call for more. But, in esteeming the benefaction, we are grateful to the benefactor too, somewhat. And so of men of genius, richly endowed, and lavish in parting with their mind's wealth: we may view them at least kindly and favorably, and be thankful for the bounty of which Providence has made them the dispensers.

I have said myself somewhere, I do not know with what correctness (for definitions never are complete), that humor is wit and love: I am sure, at any rate, that the best humor is that which contains most humanity, — that which is flavored throughout with tenderness and kindness. This love does not demand con-

stant utterance or actual expression; as a good father, in conversation with his children or wife, is not perpetually embracing them, or making protestations of his love; as a lover in the society of his mistress is not, at least as far as I am led to believe, for ever squeezing her hand, or sighing in her ear, "My soul's darling, I adore you!" He shows his love by his conduct, by his fidelity, by his watchful desire to make the beloved person happy. It lightens from his eyes when she appears, though he may not speak it; it fills his heart when she is present or absent; influences all his words and actions; suffuses his whole being. It sets the father cheerily to work through the long day; supports him through the tedious labor of the weary absence or journey; and sends him happy home again, yearning towards the wife and children. This kind of love is not a spasm, but a life. It fondles and caresses at due seasons, no doubt; but the fond heart is always beating fondly and truly, though the wife is not sitting hand in hand with him, or the children hugging at his knee. And so with a loving humor. I think it is a genial writer's habit of being; it is the kind, gentle spirit's way of looking out on the world, — that sweet friendliness which fills his heart and his style. You recognize it, even though there may not be a single point of wit or a single pathetic touch in the page, though you may not be called upon to salute his genius by a laugh or a tear. That collision of ideas which provokes the one or the other must be occasional. They must be like papa's embraces, which I spoke of anon, who only delivers them now and then, and can not be expected to go on kissing the children all night. And so the writer's jokes and sentiment, his ebullitions of feeling, his outbreaks of high spirits, must not be too frequent. One tires of a page of which every sentence sparkles with points; of a sentimentalist who is always pumping the tears from his eyes or your own. One suspects the genuineness of the tear, the naturalness of the humor: these ought to be true and manly in a man, as every thing else in his life should be manly and true; and he loses his dignity by laughing or weeping out of place, or too often.

When the Rev. Laurence Sterne begins to sentimentalize over the carriage in Monsieur Dessein's courtyard, and pretends to squeeze a tear out of a rickety old shandrydan; when, presently, he encounters the dead donkey on his road to Paris, and snivels over that asinine corpse, — I say, "Away, you drivelling quack! do not palm off these grimaces of grief upon simple folks who know no better, and cry, misled by your hypocrisy." Tears are sacred. The tributes of kind hearts to misfortune, the mites which gentle souls drop into the collections made for God's poor and unhappy, are not to be tricked out of them by a whimpering hypocrite

handing round a begging-box for your compassion, and asking your pity for a lie. When that same man tells me of Lefévre's illness and Uncle Toby's charity, of the noble at Rennes coming home and reclaiming his sword, I thank him for the generous emotion, which, springing genuinely from his own heart, has caused mine to admire benevolence, and sympathize with honor, and to feel love and kindness and pity.

If I do not love Swift (as, thank God! I do not, however immensely I may admire him), it is because I revolt from the man who placards himself as a professional hater of his own kind; because he chisels his savage indignation on his tombstone, as if to perpetuate his protest against being born of our race, — the suffering, the weak, the erring, the wicked, if you will, but still the friendly, the loving children of God our Father: it is because, as I read through Swift's dark volumes, I never find the aspect of Nature seems to delight him, the smiles of children to please him, the sight of wedded love to soothe him. I do not remember, in any line of his writing, a passing allusion to a natural scene of beauty. When he speaks about the families of his comrades and brother-clergymen, it is to assail them with gibes and scorn, and to laugh at them brutally for being fathers and for being poor. He does mention in the journal to Stella a sick child, to be sure, a child of Lady Masham, that was ill of the small-pox; but then it is to confound the brat for being ill, and the mother for attending to it when she should have been busy about a court intrigue in which the dean was deeply engaged. And he alludes to a suitor of Stella's, and a match she might have made, and would have made, very likely, with an honorable and faithful and attached man, Tisdall, who loved her; and of whom Swift speaks, in a letter to this lady, in language so foul, that you would not bear to hear it. In treating of the good the humorists have done, of the love and kindness they have taught and left behind them, it is not of this one I dare speak. Heaven help the lonely misanthrope! be kind to that multitude of sins, with so little charity to cover them.

Of Mr. Congreve's contributions to the English stock of benevolence, I do not speak; for, of any moral legacy to posterity, I doubt whether that brilliant man ever thought at all. He had some money, as I have told; every shilling of which he left to his friend the Duchess of Marlborough, a lady of great fortune and the highest fashion. He gave the gold of his brains to persons of fortune and fashion too. There is no more feeling in his comedies than in as many books of Euclid. He no more pretends to teach love for the poor, and good-will for the unfortunate, than a dancing-master does: he teaches pirouettes and flic-flacs, and how to bow to a lady,

and to walk a minuet. In his private life, Congreve was immensely liked, — more so than any man of his age, almost, — and, to have been so liked, must have been kind and good-natured. His good nature bore him through extreme bodily ills and pain with uncommon cheerfulness and courage. Being so gay, so bright, so popular, such a grand seigneur, be sure he was kind to those about him, generous to his dependants, serviceable to his friends. Society does not like a man so long as it liked Congreve, unless he is likable; it finds out a quack very soon; it scorns a poltroon or a curmudgeon. We may be certain that this man was brave, good-tempered, and liberal. So, very likely, is Monsieur Pirouette, of whom we spoke: he cuts his capers, he grins, bows, and dances to his fiddle. In private, he may have a hundred virtues; in public, he teaches dancing. His business is cotillons, not ethics.

As much may be said of those charming and lazy epicureans, Gay and Prior, — sweet lyric singers, comrades of Anacreon, and disciples of love and the bottle. "Is there any moral shut within the bosom of a rose?" sings our great Tennyson. Does a nightingale preach from a bough, or the lark from his cloud? Not knowingly; yet we may be grateful, and love larks and roses, and the flower-crowned minstrels too, who laugh and who sing.

Of Addison's contributions to the charity of the world, I have spoken before in trying to depict that noble figure, and say now, as then, that we should thank him as one of the greatest benefactors of that vast and immeasurably spreading family which speaks our common tongue. Wherever it is spoken, there is no man that does not feel and understand and use the noble English word "gentleman." And there is no man that teaches us to be gentlemen better than Joseph Addison, — gentle in our bearing through life; gentle and courteous to our neighbors; gentle in dealing with his follies and weaknesses; gentle in treating his opposition; deferential to the old; kindly to the poor, and those below us in degree (for people above us and below us we must find, in whatever hemisphere we dwell, whether kings or presidents govern us): and in no republic or monarchy that I know of is a citizen exempt from the tax of befriending poverty and weakness, of respecting age, and of honoring his father and mother.

It has just been whispered to me, — I have not been three months in the country, and, of course, can not venture to express an opinion of my own, — that, in regard to paying this latter tax of respect and honor to age, some very few of the republican youths are occasionally a little remiss. I have heard of young sons of freedom publishing their Declaration of Independence before they could well spell it, and cutting the connection

between father and mother before they had learned to shave. My own time of life having been stated by various enlightened organs of public opinion at almost any figure from forty-five to sixty, I cheerfully own that I belong to the Fogy interest, and ask leave to rank in, and plead for, that respectable class. Now, a gentleman can but be a gentleman in Broadway or the backwoods, in Pall-Mall or California; and where and whenever he lives, thousands of miles away in the wilderness, or hundreds of years hence, I am sure that reading the writings of this true gentleman, this true Christian, this noble Joseph Addison, must do him good. He may take Sir Roger de Coverley to the diggings with him, and learn to be gentle and good-humored and urbane and friendly in the midst of that struggle in which his life is engaged. I take leave to say, that the most brilliant youth of this city may read over this delightful memorial of a bygone age, of fashions long passed away, of manners long since changed and modified, of noble gentlemen, and a great and a brilliant and polished society, and find in it much to charm and polish, to refine and instruct him, — a courteousness which can be out of place at no time, and under no flag; a politeness and simplicity; a truthful manhood; a gentle respect and deference, which may be kept as the unbought grace of life, and cheap defence of mankind, long after its old artificial distinctions, after periwigs and small-swords, and ruffles and red-heeled shoes, and titles and stars and garters, have passed away. I will tell you when I have been put in mind of two of the finest gentlemen books bring us any mention of; I mean our books (not books of history, but books of humor); I will tell you when I have been put in mind of the courteous gallantry of the noble knight Sir Roger de Coverley of Coverley Manor, of the noble Hidalgo Don Quixote of La Mancha, — here in your own omnibus-carriages and railway-cars, when I have seen a woman step in, handsome or not, well-dressed or not, and a workman in hobnail shoes, or a dandy in the hight of the fashion, rise up and give her his place. I think Mr. Spectator, with his short face, if he had seen such a deed of courtesy, would have smiled a sweet smile to the doer of that gentleman-like action, and have made him a low bow from under his great periwig, and have gone home and written a pretty paper about him.

I am sure Dick Steele would have hailed him, were he dandy or mechanic, and asked him to a tavern to share a bottle, or perhaps half a dozen. Mind, I do not set down the five last flasks to Dick's score for virtue, and look upon them as works of the most questionable supererogation.

Steele, as a literary benefactor to the world's charity, must rank very high indeed; not merely from his givings, which were

abundant, but because his endowments are prodigiously increased in value since he bequeathed them, as the revenues of the lands bequeathed to our Foundling Hospital at London, by honest Capt. Coram, its founder, are immensely enhanced by the houses since built upon them. Steele was the founder of sentimental writing in English; and how the land has been since occupied! and what hundreds of us have laid out gardens and built up tenements on Steele's ground! Before his time, readers or hearers were never called upon to cry except at a tragedy; and compassion was not expected to express itself otherwise than in blank verse, or for personages much lower in rank than a dethroned monarch, or a widowed or a jilted empress. He stepped off the high-heeled cothurnus, and came down into common life; he held out his great hearty arms, and embraced us all; he had a bow for all women, a kiss for all children, a shake of the hand for all men, high or low; he showed us heaven's sun shining every day on quiet homes, — not gilded palace-roofs only, or court processions, or heroic warriors fighting for princesses and pitched battles. He took away comedy from behind the fine lady's alcove, or the screen where the libertine was watching her. He ended all that wretched business of wives jeering at their husbands; of rakes laughing wives, and husbands too, to scorn. That miserable, rouged, tawdry, sparkling, hollow-hearted comedy of the Restoration fled before him, and, like the wicked spirit in the fairy-books, shrank, as Steele let the daylight in, and shrieked and shuddered and vanished. The stage of humorists has been common life ever since Steele's and Addison's time, — the joys and griefs, the aversions and sympathies, the laughter and tears, of Nature.

And here, coming off the stage, and throwing aside the motley habit or satiric disguise in which he had before entertained you, mingling with the world, and wearing the same coat as his neighbors, the humorist's service became straightway immensely more available, his means of doing good infinitely multiplied, his success, and the esteem in which he was held, proportionately increased. It requires an effort, of which all minds are not capable, to understand Don Quixote: children and common people still read Gulliver for the story merely. Many more persons are sickened by Jonathan Wyld than can comprehend the satire of it. Each of the great men who wrote those books was speaking from behind the satiric mask I anon mentioned. Its distortions appall many simple spectators; its settled sneer or laugh is unintelligible to thousands, who have not the wit to interpret the meaning of the visored satirist preaching from within. Many a man was at fault about Jonathan Wyld's greatness, who could feel and relish Allworthy's goodness in Tom Jones, and Dr.

Harrison's in Amelia, and dear Parson Adams, and Joseph Andrews. We love to read — we may grow ever so old, but we love to read of them still — of love and beauty, of frankness and bravery and generosity. We hate hypocrites and cowards; we long to defend oppressed innocence, and to soothe and succor gentle women and children; we are glad when vice is foiled, and rascals punished; we lend a foot to kick Blifil down stairs; and, as we attend the brave bridegroom to his wedding on the happy marriage-day, we ask the groomsman's privilege to salute the blushing cheek of Sophia.

A lax morality in many a vital point I own in Fielding; but a great hearty sympathy and benevolence, a great kindness for the poor, a great gentleness and pity for the unfortunate, a great love for the pure and good, — these are among the contributions to the charity of the world with which this erring but noble creature endowed it.

As for Goldsmith, if the youngest and most unlettered person here has not been happy with the family at Wakefield; has not rejoiced when Olivia returned, and been thankful for her forgiveness and restoration; has not laughed with delighted good humor over Moses' gross of green spectacles; has not loved with all his heart the good vicar, and that kind spirit which created these charming figures, and devised the beneficent fiction which speaks to us so tenderly, — what call is there for me to speak? In this place, and on this occasion, remembering these men, I claim from you your sympathy for the good they have done, and for the sweet charity which they have bestowed on the world.

As for the charities of Mr. Dickens, multiplied kindnesses which he has conferred upon us all, upon our children, upon people educated and uneducated, upon the myriads here and at home who speak our common tongue, — have not you, have not I, all of us, reason to be thankful to this kind friend, who soothed and charmed so many hours; brought pleasure and sweet laughter to so many homes; made such multitudes of children happy; endowed us with such a sweet store of gracious thoughts, fair fancies, soft sympathies, hearty enjoyments? There are creations of Mr. Dickens's which seem to me to rank as personal benefits, — figures so delightful, that one feels happier and better for knowing them, as one does for being brought into the society of very good men and women. The atmosphere in which these people live is wholesome to breathe in; you feel that to be allowed to speak to them is a personal kindness; you come away better for your contact with them; your hands seem cleaner from having the privilege of shaking theirs. Was there ever a better charity-sermon preached in the world than Dickens's "Christmas Carol"? I believe it occasioned immense hospitality throughout

England; was the means of lighting up hundreds of kind fires at Christmas time; caused a wonderful outpouring of Christmas good-feeling, of Christmas punch-brewing, an awful slaughter of Christmas turkeys, and roasting and basting of Christmas beef. As for this man's love of children, that amiable organ at the back of his honest head must be perfectly monstrous. All children ought to love him. I know two that do, and read his books ten times for once that they peruse the dismal preachments of their father. I know one, who, when she is happy, reads "Nicholas Nickleby;" when she is unhappy, reads "Nicholas Nickleby;" when she is in bed, reads "Nicholas Nickleby;" when she has nothing to do, reads "Nicholas Nickleby;" and, when she has finished the book, reads "Nicholas Nickleby" over again. This candid young critic, at ten years of age, said, "I like Mr. Dickens's books much better than your books, papa;" and frequently expressed her desire that the latter author should write a book like one of Mr. Dickens's books. Who can? Every man must say his own thoughts in his own voice, in his own way: lucky is he who has such a charming gift of Nature as this, which brings all the children in the world trooping to him, and being fond of him!

I remember, when that famous "Nicholas Nickleby" came out, seeing a letter from a pedagogue in the north of England, which, dismal as it was, was immensely comical. "Mr. Dickens's ill-advised publication," wrote the poor schoolmaster, "has passed like a whirlwind over the schools of the north." He was a proprietor of a cheap school: Dotheboys Hall was a cheap school. There were many such establishments in the northern counties. Parents were ashamed, that never were ashamed before, until the kind satirist laughed at them; relatives were frightened; scores of little scholars were taken away; poor schoolmasters had to shut their shops up; every pedagogue was voted a Squeers (and many suffered, no doubt, unjustly): but afterwards school-boys' backs were not so much caned; school-boys' meat was less tough, and more plentiful; and school-boys' milk was not so sky-blue. What a kind light of benevolence it is that plays round Crummles and the Phenomenon, and all those poor theater-people, in that charming book! What a humor! and what a good humor! I coincide with the youthful critic whose opinion has just been mentioned, and own to a family admiration for "Nicholas Nickleby."

One might go on, though the task would be endless and needless, chronicling the names of kind folks with whom this kind genius has made us familiar. Who does not love the Marchioness and Mr. Richard Swiveller? Who does not sympathize, not only with Oliver Twist, but his admirable young friend the Artful Dodger? Who has not the inestimable advantage of possessing

a Mrs. Nickleby in his own family? Who does not bless Sairey Gamp, and wonder at Mrs. Harris? Who does not venerate the chief of that illustrious family, who, being stricken by misfortune, wisely and greatly turned his attention to "coals," — the accomplished, the epicurean, the dirty, the delightful Micawber?

I may quarrel with Mr. Dickens's art a thousand and a thousand times: I delight and wonder at his genius; I recognize in it — I speak with awe and reverence — a commission from that Divine Beneficence, whose blessed task we know it will one day be to wipe every tear from every eye. Thankfully I take my share of the feast of love and kindness which this gentle and generous and charitable soul has contributed to the happiness of the world. I take and enjoy my share, and say a benediction for the meal.

OTHER EMINENT ENGLISH NOVELISTS.

Sir EDWARD BULWER LYTTON. — 1805. Politician, orator, and author of great distinction. "Richelieu," "Lady of Lyons," and other plays; "Milton" and "King Arthur," in verse; "The Siamese Twins" and "The New Timon," satires; "The Last Days of Pompeii," "Rienzi," "The Last of the Barons," "The Caxtons," "My Novel," and "What will he Do with It?" "Paul Clifford," "Eugene Aram," and "Falkland."

BENJAMIN DISRAELI. — 1805. Chancellor of the Exchequer under Lord Derby, and Premier in 1868. His brilliant novels have a political character, and give him a high place in English literature. "Vivian Grey," "The Young Duke," "Henrietta Temple," "Contarini Fleming," "Venetia," "The Wondrous Tale of Alroy," "Coningsby," "Sybil," "Tancred," and "Lothair," "Vindication of the English Constitution," "Biography of Lord Bentinck," &c.

CHARLES KINGSLEY. — 1809. "Alton Locke," "Westward Ho!" "Yeast," "Hypatia," "Phæthon," "Alexandria and her Schools," "Glaucus," "Two Years Ago," "Water-Babies," "Saint's Tragedy," "Andromeda," "Miscellanies," "Sermons," "Poems," &c., all of much merit.

FREDERICK MARRYATT. — 1792–1848. Novelist of English sailor-life. "Frank Mildmay," "Newton Forster," "Peter Simple," "Jacob Faithful," "King's Own," "Pasha of Many Tales," "Midshipman Easy," "Snarley Yow," "Poor Jack," "Masterman Ready," and other works, popular of their kind.

G. P. R. JAMES. — 1801–1860. "Richelieu," and a long list of novels.

DOUGLAS JERROLD. — 1803–1857. His writings and conversation were full of genuine wit. "The Caudle Curtain-Lectures," "St. Giles and St. James," and "Story of a Feather," "Black-eyed Susan," "The Rent Day," "Men of Character," "A Man made of Money," "The Chronicles of Clovernook," "The Bubbles of a Day," and "Time works Wonders."

CHARLES LEVER. — 1806. "The Confessions of Harry Lorrequer," "Charles O'Malley," and "Jack Hinton," full of fun and frolic of Irish life; "Roland Cashel," "The Knight of Gwynne," and "The Dodd Family Abroad," and other popular fictions.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE. — 1815. "The Macdermots of Ballycloran," "The Warden," "Barchester Towers," "The West Indies and the Spanish Main," "Framley

Parsonage," "Can You forgive Her?" "The Last Chronicle of Barset," and several other novels of great merit. "Ralph, the Heir," now publishing.

CHARLOTTE BRONTË. — 1816–1855. Better known as "Currer Bell," a novelist of original power, true genius. "The Professor," "Jane Eyre," "Shirley," and "Villette."

WILKIE COLLINS. — 1824. "Life of his Father," "Antonina," "The Frozen Deep," a drama; "The Dead Secret," "No Name," "Basil," "After Dark," "Queen of Hearts," "Woman in White," and others of much popular favor.

GEORGE ELIOT (Miss Evans?). — Very popular author of "Scenes of Clerical Life," "Adam Bede," "The Mill on the Floss," "Silas Warner," "Felix Holt," "Romola," "The Spanish Gypsy," and "How Lisa loved the King."

WILLIAM CARLETON. — 1798. "Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry," "Fardorougha the Miser," "Valentine McClutchy," "Willy Reilly," and others.

WILLIAM H. AINSWORTH. — 1805. "Rockwood," "Jack Sheppard," "The Tower of London," "Old St. Paul's," and "Windsor Castle," of an historical nature.

SAMUEL WARREN. — 1807. "Passages from the Diary of a Late Physician," "Ten Thousand a Year," and others.

DINAH MARIA MULOCK. — 1826. "The Ogilvies," "John Halifax, Gentleman," "Olive," and several others; also volume of poems.

JAMES HANNAY. — 1827. "Singleton Fontenoy," "Eustace Conyers," "Lectures on Satire and Satirists," and "Essays from Quarterly Review."

ELIZABETH GASKELL. — "Mary Barton," and "Life of C. Brontë."

GEORGE GLEIG. — 1796. "The Subaltern," "The Chelsea Pensioners."

SAMUEL LOVER. — 1797. "Rory O'More," "Handy Andy," and Irish songs.

JOHN BANIM. — 1800–1842. "The O'Hara Tales."

ANNE MARSH. — 1798. "Two Old Men's Tales," "Emilia Wyndham."

CATHERINE GORE. — 1799–1861. "Mothers and Daughters;" "Cecil, or the Adventures of a Coxcomb."

GERALD GRIFFIN. — 1803–1840. "The Munster Tales," "The Collegians."

WILLIAM H. MAXWELL. — 1850. "Stories of Waterloo," "Hector O'Halloran."

ANNA M. HALL. — "The Buccaneer," "Marian," "Lights and Shadows of Irish Life."

ALBERT SMITH. — 1816–1860. "Mont Blanc and China," "Christopher Tadpole," and "Mr. Ledbury."

SHIRLEY BROOKS. — 1816. "The Gordian Knot," "Aspen Court," "The Silver Cord," and others.

ANGUS B. REACH. — 1821–1856. "Clement Lorimer," "Leonard Lindsay," "Natural History of Bores and Humbugs," "Claret and Olives."

JAMES GRANT. — 1822. "Romance of War," "Jane Seton," "Memorials of Edinburgh Castle."

GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA. — "Gaslight and Daylight in London," "Hogarth," "Seven Sons of Mammon," and others.

CHARLES READE. — "Peg Woffington," "Christie Johnston," "Never Too Late to Mend," and several others.

THOMAS HUGHES. — "Scouring of the White Horse," "Tom Brown's School-Days," "Tom Brown at Oxford."

FRANK SMEDLEY. — "Frank Fairlegh's Lewis Arundel."

MAYNE REID. — "Scalp-Hunters."

GERALDINE JEWSBURY. — "Zoe," and "Half-Sisters."

Mrs. CATHARINE CROWE. — "Susan Hopley," "The Night-Side of Nature."

And a legion, besides, of modern novelists.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

BORN 1810.

Poet Laureate since 1850. Critics somewhat divided as to his merits. Resembles Longfellow; and equally popular at home and abroad. The first of living English poets.

PRINCIPAL PIECES.

"The May Queen;" "In Memoriam;" "Locksley Hall;" "Maud;" "The Idylls of the King;" "The Princess, a Medley;" "Morte d'Arthur;" "Godiva;" "Enoch Arden;" "The Holy Grail."

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*IN MEMORIAM.**

I.

I HELD it truth, with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things.

But who shall so forecast the years,
And find in loss a gain to match?
Or reach a hand through time to catch
The far-off interest of tears?

Let Love clasp Grief, lest both be drowned;
Let Darkness keep her raven gloss:
Ah! sweeter to be drunk with loss,
To dance with death, to beat the ground,

Than that the victor Hours should scorn
The long result of love, and boast,
"Behold the man that loved and lost!
But all he was is overworn."

II.

OLD Yew, which graspest at the stones
That name the underlying dead,
Thy fibers net the dreamless head;
Thy roots are wrapt about the bones.

The seasons bring the flower again,
And bring the firstling to the flock;
And, in the dusk of thee, the clock
Beats out the little lives of men.

Oh! not for thee the glow, the bloom,
Who changest not in any gale;
Nor branding summer suns avail
To touch thy thousand years of gloom.

* A hundred and thirty short poems in memory of the poet's friend, Arthur H. Hallam.

And gazing on thee, sullen tree,
Sick for thy stubborn hardihood,
I seem to fail from out my blood,
And grow incorporate into thee.

III.

O SORROW, cruel fellowship!
O Priestess in the vaults of Death!
O sweet and bitter in a breath!
What whispers from thy lying lip?

"The stars," she whispers, "blindly run;
A web is woven across the sky;
From out waste places comes a cry,
And murmurs from the dying sun;

"And all the phantom, Nature, stands,
With all the music in her tone,
A hollow echo of my own,—
A hollow form with empty hands."

And shall I take a thing so blind?
Embrace her as my natural good?
Or crush her, like a vice of blood,
Upon the threshold of the mind?

IV.

To Sleep I give my powers away;
My will is bondsman to the dark:
I sit within a helmless bark;
And with my heart I muse, and say,—

"O heart! how fares it with thee now,
That thou shouldst fail from thy desire,
Who scarcely darest to inquire,
'What is it makes me beat so low?'

"Something it is which thou hast lost;
Some pleasure from thine early years.
Break, thou deep vase of chilling tears,
That grief hath shaken into frost!"

Such clouds of nameless trouble cross
All night below the darkened eyes:
With morning wakes the will, and cries,
"Thou shalt not be the fool of loss."

V.

I SOMETIMES hold it half a sin
To put in words the grief I feel;
For words, like Nature, half reveal,
And half conceal, the soul within.

But, for the unquiet heart and brain,
A use in measured language lies;
The sad mechanic exercise,
Like dull narcotics, numbing pain.

In words, like weeds, I'll wrap me o'er,
Like coarsest clothes against the cold;
But that large grief which these infold
Is given in outline, and no more.

VI.

One writes that "other friends remain,"
That "loss is common to the race;"
And common is the commonplace,
And vacant chaff well meant for grain.

That loss is common would not make
My own less bitter; rather more:
Too common! Never morning wore
To evening, but some heart did break.

O father, wheresoe'er thou be,
Who pledgest now thy gallant son!
A shot, ere half thy draught be done,
Hath stilled the life that beat from thee.

O mother, praying God will save
Thy sailor! while thy head is bowed,
His heavy-shotted hammock-shroud
Drops in his vast and wandering grave.

Ye know no more than I who wrought
At that last hour to please him well;
Who mused on all I had to tell,
And something written, something thought:

Expecting still his advent home;
And ever met him on his way
With wishes, thinking, "Here to-day,
Or here to-morrow, will he come."

Oh! somewhere, meek, unconscious dove,
That sittest ranging golden hair,
And glad to find thyself so fair,
Poor child, that waitest for thy love!

For now her father's chimney glows
In expectation of a guest;
And thinking, "This will please him best,"
She takes a ribbon or a rose:

For he will see them on to-night;
(And with the thought her color burns:)
And, having left the glass, she turns
Once more to set a ringlet right;

And, even when she turned, the curse
Had fallen, and her future lord
Was drowned in passing through the ford,
Or killed in falling from his horse.

Oh! what to her shall be the end?
And what to me remains of good?
To her, perpetual maidenhood;
And unto me, no second friend.

VII.

DARK house, by which once more I stand
Here in the long, unlovely street;
Doors, where my heart was used to beat
So quickly, waiting for a hand, —

A hand that can be clasped no more, —
Behold me! for I can not sleep;
And like a guilty thing I creep
At earliest morning to the door.

He is not here: but far away
The noise of life begins again;
And ghastly through the drizzling rain
On the bald street breaks the blank day.

VIII.

A HAPPY lover, who has come
To look on her that loves him well;
Who 'lights, and rings the gateway-bell,
And learns her gone, and far from home;

He saddens; all the magic light
Dies off at once from bower and hall;
And all the place is dark, and all
The chambers emptied of delight:

So find I every pleasant spot
In which we two were wont to meet, —
The field, the chamber, and the street;
For all is dark where thou art not.

Yet as that other, wandering there
In those deserted walks, may find
A flower, beat with rain and wind,
Which once she fostered up with care:

So seems it in my deep regret,
O my forsaken heart! with thee;
And this poor flower of poesy,
Which, little cared for, fades not yet.

But, since it pleased a vanished eye,
I go to plant it on his tomb,
That, if it can, it there may bloom;
Or, dying, there at least may die.

IX.

FAIR ship, that from the Italian shore
Sailest the placid ocean-plains
With my lost Arthur's loved remains,
Spread thy full wings, and waft him o'er.

So draw him home to those that mourn
In vain: a favorable speed
Ruffle thy mirrored mast, and lead
Through prosperous floods his holy urn.

All night no ruder air perplex
Thy sliding keel, till Phosphor, bright
As our pure love, through early light
Shall glimmer on the dewy decks.

Sphere all your lights around, above!
Sleep, gentle heavens! before the prow;
Sleep, gentle winds! as he sleeps now,—
My friend, the brother of my love;

My Arthur, whom I shall not see
Till all my widowed race be run;
Dear as the mother to the son,
More than my brothers are to me.

X.

I HEAR the noise about thy keel;
I hear the bell struck in the night;
I see the cabin-window bright;
I see the sailor at the wheel.

Thou bring'st the sailor to his wife,
And traveled men from foreign lands,
And letters unto trembling hands,
And thy dark freight,—a vanished life.

So bring him. We have idle dreams:
This look of quiet flatters thus
Our home-bred fancies: oh! to us,
The fools of habit, sweeter seems

To rest beneath the clover-sod
That takes the sunshine and the rains,
Or where the kneeling hamlet drains
The chalice of the grapes of God,

Than if with thee the roaring wells
  Should gulf him fathom-deep in brine,
  And hands so often clasped in mine
Should toss with tangle and with shells.

XI.

CALM is the morn, without a sound;
  Calm as to suit a calmer grief;
  And only through the faded leaf
The chestnut pattering to the ground.

Calm and deep peace on this high wold,
  And on these dews that drench the furze,
  And all the silvery gossamers
That twinkle into green and gold.

Calm and still light on yon great plain,
  That sweeps with all its autumn bowers,
  And crowded farms and lessening towers,
To mingle with the bounding main.

Calm and deep peace in this wide air,
  These leaves that redden to the fall;
  And in my heart, if calm at all,
If any calm, a calm despair.

Calm on the seas, and silver sleep,
  And waves that sway themselves in rest;
  And dead calm in that noble breast,
Which heaves but with the heaving deep.

XII.

Lo! as a dove when up she springs
  To bear through heaven a tale of woe, —
  Some dolorous message knit below
The wild pulsations of her wings:

Like her I go; I can not stay;
  I leave this mortal ark behind, —
  A weight of nerves without a mind, —
And leave the cliffs, and haste away

O'er ocean-mirrors rounded large,
  And reach the glow of southern skies,
  And see the sails at distance rise,
And linger weeping on the marge,

And saying, "Comes he thus, my friend?
  Is this the end of all my care?"
  And circle, moaning in the air,
"Is this the end? is this the end?"

And forward dart again, and play
About the prow, and back return
To where the body sits, and learn
That I have been an hour away.

. . . . . .

XVIII.

'Tis well, 'tis something, we may stand
Where he in English earth is laid,
And from his ashes may be made
The violet of his native land.

'Tis little; but it looks in truth
As if the quiet bones were blest,
Among familiar names to rest,
And in the places of his youth.

Come then, pure hands, and bear the head
That sleeps, or wears the mask of sleep;
And come, whatever loves to weep,
And hear the ritual of the dead.

Ah! yet, even yet, if this might be,
I, falling on his faithful heart,
Would, breathing through his lips, impart
The life that almost dies in me, —

That dies not, but endures with pain,
And slowly forms the firmer mind,
Treasuring the look it can not find,
The words that are not heard again.

XIX.

The Danube to the Severn gave
The darkened heart that beat no more:
They laid him by the pleasant shore,
And in the hearing of the wave.

There twice a day the Severn fills;
The salt sea-water passes by,
And hushes half the babbling Wye,
And makes a silence in the hills.

The Wye is hushed, nor moved along;
And hushed my deepest grief of all,
When, filled with tears that can not fall,
I brim with sorrow drowning song.

The tide flows down; the wave again
Is vocal in its wooded walls:
My deeper anguish also falls,
And I can speak a little then.

. . . . . .

XXVII.

I ENVY not in any moods
The captive void of noble rage;
The linnet born within the cage,
That never knew the summer woods:

I envy not the beast that takes
His license in the field of time,
Unfettered by the sense of crime,
To whom a conscience never wakes:

Nor, what may count itself as blest,
The heart that never plighted troth,
But stagnates in the weeds of sloth;
Nor any want-begotten rest.

I hold it true, whate'er befall, —
I feel it when I sorrow most, —
'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all.

. . . . . .

CV.

RING out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light:
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new;
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:
The year is going, — let him go:
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor;
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly-dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness, of the times;
Ring out, ring out, my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right;
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old;
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land;
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

. . . . . .

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

1.

HALF a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death,
Rode the six hundred.
"Forward, the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!" he said.
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

2.

"Forward, the Light Brigade!"
Was there a man dismayed?
Not though the soldier knew
Some one had blundered:
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die.
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

3.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them,
Volleyed and thundered.
Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well:
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell,
Rode the six hundred.

4.

Flashed all their sabers bare,
Flashed as they turned in air,
Sabering the gunners there,

Charging an army, while
All the world wondered:
Plunged in the battery-smoke,
Right through the line they broke;
Cossack and Russian
Reeled from the saber-stroke
Shattered and sundered.
Then they rode back; but not—
Not the six hundred.

5.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them,
Volleyed and thundered:
Stormed at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well
Came through the jaws of Death
Back from the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of them,—
Left of six hundred.

6.

When can their glory fade?
Oh the wild charge they made!
All the world wondered.
Honor the charge they made!
Honor the Light Brigade!—
Noble six hundred!

ODE ON THE DEATH OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

1.

BURY the Great Duke
With an empire's lamentation;
Let us bury the Great Duke
To the noise of the mourning of a mighty nation,—
Mourning when their leaders fall,
Warriors carry the warrior's pall,
And sorrow darkens hamlet and hall.

2.

Where shall we lay the man whom we deplore?
Here, in streaming London's central roar,
Let the sound of those he wrought for,
And the feet of those he fought for,
Echo round his bones for evermore.

3.

Lead out the pageant: sad and slow,
As fits a universal woe,
Let the long, long procession go,
And let the sorrowing crowd about it grow,
And let the mournful martial music blow:
The last great Englishman is low.

4.

Mourn; for to us he seems the last,
Remembering all his greatness in the past.
No more in soldier fashion will he greet
With lifted hand the gazer in the street.
O friends! our chief state-oracle is dead:
Mourn for the man of long-enduring blood,
The statesman-warrior, moderate, resolute,
Whole in himself, a common good;
Mourn for the man of amplest influence,
Yet clearest of ambitious crime,
Our greatest, yet with least pretense, —
Great in council and great in war,
Foremost captain of his time,
Rich in saving common sense,
And, as the greatest only are,
In his simplicity sublime.
O good gray head which all men knew!
O voice from which their omens all men drew!
O iron nerve to true occasion true!
Oh, fallen at length that tower of strength
Which stood four-square to all the winds that blew!
Such was he whom we deplore.
The long self-sacrifice of life is o'er:
The great world-victor's victor will be seen no more.

5.

All is over and done.
Render thanks to the Giver,
England, for thy son;
Let the bell be tolled;
Render thanks to the Giver,
And render him to the mold.
Under the cross of gold
That shines over city and river,
There he shall rest for ever
Among the wise and the bold.
Let the bell be tolled,
And a reverent people behold
The towering car, the sable steeds:
Bright let it be with his blazoned deeds,
Dark in its funeral fold.
Let the bell be tolled;

And a deeper knell in the heart be knolled;
And the sound of the sorrowing anthem rolled
Through the dome of the golden cross;
And the volleying cannon thunder his loss.
He knew their voices of old;
For many a time in many a clime
His captain's ear has heard them boom,
Bellowing victory, bellowing doom;
When he with those deep voices wrought,
Guarding realms and kings from shame;
With those deep voices our dead captain taught
The tyrant, and asserts his claim
In that dread sound to the great name
Which he has worn so pure of blame,
In praise and in dispraise the same,—
A man of well-attempered frame.
O civic Muse! to such a name,
To such a name for ages long,
To such a name,
Preserve a broad approach of fame,
And ever-ringing avenues of song.

6.

"Who is he that cometh, like an honored guest,
With banner and with music, with soldier and with priest,
With a nation weeping, and breaking on my rest?"
"Mighty seaman, this is he
Was great by land as thou by sea.
Thine island loves thee well, thou famous man,—
The greatest sailor since our world began.
Now, to the roll of muffled drums,
To thee the greatest soldier comes;
For this is he
Was great by land as thou by sea.
His foes were thine; he kept us free.
Oh! give him welcome: this is he,
Worthy of our gorgeous rites,
And worthy to be laid by thee;
For this is England's greatest son,—
He that gained a hundred fights,
Nor ever lost an English gun;
This is he, that far away,
Against the myriads of Assaye,
Clashed with his fiery few, and won;
And underneath another sun,
Warring on a later day,
Round affrighted Lisbon drew
The treble works, the vast designs,
Of his labored rampart-lines,
Where he greatly stood at bay;
Whence he issued forth anew,
And ever great and greater grew,

Beating from the wasted vines
Back to France her banded swarms,
Back to France with countless blows,
Till o'er the hills her eagles flew
Past the Pyrenean pines,
Followed up in valley and glen
With blare of bugle, clamor of men,
Roll of cannon, and clash of arms,
And England pouring on her foes:
Such a war had such a close.
Again their ravening eagle rose
In anger, wheeled on Europe-shadowing wings,
And barking for the thrones of kings;
Till one, that sought but Duty's iron crown,
On that loud sabbath shook the spoiler down:
A day of onsets of despair!
Dashed on every rocky square,
Their surging charges foamed themselves away.
Last, the Prussian trumpet blew:
Through the long-tormented air
Heaven flashed a sudden jubilant ray;
And down we swept and charged and overthrew.
So great a soldier taught us there
What long-enduring hearts could do
In that world's-earthquake, Waterloo!
Mighty seaman, tender and true,
And pure as he from taint of craven guile,
O savior of the silver-coasted isle!
O shaker of the Baltic and the Nile!
If aught of things that here befall
Touch a spirit among things divine,
If love of country move thee there at all,
Be glad because his bones are laid by thine
And through the centuries let a people's voice,
In full acclaim, —
A people's voice,
The proof and echo of all human fame, —
A people's voice, when they rejoice
At civic revel and pomp and game, —
Attest their great commander's claim
With honor, honor, honor to him, —
Eternal honor to his name."

7.

A people's voice! We are a people yet.
Though all men else their nobler dreams forget,
Confused by brainless mobs and lawless powers,
Thank Him who isled us here, and roughly set
His Saxon in blown seas and storming showers,
We have a voice with which to pay the debt
Of boundless love and reverence and regret
To those great men who fought, and kept it ours.

And keep it ours, O God! from brute control.
O statesmen! guard us; guard the eye, the soul,
Of Europe; keep our noble England whole,
And save the one true seed of freedom sown
Betwixt a people and their ancient throne,—
That sober freedom out of which there springs
Our loyal passion for our temperate kings:
For, saving that, ye help to save mankind,
Till public wrong be crumbled into dust;
And drill the raw world for the march of mind,
Till crowds at length be sane, and crowns be just.
But wink no more in slothful overtrust.
Remember him who led your hosts:
He bade you guard the sacred coasts.
Your cannons molder on the seaward wall:
His voice is silent in your council-hall
For ever, and, whatever tempests lower,
For ever silent; even if they broke
In thunder, silent: yet remember all
He spoke among you, and the man who spoke;
Who never sold the truth to serve the hour,
Nor paltered with Eternal God for power;
Who let the turbid streams of rumor flow
Through either babbling world of high and low;
Whose life was work, whose language rife
With rugged maxims hewn from life;
Who never spoke against a foe;
Whose eighty winters freeze with one rebuke
All great self-seekers trampling on the right.
Truth-teller was our England's Alfred named;
Truth-lover was our English Duke:
Whatever record leap to light,
He never shall he shamed.

8.

Lo! the leader in these glorious wars
Now to glorious burial slowly borne,
Followed by the brave of other lands,—
He on whom from both her open hands
Lavish Honor showered all her stars,
And affluent Fortune emptied all her horn.
Yea, let all good things await
Him who cares not to be great
But as he saves or serves the State.
Not once or twice in our rough island-story,
The path of duty was the way to glory.
He that walks it, only thirsting
For the right, and learns to deaden
Love of self, before his journey closes
He shall find the stubborn thistle bursting
Into glossy purples which outredden
All voluptuous garden-roses.

Not once or twice in our fair island-story,
The path of duty was the way to glory.
He that, ever following her commands,
On with toil of heart and knees and hands,
Through the long gorge to the far light has won
His path upward, and prevailed,
Shall find the toppling crags of Duty scaled
Are close upon the shining table-lands
To which our God himself is moon and sun.
Such was he: his work is done.
But, while the races of mankind endure,
Let his great example stand
Colossal, seen of every land,
And keep the soldier firm, the statesman pure,
Till in all lands, and through all human story,
The path of duty be the way to glory.
And let the land whose hearths he saved from shame,
For many and many an age proclaim
At civic revel and pomp and game,
And when the long-illumined cities flame,
Their ever-loyal iron leader's fame,
With honor, honor, honor, honor to him,—
Eternal honor to his name.

9.

Peace! his triumph will be sung
By some yet unmolded tongue
Far on in summers that we shall not see.
Peace! it is a day of pain
For one about whose patriarchal knee
Late the little children clung.
Oh, peace! it is a day of pain
For one upon whose hand and heart and brain
Once the weight and fate of Europe hung.
Ours the pain: be his the gain!
More than is of man's degree
Must be with us, watching here
At this our great solemnity.
Whom we see not we revere;
We revere, and we refrain
From talk of battles loud and vain,
And brawling memories all too free
For such a wise humility
As befits a solemn fane:
We revere; and, while we hear
The tides of Music's golden sea
Setting toward eternity,
Uplifted high in heart and hope are we,
Until we doubt not that for one so true
There must be other, nobler work to do
Than when he fought at Waterloo;
And victor he must ever be.

For though the Giant Ages heave the hill,
And break the shore, and evermore
Make and break, and work their will;
Though world on world in myriad myriads roll
Round us, each with different powers,
And other forms of life than ours, —
What know we greater than the soul?
On God and Godlike men we build our trust.
Hush! the Dead March wails in the people's ears;
The dark crowd moves, and there are sobs and tears;
The black earth yawns; the mortal disappears;
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust:
He is gone who seemed so great, —
Gone; but nothing can bereave him
Of the force he made his own
Being here; and we believe him
Something far advanced in state,
And that he wears a truer crown
Than any wreath that man can weave him.
But speak no more of his renown:
Lay your earthly fancies down,
And in the vast cathedral leave him.
God accept him! Christ receive him!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

1770–1850.

"The Lake school of poets" was contemptuously so called because Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey, its founders, lived by the English lakes. Catching their inspiration from the usually unheeded voices of Nature, and giving it utterance in plain, simple English, they terribly excited the wrath and ridicule of the critics. Though steadily gaining in favor, Wordsworth's position as a poet still divides opinion.

PRINCIPAL PRODUCTIONS.

"Lyrical Ballads," 1798; "White Doe of Rylstone;" "Peter Bell;" "Sonnets on the River Duddon;" "The Wagoner;" "Memorials of a Tour on the Continent;" "Ecclesiastical Sonnets;" "Yarrow Revisited, and Other Poems;" "The Excursion," part of an unfinished epic. "The Recluse" is his greatest work.

MILTON.

Milton, thou shouldst be living at this hour!
England hath need of thee: she is a fen
Of stagnant waters. Altar, sword, and pen,
Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,

Have forfeited their ancient English dower
Of inward happiness. We are selfish men:
Oh! raise us up; return to us again,
And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.
Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart;
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea;
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free:
So didst thou travel on life's common way
In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on herself didst lay.

DESPONDENCY CORRECTED.

"ONE adequate support
For the calamities of mortal life
Exists; one only, — an assured belief
That the procession of our fate, howe'er
Sad or disturbed, is ordered by a Being
Of infinite benevolence and power,
Whose everlasting purposes embrace
All accidents, converting them to good.
The darts of anguish fix not where the seat
Of suffering hath been thoroughly fortified
By acquiescence in the Will supreme,
For time and for eternity; by faith, —
Faith absolute in God, including hope,
And the defense that lies in boundless love
Of his perfections; with habitual dread
Of aught unworthily conceived, endured
To the dishonor of his holy name.
Soul of our souls, and Safeguard of the world!
Sustain, thou only canst, the sick of heart;
Restore their languid spirits, and recall
Their lost affections unto thee and thine!"

Then, as we issued from that covert nook,
He thus continued, lifting up his eyes
To heaven: "How beautiful this dome of sky!
And the vast hills in fluctuation fixed
At thy command, how awful! Shall the soul,
Human and rational, report of thee
Even less than these? Be mute who will, who can;
Yet I will praise thee with impassioned voice:
My lips, that may forget thee in the crowd,
Can not forget thee here, where thou hast built
For thy own glory, in the wilderness!
Me didst thou constitute a priest of thine
In such a temple as we now behold
Reared for thy presence: therefore am I bound
To worship, here and everywhere, as one

Not doomed to ignorance, though forced to tread
From childhood up the ways of poverty;
From unreflecting ignorance preserved,
And from debasement rescued. By thy grace
The particle divine remained unquenched;
And, 'mid the wild weeds of a rugged soil,
Thy bounty caused to flourish deathless flowers
From Paradise transplanted. Wintry age
Impends; the frost will gather round my heart:
If the flowers wither, I am worse than dead!
Come labor when the worn-out frame requires
Perpetual sabbath; come disease and want,
And sad exclusion through decay of sense:
But leave me unabated trust in thee,
And let thy favor, to the end of life,
Inspire me with ability to seek
Repose and hope among eternal things,
Father of heaven and earth! and I am rich,
And will possess my portion in content.

"And what are things eternal? Powers depart,"
The gray-haired wanderer steadfastly replied, —
Answering the question which himself had asked, —
"Possessions vanish, and opinions change,
And passions hold a fluctuating seat;
But by the storms of circumstance unshaken,
And subject neither to eclipse nor wane,
Duty exists. Immutably survive,
For our support, the measures and the forms
Which an abstract intelligence supplies;
Whose kingdom is where time and space are not.
Of other converse which mind, soul, and heart
Do with united urgency require,
What more that may not perish? Thou dread Source,
Prime, self-existing Cause and End of all
That in the scale of being fill their place,
Above our human region, or below,
Set and sustained; Thou who didst wrap the cloud
Of infancy around us, that Thyself
Therein with our simplicity a while
Mightst hold on earth communion undisturbed;
Who from the anarchy of dreaming sleep,
Or from its death-like void, with punctual care,
And touch as gentle as the morning light,
Restor'st us daily to the powers of sense
And reason's steadfast rule, — Thou, Thou alone,
Art everlasting, and the blessed spirits,
Which Thou includest, as the sea her waves:
For adoration thou endurest; endure
For consciousness the motions of thy will;
For apprehension those transcendent truths
Of the pure intellect, that stand as laws

(Submission constituting strength and power)
Even to thy being's infinite majesty!
This universe shall pass away, — a work
Glorious, because the shadow of thy might;
A step, or link, for intercourse with thee.
Ah! if the time must come in which my feet
No more shall stray where meditation leads,
By flowing stream, through wood, or craggy wild,
Loved haunts like these, the unimprisoned Mind
May yet have scope to range among her own,
Her thoughts, her images, her high desires.
If the dear faculty of sight should fail,
Still it may be allowed me to remember
What visionary powers of eye and soul
In youth were mine, when, stationed on the top
Of some huge hill, expectant, I beheld
The sun rise up, from distant climes returned,
Darkness to chase and sleep, and bring the day,
His bounteous gift; or saw him toward the deep
Sink, with a retinue of flaming clouds
Attended: then my spirit was entranced
With joy exalted to beatitude;
The measure of my soul was filled with bliss
And holiest love, as earth, sea, air, with light,
With pomp, with glory, with magnificence.

"Those fervent raptures are for ever flown;
And, since their date, my soul hath undergone
Change manifold for better or for worse:
Yet cease I not to struggle, and aspire
Heavenward, and chide the part of me that flags
Through sinful choice, or dread necessity
On human nature from above imposed.
'Tis, by comparison, an easy task
Earth to despise; but to converse with heaven —
This is not easy, To relinquish all
We have or hope of happiness and joy,
And stand in freedom loosened from this world,
I deem not arduous; but must needs confess
That 'tis a thing impossible to frame
Conceptions equal to the soul's desires,
And the most difficult of tasks to keep
Hights which the soul is competent to gain.
Man is of dust: ethereal hopes are his,
Which, when they should sustain themselves aloft,
Want due consistence; like a pillar of smoke,
That with majestic energy from earth
Rises, but, having reached the thinner air,
Melts and dissolves, and is no longer seen.
From this infirmity of mortal kind
Sorrow proceeds, which else were not: at least,
If grief be something hallowed and ordained;

If, in proportion, it be just and meet, —
Yet through this weakness of the general heart
Is it enabled to maintain its hold
In that excess which conscience disapproves.
For who could sink and settle to that point
Of selfishness, so senseless who could be,
As long and perseveringly to mourn
For any object of his love removed
From this unstable world, if he could fix
A satisfying view upon that state
Of pure, imperishable blessedness
Which reason promises, and Holy Writ
Insures to all believers? Yet mistrust
Is of such incapacity, methinks,
No natural branch; despondency far less;
And least of all is absolute despair.

"And if there be whose tender frames have drooped
Even to the dust, apparently through weight
Of anguish unrelieved, and lack of power
An agonizing sorrow to transmute,
Deem not that proof is here of hope withheld
When wanted most, — a confidence impaired
So pitiably, that, having ceased to see
With bodily eyes, they are borne down by love
Of what is lost, and perish through regret.
Oh, no! the innocent sufferer often sees
Too clearly, feels too vividly, and longs
To realize, the vision with intense
And over-constant yearning: there, there lies
The excess by which the balance is destroyed.
Too, too contracted are these walls of flesh,
This vital warmth too cold, these visual orbs,
Though inconceivably endowed, too dim,
For any passion of the soul that leads
To ecstasy; and, all the crooked paths
Of time and change disdaining, takes its course
Along the line of limitless desires.
I, speaking now, from such disorder free,
Nor rapt nor craving, but in settled peace, —
I can not doubt that they whom you deplore
Are glorified, or, if they sleep, shall wake
From sleep, and dwell with God in endless love.
Hope below this consists not with belief
In mercy carried infinite degrees
Beyond the tenderness of human hearts;
Hope below this consists not with belief
In perfect wisdom, guiding mightiest power,
That finds no limits but her own pure will.

"Here, then, we rest, not fearing for our creed
The worst that human reasoning can achieve

To unsettle or perplex it; yet with pain
Acknowledging, and grievous self-reproach,
That, though immovably convinced, we want
Zeal, and the virtue to exist by faith,
As soldiers live by courage; as, by strength
Of heart, the sailor fights with roaring seas.
Alas! the endowment of immortal power
Is matched unequally with custom, time,
And domineering faculties of sense
In all; in most, with superadded foes, —
Idle temptations, open vanities,
Ephemeral offspring of the unblushing world,
And, in the private regions of the mind,
Ill-governed passions, ranklings of despite,
Immoderate wishes, pining discontent,
Distress, and care. What then remains? To seek
Those helps for his occasions ever near
Who lacks not will to use them, — vows renewed
On the first motion of a holy thought;
Vigils of contemplation, praise, and prayer, —
A stream, which, from the fountain of the heart
Issuing, however feebly, nowhere flows
Without access of unexpected strength.
But, above all, the victory is most sure
For him, who, seeking faith by virtue, strives
To yield entire submission to the law
Of conscience, — conscience reverenced and obeyed
As God's most intimate presence in the soul,
And his most perfect image in the world.
Endeavor thus to live, these rules regard,
These helps solicit, and a steadfast seat
Shall then be yours among the happy few
Who dwell on earth, yet breathe empyreal air,
Sons of the morning. For your nobler part,
Ere disencumbered of her mortal chains,
Doubt shall be quelled, and trouble chased away,
With only such degree of sadness left
As may support longings of pure desire,
And strengthen love, rejoicing secretly
In the sublime attractions of the grave."

While in this strain the venerable sage
Poured forth his aspirations, and announced
His judgments, near that lonely house we paced
A plot of greensward, seemingly preserved
By Nature's care from wreck of scattered stones,
And from encroachment of encircling hearth:
Small space! but, for reiterated steps,
Smooth and commodious as a stately deck
Which to and fro the mariner is used
To tread for pastime, talking with his mates,
Or haply thinking of far-distant friends,

While the ship glides before a steady breeze.
Stillness prevailed around us; and the voice
That spake was capable to lift the soul
Toward regions yet more tranquil. But methought
That he whose fixed despondency had given
Impulse and motive to that strong discourse
Was less upraised in spirit than abashed;
Shrinking from admonition like a man
Who feels that to exhort is to reproach.
Yet, not to be diverted from his aim,
The sage continued: —

"For that other loss, —
The loss of confidence in social man,
By the unexpected transports of our age
Carried so high, that every thought which looked
Beyond the temporal destiny of the kind
To many seemed superfluous, — as no cause
Could e'er for such exalted confidence
Exist, so none is now for fixed despair.
The two extremes are equally disowned
By reason: if, with sharp recoil, from one
You have been driven far as its opposite,
Between them seek the point whereon to build
Sound expectations. So doth he advise
Who shared at first the illusion, but was soon
Cast from the pedestal of pride by shocks
Which Nature gently gave in woods and fields,
Nor unreproved by Providence, thus speaking
To the inattentive children of the world: —
'Vainglorious generation! what new powers
On you have been conferred, what gifts withheld
From your progenitors have ye received,
Fit recompense of new desert, what claim
Are ye prepared to urge, that my decrees
For you should undergo a sudden change,
And, the weak functions of one busy day
Reclaiming and extirpating, perform
What all the slowly-moving years of time,
With their united force, have left undone?
By Nature's gradual processes be taught;
By story be confounded. Ye aspire
Rashly, to fall once more; and that false fruit,
Which to your overweening spirits yields
Hope of a flight celestial, will produce
Misery and shame. But Wisdom of her sons
Shall not the less, though late, be justified.'

"Such timely warning," said the wanderer,
"Gave that visionary voice: and at this day,
When a Tartarean darkness overspreads
The groaning nations; when the impious rule,
By will or by established ordinance,

Their own dire agents, and constrain the good
To acts which they abhor, — though I bewail
This triumph, yet the pity of my heart
Prevents me not from owning that the law
By which mankind now suffers is most just.
For by superior energies, more strict
Affiance in each other, faith more firm
In their unhallowed principles, the bad
Have fairly earned a victory o'er the weak,
The vacillating, inconsistent good.

"Therefore, not unconsoled, I wait in hope
To see the moment when the righteous cause
Shall gain defenders zealous and devout
As they who have opposed her; in which Virtue
Will to her efforts tolerate no bounds
That are not lofty as her rights, aspiring
By impulse of her own ethereal zeal.
That spirit only can redeem mankind;
And when that sacred spirit shall appear,
Then shall our triumph be complete as theirs.
Yet, should this confidence prove vain, the wise
Have still the keeping of their proper peace;
Are guardians of their own tranquillity.
They act or they recede, observe, and feel;
'Knowing the heart of man is set to be
The center of this world, about the which
These revolutions of disturbances
Still roll; where all the aspects of misery
Predominate; whose strong effects are such
As he must bear, being powerless to redress;
And that, unless above himself he can
Erect himself, how poor a thing is man!'

"Happy is he who lives to understand
Not human nature only, but explores
All natures, to the end that he may find
The law that governs each, and where begins
The union, the partition where, that makes
Kind and degree among all visible beings;
The constitutions, powers, and faculties
Which they inherit, can not step beyond,
And can not fall beneath; that do assign
To every class its station and its office,
Through all the mighty commonwealth of things,
Up from the creeping plant to sovereign man.
Such converse, if directed by a meek,
Sincere, and humble spirit, teaches love:
For knowledge is delight, and such delight
Breeds love; yet, suited as it rather is
To thought and to the climbing intellect,
It teaches less to love than to adore,
If that be not indeed the highest love."

THOUGHTS ON REVISITING THE WYE.

Oh, how oft
In darkness, and amid the many shapes
Of joyless daylight, when the fretful stir
Unprofitable, and the fever of the world,
Have hung upon the beatings of my heart, —
How oft in spirit have I turned to thee,
O sylvan Wye! thou wanderer through the woods, —
How often has my spirit turned to thee!
And now, with gleams of half-extinguished thought,
With many recognitions dim and faint,
And somewhat of a sad perplexity,
The picture of the mind revives again
While here I stand, not only with the sense
Of present pleasure, but with pleasing thoughts
That in this moment there is life and food
For future years. And so I dare to hope,
Though changed, no doubt, from what I was when first
I came among these hills; when, like a roe,
I bounded o'er the mountains, by the sides
Of the deep rivers, and the lonely streams,
Wherever Nature led, — more like a man
Flying from something that he dreads than one
Who sought the thing he loved. For Nature then —
The coarser pleasures of my boyish days
And their glad animal movements all gone by —
To me was all in all. I can not paint
What then I was. The sounding cataract
Haunted me like a passion; the tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
Their colors and their forms, were then to me
An appetite, — a feeling and a love
That had no need of a remoter charm
By thought supplied, or any interest
Unborrowed from the eye. That time is past;
And all its aching joys are now no more,
And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this
Faint I, nor mourn, nor murmur: other gifts
Have followed, — for such loss, I would believe,
Abundant recompense. For I have learned
To look on Nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth, but hearing oftentimes
The still sad music of humanity,
Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts, a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air,

And the blue sky, and in the mind of man;
A motion and a spirit that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still
A lover of the meadows and the woods
And mountains, and of all that we behold
From this green earth, — of all the mighty world
Of eye and ear, both what they half create
And what perceive; well pleased to recognize
In Nature, and the language of the sense,
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
The guide, the guardian, of my heart, and soul
Of all my moral being.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

DIED 1861.

The most learned, and perhaps the most talented, of English female poets. Art, life, politics, and religion are treated by her with great vigor of thought, and simplicity of language.

PRINCIPAL WRITINGS.

"Casa Guidi Windows," a political poem; "The Seraphim;" "A Drama of Exile;" "The Duchess May;" "Lady Geraldine's Courtship;" "Bertha in the Lane;" "The Cry of the Children;" "Cowper's Grave;" "Prometheus Bound," translation from Æschylus; and "Aurora Leigh," her greatest work.

MOTHER AND POET.

1.

DEAD! — one of them shot by the sea in the east,
And one of them shot in the west by the sea.
Dead! — both my boys! When you sit at the feast,
And are wanting a great song for Italy free,
Let none look at me!

2.

Yet I was a poetess only last year;
And good at my art, for a woman, men said.
But this woman, this, who is agonized here, —
The east sea and west sea rhyme on in her head
For ever instead.

3.

What art can a woman be good at? Oh, vain!
What art is she good at but hurting her breast
With the milk-teeth of babes, and a smile at the pain?
Ah, boys, how you hurt! You were strong as you pressed,
And I proud by that test.

4.

What art's for a woman? — To hold on her knees
Both darlings; to feel all their arms round her throat
Cling, strangle a little; to sew by degrees,
And 'broider the long clothes and neat little coat;
To dream and to dote.

5.

To teach them. . . . It stings there. I made them indeed
Speak plain the word "country." I taught them, no doubt,
That a country's a thing men should die for at need.
I prated of liberty, rights, and about
The tyrant turned out.

6.

And, when their eyes flashed, — oh my beautiful eyes! —
I exulted; nay, let them go forth at the wheels
Of the guns, and denied not. But then the surprise
When one sits quite alone! then one weeps, then one kneels.
God! how the house feels!

7.

At first, happy news came, in gay letters, moiled
With my kisses, of camp-life and glory, and how
They both loved me; and soon, coming home to be spoiled,
In return would fan off every fly from my brow
With their green laurel-bough.

8.

Then was triumph at Turin. "Ancona was free!"
And some one came out of the cheers in the street,
With a face pale as stone, to say something to me.
My Guido was dead! I fell down at his feet
While they cheered in the street.

9.

I bore it: friends soothed me. My grief looked sublime
As the ransom of Italy. One boy remained
To be leant on and walked with, recalling the time
When the first grew immortal, while both of us strained
To the hight he had gained.

10.

And letters still came, — shorter, sadder, more strong,
Writ now but in one hand. "I was not to faint.
One loved me for two; . . . would be with me ere long:
And '*Viva Italia*' he died for, our saint,
Who forbids our complaint."

11.

My Nanni would add, "He was safe, and aware
Of a presence that turned off the balls; was imprest
It was Guido himself, who knew what I could bear;
And how 'twas impossible, quite dispossessed,
To live on for the rest."

12.

On which, without pause, up the telegraph-line
Swept smoothly the next news from Gaëta, — "Shot!"
Tell his mother. Ah, ah! "his," "their" mother, not "mine."
No voice says "My mother" again to me. What!
You think Guido forgot?

13.

Are souls straight so happy, that, dizzy with heaven,
They drop earth's affection, conceive not of woe?
I think not. Themselves were too lately forgiven
Through that love and sorrow which reconciled so
The above and below.

14.

O Christ of the seven wounds, who look'dst through the dark
To the face of thy mother! consider, I pray,
How we common mothers stand desolate; mark
Whose sons, not being Christs, die with eyes turned away,
And no last word to say!

15.

Both boys dead! But that's out of nature. We all
Have been patriots; yet each house must always keep one:
'Twere imbecile hewing out roads to a wall.
And, when Italy's made, for what end is it done
If we have not a son?

16.

Ah, ah, ah! when Gaëta's taken, what then?
When the fair wicked queen sits no more at her sport
Of the fire-balls of death crashing souls out of men;
When your guns of Cavalli with final retort
Have cut the game short;

17.

When Venice and Rome keep their new jubilee;
When your flag takes all heaven for its white, green, and red;
When you have your country from mountain to sea;
When King Victor has Italy's crown on his head,
(And I have my dead,) —

18.

What then? Do not mock me. Ah! ring your bells low,
And burn your lights faintly. My country is there,
Above the star pricked by the last peak of snow;
My Italy's there with my brave civic pair,
To disfranchise despair.

19.

Forgive me! Some women bear children in strength,
And bite back the cry of their pain in self-scorn;
But the birth-pangs of nations will wring us at length
Into wail such as this, and we sit on forlorn
When the man-child is born.

20.

Dead! — one of them shot by the sea in the west,
And one of them shot in the east by the sea, —
Both, both my boys! If, in keeping the feast,
You want a great song for your Italy free,
Let none look at me!

AURORA LEIGH.

And I — I was a good child, on the whole, —
A meek and manageable child. Why not?
I did not live to have the faults of life:
There seemed more true life in my father's grave
Than in all England. Since that threw me off
Who fain would cleave (his latest will, they say,
Consigned me to his land), I only thought
Of lying quiet there where I was thrown
Like seaweed on the rocks, and suffering her
To prick me to a pattern with her pin,
Fiber from fiber, delicate leaf from leaf,
And dry out from my drowned anatomy
The last sea-salt left in me.

So it was.
I broke the copious curls upon my head
In braids, because she liked smooth-ordered hair.
I left off saying my sweet Tuscan words,
Which still, at any stirring of the heart,
Came up to float across the English phrase,
As lilies (*Bene . . .* or *che chè*), because
She liked my father's child to speak his tongue.
I learnt the collects and the catechism,
The creeds, — from Athanasius back to Nice, —
The articles, the tracts against the times,
(By no means Buonaventure's "Prick of Love,")

And various popular synopses of
Inhuman doctrines never taught by John,
Because she liked instructed piety.
I learnt my complement of classic French
(Kept pure of Balzac and neologism)
And German also, since she liked a range
Of liberal education, — tongues, not books.
I learnt a little algebra, a little
Of the mathematics, brushed with extreme flounce
The circle of the sciences, because
She misliked women who are frivolous.
I learnt the royal genealogies
Of Oviedo, the internal laws
Of the Burmese Empire, by how many feet
Mount Chimborazo outsoars Teneriffe,
What navigable river joins itself
To Lara, and what census of the year five
Was taken at Klagenfürt, because she liked
A general insight into useful facts.
I learnt much music, — such as would have been
As quite impossible in Johnson's day
As still it might be wished, — fine sleights of hand
And unimagined fingering, shuffling off
The hearer's soul through hurricanes of notes
To a noisy Tophet; and I drew costumes
From French engravings, Nereids neatly draped,
With smirks of simmering godship; I washed in
Landscapes from Nature (rather say, washed out);
I danced the polka and Cellarius;
Spun glass, stuffed birds, and modelled flowers in wax, —
Because she liked accomplishments in girls.
I read a score of books on womanhood,
To prove, if women do not think at all,
They may teach thinking (to a maiden aunt,
Or else the author), — books that boldly assert
Their right of comprehending husbands' talk
When not too deep, and even of answering
With pretty "May it please you," or "So it is;"
Their rapid insight and fine aptitude,
Particular worth and general missionariness,
As long as they keep quiet by the fire,
And never say "No" when the world says "Ay,"
For that is fatal; their angelic reach
Of virtue, chiefly used to sit and darn,
And fatten household sinners; their, in brief,
Potential faculty in every thing
Of abdicating power in it. She owned
She liked a woman to be womanly;
And English women — she thanked God and sighed
(Some people always sigh in thanking God) —
Were models to the universe. And, last,
I learnt cross-stitch, because she did not like
To see me wear the night with empty hands,

Adoing nothing. So my shepherdess
Was something after all, (the pastoral saints
Be praised for't!) learning love-lorn with pink eyes
To match her shoes, when I mistook the silks;
Her head uncrushed by that round weight of hat
So strangely similar to the tortoise-shell
Which slew the tragic poet.

By the way,
The works of women are symbolical.
We sew, sew, prick our fingers, dull our sight,
Producing what? A pair of slippers, sir,
To put on when you're weary, or a stool
To tumble over and vex you; ("Curse that stool!")
Or else, at best, a cushion, where you lean
And sleep, and dream of something we are not,
But would be for your sake. Alas, alas!
This hurts most, — this, — that, after all, we are paid
The worth of our work, perhaps.

In looking down
Those years of education (to return),
I wonder if Brinvilliers suffered more
In the water torture, flood succeeding flood
To drench the incapable throat and split the veins,
Than I did. Certain of your feebler souls
Go out in such a process; many pine
To a sick, inodorous light: my own endured.
I had relations in the unseen, and drew
The elemental nutriment and heat
From Nature, as earth feels the sun at nights,
Or as a babe sucks surely in the dark:
I kept the life thrust on me, on the outside
Of the inner life with all its ample room
For heart and lungs, for will and intellect,
Inviolable by conventions. God,
I thank thee for that grace of thine!

At first,
I felt no life which was not patience; did
The thing she bade me, without heed to a thing
Beyond it; sate in just the chair she placed,
With back against the window to exclude
The sight of the great lime-tree on the lawn,
Which seemed to have come on purpose from the woods
To bring the house a message; ay, and walked
Demurely in her carpeted low rooms
As if I should not, hearkening my own steps,
Misdoubt I was alive. I read her books;
Was civil to her cousin, Romney Leigh;
Gave ear to her vicar, tea to her visitors,
And heard them whisper when I changed a cup
(I blushed for joy at that), "The Italian child,

For all her blue eyes and her quiet ways,
Thrives ill in England: she is paler yet
Than when we came the last time: she will die."

"Will die." My cousin, Romney Leigh, blushed too,
With sudden anger, and, approaching me,
Said low between his teeth, "You're wicked now!
You wish to die, and leave the world a-dusk
For others, with your naughty light blown out?"
I looked into his face defyingly.
He might have known, that, being what I was,
'Twas natural to like to get away
As far as dead folk can; and then, indeed,
Some people make no trouble when they die.
He turned, and went abruptly, slammed the door,
And shut his dog out.

Romney, Romney Leigh:
I have not named my cousin hitherto;
And yet I used him as a sort of friend, —
My elder by few years, but cold and shy
And absent; tender when he thought of it,
Which scarcely was imperative; grave betimes,
As well as early master of Leigh Hall,
Whereof the nightmare sate upon his youth
Repressing all its seasonable delights,
And agonizing with a ghastly sense
Of universal hideous want and wrong
To incriminate possession. When he came
From college to the country, very oft
He crossed the hill on visits to my aunt,
With gifts of blue grapes from the hothouses;
A book in one hand, — mere statistics (if
I chanced to lift the cover), count of all
The goats whose beards grow sprouting down towards hell,
Against God's separative judgment-hour.
And she — she almost loved him; even allowed
That sometimes he should seem to sigh my way:
It made him easier to be pitiful;
And sighing was his gift. So, undisturbed,
At whiles she let him shut my music up,
And push my needles down, and lead me out
To see in that south angle of the house
The figs grow black as if by a Tuscan rock,
On some light pretext. She would turn her head
At other moments, go to fetch a thing,
And leave me breath enough to speak with him,
For his sake: it was simple.

Sometimes, too,
He would have saved me utterly, it seemed,
He stood and looked so.

Once he stood so near,
He dropped a sudden hand upon my head
Bent down on woman's work, as soft as rain;
But then I rose and shook it off as fire, —
The stranger's touch that took my father's place,
Yet dared seem soft.

I used him for a friend
Before I ever knew him for a friend.
'Twas better, 'twas worse also, afterward:
We came so close, we saw our differences
Too intimately. Always Romney Leigh
Was looking for the worms, I for the gods.
A godlike nature his: the gods look down
Incurious of themselves; and certainly
'Tis well I should remember how, those days,
I was a worm too, and he looked on me.

A little by his act perhaps, yet more
By something in me, surely not my will,
I did not die. But slowly, as one in swoon,
To whom life creeps back in the form of death,
With a sense of separation, a blind pain
Of blank obstruction, and a roar i' the ears
Of visionary chariots which retreat
As earth grows clearer, — slowly, by degrees,
I woke, rose up. Where was I? In the world:
For uses, therefore, I must count worth while.
I had a little chamber in the house,
As green as any privet-hedge a bird
Might choose to build in, though the nest itself
Could show but dead brown sticks and straws. The walls
Were green, the carpet was pure green, the straight
Small bed was curtained greenly, and the folds
Hung green about the window, which let in
The out-door world with all its greenery.
You could not push your head out, and escape
A dash of dawn-dew from the honeysuckle,
But so you were baptized into the grace
And privilege of seeing. . . .

First the lime
(I had enough there of the lime, be sure:
My morning dream was often hummed away
By the bees in it); past the lime, the lawn,
Which, after sweeping broadly round the house,
Went trickling through the shrubberies in a stream
Of tender turf, and wore and lost itself
Among the acacias, over which you saw
The irregular line of elms by the deep lane
Which stopped the grounds and dammed the overflow
Of arbutus and laurel. Out of sight
The lane was; sunk so deep, no foreign tramp,

Nor drover of wild ponies out of Wales,
Could guess if lady's hall or tenant's lodge
Dispensed such odors, though his stick, well crooked,
Might reach the lowest trail of blossoming brier
Which dipped upon the wall. Behind the elms,
And through their tops, you saw the folded hills
Striped up and down with hedges (burly oaks
Projecting from the line to show themselves),
Through which my cousin Romney's chimneys smoked
As still as when a silent mouth in frost
Breathes, showing where the woodlands hid Leigh Hall;
While, far above, a jet of table-land,
A promontory without water, stretched.
You could not catch it if the days were thick,
Or took it for a cloud; but, otherwise,
The vigorous sun would catch it up at eve,
And use it for an anvil until he had filled
The shelves of heaven with burning thunderbolts,
Protesting against night and darkness; then,
When all his setting trouble was resolved
To a trance of passive glory, you might see
In apparition on the golden sky
(Alas! my Giotto's background) the sheep run
Along the fine clear outline, small as mice
That run along a witch's scarlet thread.

Not a grand nature. Not my chestnut-woods
Of Vallombrosa, cleaving by the spurs
To the precipices. Not my headlong leaps
Of waters, that cry out for joy or fear
In leaping through the palpitating pines,
Like a white soul tossed out to eternity
With thrills of time upon it. Not, indeed,
My multitudinous mountains, setting in
The magic circle, with the mutual touch
Electric, panting from their full deep hearts
Beneath the influent heavens, and waiting for
Communion and commission. Italy
Is one thing; England one.

On English ground,
You understand the letter, — ere the Fall,
How Adam lived in a garden. All the fields
Are tied up fast with hedges, nosegay-like;
The hills are crumpled plains; the plains, parterres;
The trees, round, woolly, ready to be clipped:
And, if you seek for any wilderness,
You find at best a park. A nature tamed
And grown domestic like a barn-door fowl,
Which does not awe you with its claws and beak,
Nor tempt you to an eyrie too high up,
But which in cackling sets you thinking of
Your eggs to-morrow at breakfast in the pause
Of finer meditation.

Rather say,
A sweet familiar nature, stealing in
As a dog might, or child, to touch your hand,
Or pluck your gown, and humbly mind you so
Of presence and affection, excellent
For inner uses, from the things without.

I could not be unthankful, — I who was
Entreated thus and holpen. In the room
I speak of, ere the house was well awake,
And also after it was well asleep,
I sat alone, and drew the blessing in
Of all that nature. With a gradual step,
A stir among the leaves, a breath, a ray,
It came in softly, while the angels made
A place for it beside me. The moon came,
And swept my chamber clean of foolish thoughts.
The sun came, saying, " Shall I lift this light
Against the lime-tree, and you will not look?
I make the birds sing: listen! But, for you,
God never hears your voice, excepting when
You lie upon the bed at nights, and weep."

Then something moved me. Then I wakened up
More slowly than I verily write now;
But wholly, at last, I wakened, opened wide
The window and my soul, and let the airs
And outdoor sights sweep gradual gospels in,
Regenerating what I was. O Life!
How oft we throw it off, and think, " Enough,
Enough of Life in so much! Here's a cause
For rupture; herein we must break with Life,
Or be ourselves unworthy; here we are wronged,
Maimed, spoiled for aspiration: farewell Life!"
And so, as froward babes, we hide our eyes,
And think all ended. Then Life calls to us
In some transformed, apocalyptic voice
Above us, or below us, or around:
Perhaps we name it Nature's voice, or Love's,
Tricking ourselves because we are more ashamed
To own our compensations than our griefs:
Still Life's voice; still we make our peace with Life.

And I, so young then, was not sullen. Soon
I used to get up early, just to sit
And watch the morning quicken in the gray,
And hear the silence open like a flower,
Leaf after leaf, and stroke with listless hand
The woodbine through the window, till at last
I came to do it with a sort of love,
At foolish unaware: whereat I smiled, —
A melancholy smile, to catch myself
Smiling for joy.

Capacity for joy
Admits temptation. It seemed, next, worth while
To dodge the sharp sword set against my life;
To slip down stairs through all the sleepy house,
As mute as any dream there, and escape,
As a soul from the body, out of doors,
Glide through the shrubberies, drop into the lane,
And wander on the hills an hour or two,
Then back again before the house should stir.
Or else I sat on in my chamber green,
And lived my life, and thought my thoughts, and prayed
My prayers without the vicar; read my books,
Without considering whether they were fit
To do me good. Mark, there! We get no good
By being ungenerous, even to a book,
And calculating profits; . . . so much help
By so much reading. It is rather when
We gloriously forget ourselves, and plunge
Soul-forward, headlong, into a book's profound,
Impassioned for its beauty, and salt of truth, —
'Tis then we get the right good from a book.

I read much. What my father taught before
From many a volume, Love re-emphasized
Upon the selfsame pages: Theophrast
Grew tender with the memory of his eyes;
And Ælian made mine wet. The trick of Greek
And Latin he had taught me as he would
Have taught me wrestling, or the game of fives,
If such he had known, — most like a shipwrecked man
Who heaps his single platter with goats' cheese
And scarlet berries; or like any man
Who loves but one, and so gives all at once,
Because he has it, rather than because
He counts it worthy. Thus my father gave;
And thus, as did the women formerly
By young Achilles when they pinned the vail
Across the boy's audacious front, and swept
With tuneful laughs the silver-fretted rocks,
He wrapt his little daughter in his large
Man's doublet, careless did it fit or no.

But, after I had read for memory,
I read for hope. The path my father's foot
Had trod me out, which suddenly broke off
(What time he dropped the wallet of the flesh,
And passed), alone I carried on, and set
My child-heart 'gainst the thorny underwood,
To reach the grassy shelter of the trees.
Ah, babe i' the wood, without a brother-babe!
My own self-pity, like the red-breast bird,
Flies back to cover all that past with leaves.

Sublimest danger, over which none weeps
When any young wayfaring soul goes forth
Alone, unconscious of the perilous road,
The day-sun dazzling in his limpid eyes,
To thrust his own way, he an alien, through
The world of books! Ah, you! — you think it fine,
You clap hands, — "A fair day!" — you cheer him on,
As if the worst could happen were to rest
Too long beside a fountain. Yet, behold,
Behold! the world of books is still the world;
And worldlings in it are less merciful
And more puissant. For the wicked there
Are winged like angels. Every knife that strikes
Is edged from elemental fire to assail
A spiritual life. The beautiful seems right
By force of beauty, and the feeble wrong
Because of weakness. Power is justified,
Though armed against St. Michael. Many a crown
Covers bald foreheads. In the book-world, true,
There's no lack, neither, of God's saints and kings,
That shake the ashes of the grave aside
From their calm locks, and, undiscomfited,
Look steadfast truths against Time's changing mask.
True, many a prophet teaches in the roads;
True, many a seer pulls down the flaming heavens
Upon his own head in strong martyrdom,
In order to light men a moment's space.
But stay! — who judges, who distinguishes,
'Twixt Saul and Nahash justly, at first sight,
And leaves King Saul precisely at the sin,
To serve King David? Who discerns at once
The sound of the trumpets when the trumpets blow
For Alaric as well as Charlemagne?
Who judges wizards, and can tell true seers
From conjurors? The child there? Would you leave
That child to wander in a battle-field,
And push his innocent smile against the guns?
Or even in a catacomb, his torch
Grown ragged in the fluttering air, and all
The dark a-mutter round him? Not a child.

I read books bad and good, — some bad and some good
At once (good aims not always make good books;
Well-tempered spades turn up ill-smelling soils
In digging vineyards even); books that prove
God's being so definitely, that man's doubt
Grows self-defined the other side the line,
Made atheist by suggestion; moral books,
Exasperating to license; genial books,
Discounting from the human dignity;
And merry books, which set you weeping when
The sun shines; ay, and melancholy books,

Which make you laugh that any one should weep
In this disjointed life for one wrong more.

The world of books is still the world I write;
And both worlds have God's providence, thank God!
To keep and hearten. With some struggle, indeed,
Among the breakers, some hard swimming through
The deeps, I lost breath in my soul sometimes,
And cried, "God save me, if there's any God!"
But, even so, God saved me; and, being dashed
From error on to error, every turn
Still brought me nearer to the central truth.

I thought so. All this anguish in the thick
Of men's opinions, — press and counterpress,
Now up, now down, now underfoot, and now
Emergent, — all the best of it, perhaps,
But throws you back upon a noble trust
And use of your own instinct; merely proves
Pure reason stronger than bare inference
At strongest. Try it; fix against heaven's wall
Your scaling ladders of school logic; mount
Step by step. Sight goes faster: that still ray
Which strikes out from you, how you can not tell,
And why you know not, (did you eliminate,
That such as you, indeed, should analyze?)
Goes straight and fast as light, and high as God.

The cygnet finds the water; but the man
Is born in ignorance of his element,
And feels out blind at first, disorganized
By sin i' the blood, his spirit-insight dulled
And crossed by his sensations. Presently
He feels it quicken in the dark sometimes;
When mark, be reverent, be obedient;
For such dumb motions of imperfect life
Are oracles of vital Deity,
Attesting the hereafter. Let who says,
"The soul's a clean white paper," rather say,
A palimpsest, a prophet's holograph
Defiled, erased, and covered by a monk's, —
The apocalypse, by a Longus! poring on
Which obscene text, we may discern perhaps
Some fair, fine trace of what was written once;
Some upstroke of an alpha and omega
Expressing the old Scripture.

Books, books, books!
I had found the secret of a garret-room
Piled high with cases in my father's name;
Piled high, packed large, where, creeping in and out
Among the giant fossils of my past,

Like some small, nimble mouse between the ribs
Of a mastodon, I nibbled here and there
At this or that box, pulling through the gap,
In heats of terror, haste, victorious joy,
The first book first. And how I felt it beat
Under my pillow in the morning's dark,
An hour before the sun would let me read!
My books!

At last, because the time was ripe,
I chanced upon the poets.

As the earth
Plunges in fury when the internal fires
Have reached and pricked her heart, and throwing flat
The marts and temples, the triumphal gates,
And towers of observation, clears herself
To elemental freedom; thus my soul,
At Poetry's divine first finger-touch,
Let go conventions, and sprang up surprised,
Convicted of the great eternities
Before two worlds.

OTHER MODERN ENGLISH POETS AND DRAMATISTS.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.—1774–1843. Poet-laureate from 1813 to 1843. A writer of great industry. His prose is superior to his poetry, which is of the lake school mainly, and not of the highest order.

PRINCIPAL PRODUCTIONS.

"Madoc;" "The Curse of Kehama;" "Thalaba, the Destroyer;" "Joan of Arc;" "All for Love;" "The Pilgrim of Compostella;" "Life of Nelson;" "A History of Brazil;" "Lives of Wesley, Chatterton, White, and Cowper;" "Lives of the British Admirals;" "Colloquies on Society."

SHERIDAN KNOWLES.—1784–1862. One of the most successful of modern dramatists. His best known plays are "Caius Gracchus," "Virginius," "William Tell," "The Beggar of Bethnal Green," "The Hunchback," "The Wife, a Tale of Mantua," and "Love." Besides these, he wrote several other popular plays and other works.

WILLIAM E. AYTOUN.—1813, Edinburgh. "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers;" "Bothwell;" "Firmilian;" and, with Theodore Martin, "Ballads by Bon Gaultier."

PHILIP JAMES BAILEY.—1816. Author of "Festus," a work of remarkable power, "The Angel World," "The Mystic," "The Age, a Colloquial Satire."

CAROLINE ANNE SOUTHEY.—1787–1854. Authoress of the beautiful tales, "The Young Gray Head," "The Murder Glen," "Walter and William," and "The Evening Walk;" also "Ellen Fitzarthur," "Birthday and other Poems," "Solitary Hours," and other pieces of prose and poetry of much merit.

MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER.—1810. "Proverbial Philosophy;" "An Author's Mind;" "The Crock of Gold."

ELIZA COOK. — 1817. "The Old Arm-Chair," and many other popular pieces.

Miss JEAN INGELOW. — "The High Tide."

WILLIAM THOM. — 1789–1848. "Rhymes and Recollections."

BRYAN WALTER PROCTER (better known as "BARRY CORNWALL"). — 1790. "Marcian Colonna;" "Flood of Thessaly;" "Dramatic Scenes;" "Mirandola;" "The Sea;" "The Sequestration of a Bereaved Lover;" "A Pauper's Funeral;" "A Petition to Time;" "A Prayer in Sickness;" "The Stormy Petrel."

HENRY HART MILMAN. — 1791–1868. "Fazio;" "Samor;" "The Fall of Jerusalem;" "The Martyr of Antioch;" "History of Latin Christianity."

JOHN CLARE. — 1793. "Poems of Rural Life;" "The Village Minstrel."

HARTLEY COLERIDGE. — 1796–1849. "Lives of Northern Worthies;" "The First Sound to the Human Ear;" "Night;" "A Vision;" "Sunday;" "Prayer."

DERWENT COLERIDGE. — 1800. "Memoir of Hartley Coleridge."

SARA COLERIDGE. — 1803–1852. "Phantasmion."

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLEY. — 1797–1839. "The Soldier's Tear;" "I'd be a Butterfly;" "The First Gray Hair;" "I Never was a Favorite;" "Why don't the Men propose?"

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL. — 1797–1835. "Scottish Minstrelsy;" "Jeanie Morrison."

ALARIC ALEXANDER WATTS. — 1799. "Poetical Sketches;" "Lyrics of the Heart;" "Death of the Firstborn;" "To a Child blowing Bubbles;" "My Own Fireside;" "The Gray Hair."

JOHN EDMUND READE. — "Italy;" "Revelations of Life;" "Cain and Catiline."

WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED. — 1802–1839. "The Red Fisherman;" "Quince."

RICHARD HENRY HORNE. — 1803. "Orion;" "Cosmo de Medici;" "Death of Marlowe."

CHARLES SWAIN. — 1803. "The Mind;" "English Melodies;" "Letters of Laura D'Auverne."

THOMAS KIBBLE HERVEY. — 1804–1859. Editor of "The Athenæum;" "Australia;" "Modern Sculpture;" "England's Helicon."

THOMAS RAGG. — 1808. "The Deity:" "Martyr of Verulum;" "Heber."

RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES. — 1809. "Poems of Many Years;" "Palm-Leaves;" "Life of Keats;" "Youth and Manhood;" "Labor;" "Rich and Poor."

CHARLES MACKAY. — 1812. "Voices from the Crowd;" "Town Lyrics;" "Ægeria;" "The Salamandrine;" "The Watcher on the Tower;" "The Good Time Coming;" "The Three Preachers;" "What might be Done."

ROBERT NICOLL. — 1814–1837. "Thoughts of Heaven;" "Death."

FRANCES BROWN. — 1816. "The Star of Atteghei;" "Vision of Schwartz;" "Lyrics."

MATTHEW ARNOLD. — 1822. "The Strayed Reveler;" "Empedocles on Ætna."

COVENTRY PATMORE. — 1823. "Tamerton Church-Tower;" "The Angel in the House."

GEORGE MACDONALD. — 1826. "Within and Without;" "Phantastes."

GERALD MASSEY. — 1828. "Babe Christabel;" "Craigcrook Castle."

WILLIAM BENNETT
DENIS FLORENCE M'CARTHY.
WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.
ISA CRAIG.
BESSIE PARKES.
MARY HUME.
ADELAIDE PROCTER.

All of whom have written in a style more or less worthy of the pupil's attention.

DRAMATISTS.

Sir THOMAS NOON TALFOURD. — 1795–1854. "Ion;" "The Athenian Captive;" "Glencoe, or the Fate of the Macdonalds;" "The Castilian;" "Life of Charles Lamb."

HENRY TAYLOR. — "Philip Van Artevelde;" "Edwin the Fair;" "The Eve of the Conquest;" "Notes from Life, and Notes from Books."

THOMAS LOVELL BEDDOES. — 1803–1849. "The Bride's Tragedy."

RICHARD LALOR SHEIL. — Died 1851. "Evadne;" "The Apostate."

GILBERT ABBOTT À BECKETT. — 1810–1856. Many plays; also "Comic Blackstone;" "Comic Histories of England and Rome."

TOM TAYLOR. — 1817. Many comedies and farces; "Contributions to Punch;" "Memorials of Haydon."

WESTLAND MARSTON. — 1825. "Heart of the World;" "Patrician's Daughter."

ROBERT B. BROUGH. — 1828. "What to Eat, Drink, and Avoid;" "Medea."

SHIRLEY BROOKS. — "Our Governess;" "The Creole."

WILKIE COLLINS. — "The Frozen Deep."

MARK LEMON. — Late editor of "Punch." Author of innumerable farces, &c.

HENRY MAYHEW. — "The Wandering Minstrel."

JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY.

BORN 1814, DORCHESTER, MASS.

This distinguished historian, author of "The Rise of the Dutch Republic," and "The United Netherlands," is now (1870) minister at the court of St. James.

WILLIAM OF ORANGE.

THE life and labors of Orange had established the emancipated commonwealth upon a secure foundation; but his death rendered the union of all the Netherlands into one republic hopeless.

The efforts of the malcontent nobles, the religious discord, the consummate ability (both political and military) of Parma, — all combined with the lamentable loss of William the Silent to separate for ever the southern and Catholic provinces from the northern confederacy. So long as the prince remained alive, he was the father of the whole country; the Netherlands, saving only the two Walloon provinces, constituting a whole.

Notwithstanding the spirit of faction and the blight of the long civil war, there was at least one country, or the hope of a country, — one strong heart, one guiding head, — for the patriotic party throughout the land. Philip and Granvelle were right in their estimate of the advantage to be derived from the prince's death; in

believing that an assassin's hand could achieve more than all the wiles which Spanish or Italian statesmanship could teach, or all the armies which Spain or Italy could muster. The pistol of the insignificant Gérard destroyed the possibility of a united Netherland State; while, during the life of William, there was union in the policy, unity in the history, of the country.

In the following year, Antwerp, hitherto the center around which all the national interests and historical events group themselves, fell before the scientific efforts of Parma. The city which had so long been the freest as well as the most opulent capital in Europe sank for ever to the position of a provincial town. With its fall, combined with other circumstances which it is not necessary to narrate in anticipation, the final separation of the Netherlands was completed. On the other hand, at the death of Orange, whose formal inauguration as sovereign count had not yet taken place, the States of Holland and Zealand re-assumed the sovereignty. The commonwealth which William had liberated for ever from Spanish tyranny continued to exist as a great and flourishing republic during more than two centuries, under the successive stadtholderates of his sons and descendants.

His life gave existence to an independent country; his death defined its limits. Had he lived twenty years longer, it is probable that the seven provinces would have been seventeen, and that the Spanish title would have been for ever extinguished both in Nether Germany and Celtic Gaul. Although there was to be the length of two human generations more of warfare ere Spain acknowledged the new government, yet, before the termination of that period, the United States had become the first naval power, and one of the most considerable commonwealths, in the world; while the civil and religious liberty, the political independence, of the land, together with the total expulsion of the ancient foreign tyranny from the soil, had been achieved ere the eyes of William were closed.

The republic existed, in fact, from the moment of the abjuration, in 1581.

The most important features of the polity which thus assumed a prominent organization have been already indicated. There was no revolution, no radical change. The ancient rugged tree of Netherland liberty, — with its moss-grown trunk, gnarled branches, and deep-reaching roots, — which had been slowly growing for ages, was still full of sap, and was to deposit for centuries longer its annual rings of consolidated and concentric strength. Though lopped of some luxuriant boughs, it was sound at the core, and destined for a still larger life than even in the healthiest moments of its mediæval existence.

The history of the rise of the Netherland Republic has been at the same time the biography of William the Silent. This,

while it gives unity to the narrative, renders an elaborate description of his character superfluous. That life was a noble Christian epic, inspired with one great purpose from its commencement to its close,—the stream flowing ever from one fountain with expanding fullness, but retaining all its original purity. A few general observations are all which are necessary by way of conclusion.

In person, Orange was above the middle hight, perfectly well made and sinewy, but rather spare than stout. His eyes, hair, beard, and complexion were brown. His head was small, symmetrically shaped, combining the alertness and compactness characteristic of the soldier with the capacious brow furrowed prematurely with the horizontal lines of thought denoting the statesman and the sage. His physical appearance was, therefore, in harmony with his organization, which was of antique model. Of his moral qualities, the most prominent was his piety. He was, more than any thing else, a religious man. From his trust in God he ever derived support and consolation in the darkest hours. Implicitly relying upon Almighty Wisdom and Goodness, he looked danger in the face with a constant smile, and endured incessant labors and trials with a serenity which seemed more than human. While, however, his soul was full of piety, it was tolerant of error. Sincerely and deliberately himself a convert to the Reformed Church, he was ready to extend freedom of worship to Catholics on one hand, and to Anabaptists on the other; for no man ever felt more keenly than he that the reformer who becomes in his turn a bigot is doubly odious. His firmness was allied to his piety. His constancy in bearing the whole weight of a struggle as unequal as men have ever undertaken was the theme of admiration even to his enemies. The rock in the ocean, "tranquil amid raging billows," was the favorite emblem by which his friends expressed their sense of his firmness. From the time when, as a hostage in France, he first discovered the plan of Philip to plant the Inquisition in the Netherlands, up to the last moment of his life, he never faltered in his determination to resist that iniquitous scheme. This resistance was the labor of his life. To exclude the Inquisition, to maintain the ancient liberties of his country, was the task which he appointed to himself when a youth of three and twenty.

Never speaking a word concerning a heavenly mission, never deluding himself or others with the usual phraseology of enthusiasts, he accomplished the task through danger, amid toils, and with sacrifices such as few men have ever been able to make on their country's altar; for the disinterested benevolence of the man was as prominent as his fortitude.

A prince of high rank and with royal revenues, he stripped

himself of station, wealth, almost, at times, of the common necessaries of life, and became, in his country's cause, nearly a beggar as well as an outlaw. Nor was he forced into his career by an accidental impulse from which there was no recovery. Retreat was ever open to him. Not only pardon, but advancement, was urged upon him again and again. Officially and privately, directly and circuitously, his confiscated estates, together with indefinite and boundless favors in addition, were offered to him on every great occasion. On the arrival of Don John, at the Breda negotiations, at the Cologne conferences, we have seen how calmly these offers were waived aside, as if their rejection was so simple, that it hardly required many words for its signification; yet he had mortgaged his estates so deeply, that his heirs hesitated at accepting their inheritance, for fear it should involve them in debt. Ten years after his death, the account between his executors and his brother John amounted to one million four hundred thousand florins due to the count, secured by various pledges of real and personal property; and it was finally settled upon this basis. He was, besides, largely indebted to every one of his powerful relatives: so that the payment of the encumbrances upon his estate very nearly justified the fears of his children. While on the one hand, therefore, he poured out these enormous sums like water, and firmly refused a hearing to the tempting offers of the royal government, upon the other hand he proved the disinterested nature of his services by declining, year after year, the sovereignty over the provinces, and by only accepting in the last days of his life, when refusal had become almost impossible, the limited constitutional supremacy over that portion of them which now makes the realm of his descendants. He lived and died, not for himself, but for his country. "God pity this poor people!" were his dying words.

His intellectual faculties were various, and of the highest order. He had the exact, practical, and combining qualities which make the great commander; and his friends claimed, that, in military genius, he was second to no captain in Europe. This was, no doubt, an exaggeration of partial attachment; but it is certain that the Emperor Charles had an exalted opinion of his capacity for the field. His fortification of Philippeville and Charlemont, in the face of the enemy; his passage of the Meuse in Alva's sight; his unfortunate but well-ordered campaign against that general; his sublime plan of relief, projected and successfully directed at last from his sick-bed, for the besieged city of Leyden, — will always remain monuments of his practical military skill.

Of the soldier's great virtues, — constancy in disaster, devotion to duty, hopefulness in defeat, — no man ever possessed a larger share. He arrived, through a series of reverses, at a perfect victory. He planted a free commonwealth under the very battery

of the Inquisition, in defiance of the most powerful empire existing. He was therefore a conqueror in the loftiest sense; for he conquered liberty and a national existence for a whole people. The contest was long, and he fell in the struggle; but the victory was to the dead hero, not to the living monarch. It is to be remembered, too, that he always wrought with inferior instruments. His troops were usually mercenaries, who were but too apt to mutiny upon the eve of battle; while he was opposed by the most formidable veterans of Europe, commanded successively by the first captains of the age. That with no lieutenant of eminent valor or experience save only his brother Louis, and with none at all after that chieftain's death, William of Orange should succeed in baffling the efforts of Alva, Requesens, Don John of Austria, and Alexander Farnese, — men whose names are among the most brilliant in the military annals of the world, — is in itself sufficient evidence of his warlike ability. At the period of his death, he had reduced the number of obedient provinces to two; only Artois and Hainault acknowledging Philip, while the other fifteen were in open revolt, the greater part having solemnly forsworn their sovereign.

The supremacy of his political genius was entirely beyond question. He was the first statesman of the age. The quickness of his perception was only equaled by the caution which enabled him to mature the results of his observations. His knowledge of human nature was profound. He governed the passions and sentiments of a great nation as if they had been but the keys and chords of one vast instrument; and his hand rarely failed to evoke harmony even out of the wildest storms. The turbulent city of Ghent, which could obey no other master, which even the haughty emperor could only crush without controlling, was ever responsive to the master-hand of Orange. His presence scared away Imbize and his bat-like crew, confounded the schemes of John Casimir, frustrated the wiles of Prince Chimay; and, while he lived, Ghent was what it ought always to have remained, — the bulwark, as it had been the cradle, of popular liberty. After his death, it became its tomb. Ghent, saved thrice by the policy, the eloquence, the self-sacrifices, of Orange, fell, within three months of his murder, into the hands of Parma. The loss of this most important city, followed in the next year by the downfall of Antwerp, sealed the fate of the Southern Netherlands. Had the Prince lived, how different might have been the country's fate! If seven provinces could dilate in so brief a space into the powerful commonwealth which the republic soon became, what might not have been achieved by the united seventeen? — a confederacy which would have united the adamantine vigor of the Batavian and Frisian races with the subtler, more delicate, and more graceful national elements, in

which the genius of the Frank, the Roman, and the Romanized Celt, were so intimately blended. As long as the father of the country lived, such a union was possible. His power of managing men was so unquestionable, that there was always a hope, even in the darkest hour; for men felt implicit reliance, as well on his intellectual resources as on his integrity. This power of dealing with his fellow-men he manifested in the various ways in which it has been usually exhibited by statesmen. He possessed a ready eloquence; sometimes impassioned, oftener argumentative, always rational. His influence over his audience was unexampled in the annals of that country or age; yet he never condescended to flatter the people. He never followed the nation, but always led her in the path of duty and of honor; and was much more prone to rebuke the vices than to pander to the passions of his hearers. He never failed to administer ample chastisement to parsimony, to jealousy, to insubordination, to intolerance, to infidelity, wherever it was due; nor feared to confront the states or the people in their most angry hours, and to tell them the truth to their faces. This commanding position he alone could stand upon: for his countrymen knew the generosity which had sacrificed his all for them; the self-denial which had eluded rather than sought political advancement, whether from king or people; and the untiring devotion which had consecrated a whole life to toil and danger in the cause of their emancipation. While, therefore, he was ever ready to rebuke, and always too honest to flatter, he at the same time possessed the eloquence which could convince or persuade. He knew how to reach both the mind and the heart of his hearers. His orations, whether extemporaneous or prepared; his written messages to the states-general, to the provincial authorities, to the municipal bodies; his private correspondence with men of all ranks, from emperors and kings down to secretaries, and even children, — all show an easy flow of language, a fullness of thought, a power of expression rare in that age, a fund of historical allusion, a considerable power of imagination, a warmth of sentiment, a breadth of view, a directness of purpose; a range of qualities, in short, which would in themselves have stamped him as one of the master-minds of his century, had there been no other monument to his memory than the remains of his spoken or written eloquence. The bulk of his performances in this department was prodigious. Not even Philip was more industrious in the cabinet. Not even Granvelle held a more facile pen. He wrote and spoke equally well in French, German, or Flemish; and he possessed, besides, Spanish, Italian, Latin. The weight of his correspondence alone would have almost sufficed for the common industry of a lifetime; and, although many volumes of his speeches and letters have been published, there remain in the

various archives of the Netherlands and Germany many documents from his hand which will probably never see the light. If the capacity for unremitted intellectual labor in an honorable cause be the measure of human greatness, few minds could be compared to the "large composition" of this man. The efforts made to destroy the Netherlands by the most laborious and painstaking of tyrants were counteracted by the industry of the most indefatigable of patriots.

Thus his eloquence, oral or written, gave him almost boundless power over his countrymen. He possessed, also, a rare perception of human character, together with an iron memory, which never lost a face, a place, or an event, once seen or known. He read the minds, even the faces, of men, like printed books. No man could overreach him, excepting only those to whom he gave his heart. He might be mistaken where he had confided, never where he had been distrustful or indifferent. He was deceived by Renneberg, by his brother-in-law Van den Berg, by the Duke of Anjou. Had it been possible for his brother Louis or his brother John to have proved false, he might have been deceived by them. He was never outwitted by Philip or Granvelle or Don John or Alexander of Parma. Anna of Saxony was false to him, and entered into correspondence with the royal governors and with the King of Spain: Charlotte of Bourbon, or Louisa de Coligny, might have done the same, had it been possible for their natures also to descend to such depths of guile.

As for the Aerschots, the Havrés, the Chimays, he was never influenced either by their blandishments or their plots. He was willing to use them when their interests made them friendly, or to crush them when their intrigues against his policy rendered them dangerous. The adroitness with which he converted their schemes in behalf of Matthias, of Don John, of Anjou, into so many additional weapons for his own cause, can never be too often studied. It is instructive to observe the wiles of the Machiavelian school employed by a master of the craft, to frustrate, not to advance, a knavish purpose. This character, in a great measure, marked his whole policy. He was profoundly skilled in the subtleties of Italian statesmanship, which he had learned as a youth at the imperial court, and which he employed in his manhood in the service, not of tyranny, but of liberty. He fought the Inquisition with its own weapons. He dealt with Philip on his own ground. He excavated the earth beneath the king's feet by a more subtle process than that practiced by the most fraudulent monarch that ever governed the Spanish Empire; and Philip, chain-mailed as he was in complicated wiles, was pierced to the quick by a keener policy than his own.

Ten years long, the king placed daily his most secret letters in

hands which regularly transmitted copies of the correspondence to the Prince of Orange, together with a key to the ciphers, and every other illustration which might be required. Thus the secrets of the king were always as well known to Orange as to himself; and, the prince being as prompt as Philip was hesitating, the schemes could often be frustrated before their execution had been commenced. The crime of the unfortunate clerk, John de Castillo, was discovered in the autumn of the year 1581; and he was torn to pieces by four horses. Perhaps his treason to the monarch whose bread he was eating, while he received a regular salary from the king's most determined foe, deserved even this horrible punishment; but casuists must determine how much guilt attaches to the prince for his share in the transaction. This history is not the eulogy of Orange; although, in discussing his character, it is difficult to avoid the monotony of panegyric. Judged by a severe moral standard, it can not be called virtuous or honorable to suborn treachery or any other crime, even to accomplish a lofty purpose: yet the universal practice of mankind in all ages has tolerated the artifices of war; and no people has ever engaged in a holier or more mortal contest than did the Netherlands in their great struggle with Spain. Orange possessed the rare quality of caution, — a characteristic by which he was distinguished from his youth. At fifteen he was the confidential counselor, as at twenty-one he became the general-in-chief, to the most politic as well as the most warlike potentate of his age; and if he at times indulged in wiles which modern statesmanship, even while it practices, condemns, he ever held in his hand the clew of an honorable purpose to guide him through the tortuous labyrinth.

It is difficult to find any other characteristic deserving of grave censure; but his enemies have adopted a simpler process. They have been able to find a few flaws in his nature, and therefore have denounced it in gross. It is not that his character was here and there defective, but that the eternal jewel was false; the patriotism was counterfeit; the self-abnegation and the generosity were counterfeit; he was governed only by ambition, by a desire of personal advancement. They never attempted to deny his talents, his industry, his vast sacrifices of wealth and station; but they ridiculed the idea that he could have been inspired by any but unworthy motives. God alone knows the heart of man. He alone can unweave the tangled skein of human motives, and detect the hidden springs of human action; but as far as can be judged by a careful observation of undisputed facts, and by a diligent collation of public and private documents, it would seem that no man — not even Washington — has ever been inspired by a purer patriotism. At any rate, the charge of ambition and self-

seeking can only be answered by a reference to the whole picture which these volumes have attempted to portray. The words, the deeds, of the man, are there. As much as possible, his inmost soul is revealed in his confidential letters; and he who looks in a right spirit will hardly fail to find what he desires.

Whether originally of a timid temperament or not, he was certainly possessed of perfect courage at last. In siege and battle, in the deadly air of pestilential cities, in the long exhaustion of mind and body which comes from unduly protracted labor and anxiety, amid the countless conspiracies of assassins, he was daily exposed to death in every shape. Within two years, five different attempts against his life had been discovered. Rank and fortune were offered to any malefactor who would compass the murder. He had already been shot through the head, and almost mortally wounded. Under such circumstances, even a brave man might have seen a pitfall at every step, a dagger in every hand, and poison in every cup. On the contrary, he was ever cheerful, and hardly took more precaution than usual. "God, in his mercy," said he with unaffected simplicity, "will maintain my innocence and my honor during my life, and in future ages. As to my fortune and my life, I have dedicated both, long since, to his service. He will do therewith what pleases him for his glory and my salvation." Thus his suspicions were not even excited by the ominous face of Gérard when he first presented himself at the dining-room door. The prince laughed off his wife's prophetic apprehension at the sight of his murderer, and was as cheerful as usual to the last.

He possessed, too, that which to the heathen philosopher seemed the greatest good, — the sound mind in the sound body. His physical frame was after death found so perfect, that a long life might have been in store for him, notwithstanding all which he had endured. The desperate illness of 1574, the frightful gunshot wound inflicted by Jaureguy in 1582, had left no traces. The physicians pronounced that his body presented an aspect of perfect health. His temperament was cheerful. At table, the pleasures of which, in moderation, were his only relaxation, he was always animated and merry; and this jocoseness was partly natural, partly intentional. In the darkest hours of his country's trial, he affected a serenity which he was far from feeling; so that his apparent gayety at momentous epochs was even censured by dullards, who could not comprehend its philosophy, nor applaud the flippancy of William the Silent.

He went through life bearing the load of a people's sorrows upon his shoulders with a smiling face. Their name was the last word upon his lips, save the simple affirmative with which the soldier, who had been battling for the right all his lifetime, com-

mended his soul, in dying, "to his great Captain, Christ." The people were grateful and affectionate; for they trusted the character of their "Father William:" and not all the clouds which calumny could collect ever dimmed to their eyes the radiance of that lofty mind to which they were accustomed, in the darkest calamities, to look for light. As long as he lived, he was the guiding-star of a whole brave nation; and, when he died, the little children cried in the streets.

CHARLES SUMNER.

BORN JAN. 6, 1811, MASSACHUSETTS.

Orator, statesman, and philanthropist. Every question of law, politics, or morals, that this distinguished scholar touches upon, is treated in an eloquent and exhaustive manner. His essays, speeches, and orations are now publishing in several volumes.

FINGER-POINT FROM PLYMOUTH ROCK.

Mr. President, — You bid me speak for the Senate of the United States. But I can not forget that there is another voice here, of classical eloquence, which might more fitly render this service. As one of the humblest members of that body, and associated with the public councils for a brief period only, I should prefer that my distinguished colleague [Mr. Everett], whose fame is linked with a long political life, should speak for it. And there is yet another here [Mr. Hale], who, though not at this moment a member of the Senate, has throughout an active and brilliant career, marked by a rare combination of ability, eloquence, and good humor, so identified himself with it in the public mind, that he might well speak for it always; and, when he speaks, all are pleased to listen. But, sir, you have ordered it otherwise.

From the tears and trials at Delft Haven, from the deck of "The Mayflower," from the landing at Plymouth Rock, to the Senate of the United States, is a mighty contrast, covering whole spaces of history, — hardly less than from the wolf that suckled Romulus and Remus to that Roman Senate, which, on curule chairs, swayed Italy and the world. From these obscure beginnings of poverty and weakness, which you now piously commemorate, and on which all our minds naturally rest to-day, you bid us leap to that marble capitol, where thirty-one powerful republics, bound in indissoluble union, a plural unit, are gathered together in legislative body, constituting a part of one government, which, stretching from

ocean to ocean, and counting millions of people beneath its majestic rule, surpasses far in wealth and might any government of the Old World when the little band of Pilgrims left it; and now promises to be a clasp between Europe and Asia, bringing the most distant places near together, so that there shall be no more Orient or Occident. It were interesting to dwell on the stages of this grand procession; but it is enough, on this occasion, merely to glance at them, and pass on.

Sir, it is the Pilgrims that we commemorate to-day, not the Senate. For this moment, at least, let us tread under foot all pride of empire, all exultation in our manifold triumphs of industry, of science, of literature, with all the crowding anticipations of the vast untold future, that we may reverently bow before the forefathers. The day is their's. In the contemplation of their virtue we shall derive a lesson, which, like truth, may judge us sternly; but if we can really follow it, like truth, it shall make us free. For myself, I accept the admonitions of the day. It may teach us all, never by word or act, although we may be few in numbers or alone, to swerve from those primal principles of duty, which, from the landing at Plymouth Rock, have been the life of Massachusetts. Let me briefly unfold the lesson; though, to the discerning soul, it unfolds itself.

Few persons in history have suffered more from contemporary misrepresentation, abuse, and persecution, than the English Puritans. At first a small body, they were regarded with indifference and contempt. But by degrees they grew in numbers, and drew into their company men of education, intelligence, and even of rank. Reformers in all ages have had little of blessing from the world which they sought to serve; but the Puritans were not disheartened. Still they persevered. The obnoxious laws of conformity they vowed to withstand, till, in the fervid language of the time, "they be sent back to the darkness from whence they came." Through them, the spirit of modern freedom made itself potently felt in its great warfare with authority in Church, in Literature, and in the State; in other words, for religious, intellectual, and political emancipation. The Puritans primarily aimed at religious freedom: for this they contended in Parliament, under Elizabeth and James; for this they suffered. But so connected are all these great and glorious interests, that the struggles for one have always helped the others. Such service did they do, that Hume, whose cold nature sympathized little with their burning souls, is obliged to confess, that, to the Puritans alone, "the English owe the whole freedom of their constitution."

As among all reformers, so among them, there were differences of degree. Some continued within the pale of the national Church, and there pressed their ineffectual attempts in behalf of

the good cause. Some, at length, driven by conscientious convictions, and unwilling to be partakers longer in its enormities, stung also by the cruel excesses of magisterial power, openly disclaimed the National Establishment, and became a separate sect, — first under the name of Brownists, from the person who had led in this new organization; and then under the better name of Separatists. I like this word, sir. It has a meaning. After long struggles in Parliament and out of it, in Church and State, continued through successive reigns, the Puritans finally triumphed; and the despised sect of Separatists, swollen in numbers, and now under the denomination of Independents, with Oliver Cromwell at their head, and John Milton as his secretary, ruled England. Thus is prefigured the final triumph of all, however few in numbers, who sincerely devote themselves to truth.

The Pilgrims of Plymouth were among the earliest of the Separatists. As such, they knew by bitter experience all the sharpness of persecution. Against them the men in power raged like the heathen. Against them the whole fury of the law was directed. Some were imprisoned; all were impoverished; while their name became a by-word of reproach. For safety and freedom, the little band first sought shelter in Holland, where they continued in indigence and obscurity for more than ten years; when they were inspired to seek a home in this unknown Western world. Such, in brief, is their history. I could not say more of it without intruding upon your time: I could not say less without injustice to them. Rarely have austere principles been expressed with more gentleness than from their lips. By a covenant with the Lord, they had vowed to walk in all his ways, according to their best endeavors, whatsoever it should cost them; and also to receive whatsoever truth should be made known from the written word of God. Repentance and prayers, patience and tears, were their weapons. "It is not with us," said they, "as with other men, whom small things can discourage, or small discontentments cause to wish themselves at home again." And then, again, on another occasion, their souls were lifted to utterance like this: "When we are in our graves, it will be all one whether we have lived in plenty or penury; whether we have died in a bed of down, or on locks of straw." Self-sacrifice is never in vain; and they foresaw with the clearness of prophecy, that out of their trials should come a transcendent future. "As one small candle," said an early Pilgrim governor, "may light a thousand, so the light kindled here may in some sort shine even to the whole nation."

And yet these men, with such sublime endurance and such lofty faith, are among those who are sometimes called "Puritan knaves" and "knaves-Puritans," and who were branded by King James as the "very pests in the Church and Commonwealth."

The small company of our forefathers became the jest and gibe of fashion and power. The phrase, "men of one idea," had not been invented then; but, in equivalent language, they were styled "the pinched fanatics of Leyden." A contemporary poet, and favorite of Charles the First, Thomas Carew, lent his genius to their defamation. A mask, from his elegant and careful pen, was performed by the monarch and his courtiers, wherein the whole plantation of New England was turned to royal sport. The jeer broke forth in the exclamation, that it had "purged more virulent humors from the politic bodies than guaiacum and all the West-Indian drugs from the natural bodies of the kingdom."

And these outcasts, despised in their own day by the proud and great, are the men whom we have met in this goodly number to celebrate, — not for any victory of war; not for any triumph of discovery, science, learning, or eloquence; not for worldly success of any kind. How poor are all these things by the side of that divine virtue which made them, amidst the reproach, the obloquy, and the hardness of the world, hold fast to freedom and truth! Sir, if the honors of this day are not a mockery; if they do not expend themselves in mere selfish gratulation; if they are a sincere homage to the character of the Pilgrims (and I can not suppose otherwise), — then is it well for us to be here. Standing on Plymouth Rock at their great anniversary, we can not fail to be elevated by their example. We see clearly what it has done for the world, and what it has done for their fame. No pusillanimous soul here to-day will declare their self-sacrifice, their deviation from received opinions, their unquenchable thirst for liberty, an error or illusion. From gushing multitudinous hearts we now thank these lowly men that they dared to be true and brave. Conformity or compromise might, perhaps, have purchased for them a profitable peace, but not peace of mind; it might have secured place and power, but not repose; it might have opened a present shelter, but not a home in history and in men's hearts till time shall be no more. All will confess the true grandeur of their example, while, in vindication of a cherished principle, they stood alone, against the madness of men, against the law of the land, against their king. Better be the despised Pilgrim, a fugitive for freedom, than the halting politician, forgetful of principle, "with a senate at his heels."

Such, sir, is the voice from Plymouth Rock as it salutes my ears. Others may not hear it; but to me it comes in tones which I can not mistake. I catch its words of noble cheer: —

"New occasions teach new duties; Time makes ancient good uncouth.
They must upward still and onward who would keep abreast of Truth:
Lo! before us gleam her camp-fires. We ourselves must Pilgrims be,
Launch our 'Mayflower,' and steer boldly through the desperate winter sea."

Speech at the Plymouth Festival, August, 1853.

EXPENSES OF WAR AND EDUCATION COMPARED.

It appears from the last report of the treasurer of Harvard University, that its whole available property — the various accumulations of more than two centuries of generosity — amounts to $703,175.

There now swings idly at her moorings in this harbor a ship of the line, "The Ohio," carrying ninety guns, finished as late as 1836, for $547,888; repaired only two years afterwards, in 1838, for $223,012; with an armament which has cost $53,945; making an amount of $834,845 as the actual cost at this moment of that single ship, — more than $100,000 beyond all the available accumulations of the richest and most ancient seat of learning in the land! Choose ye, my fellow-citizens of a Christian State, between the two caskets, — that wherein is the loveliness of knowledge and truth, or that which contains the carrion death.

Still further let us pursue the comparison. The pay of the captain of a ship like "The Ohio" is $4,500 when in service; $3,500 when on leave of absence, or off duty. The salary of the president of Harvard University is $2,205, without leave of absence, and never being off duty.

If the large endowments of Harvard University are dwarfed by a comparison with the expense of a single ship of the line, how much more must it be so with those of other institutions of learning and beneficence less favored by the bounty of many generations! The average cost of a sloop of war is $315,000; more, probably, than all the endowments of those twin-stars of learning in the western part of Massachusetts, — the colleges at Williamstown and Amherst; and of that single star in the east, the guide to many ingenuous youth, — the seminary at Andover. The yearly cost of a sloop of war in service is above $50,000; more than the annual expenditures of these three institutions combined.

Take all the institutions of learning and beneficence, — the precious jewels of the Commonwealth, — the schools, colleges, hospitals, and asylums, and the sums by which they have been purchased and preserved are trivial and beggarly compared with the treasures squandered within the borders of Massachusetts in vain preparations for war. There is the navy-yard at Charlestown, with its stores on hand, all costing $4,741,000; the fortifications in the harbors of Massachusetts, in which have been sunk already incalculable sums, and in which it is now proposed to sink $3,853,000 more; and, besides, the arsenal at Springfield, containing, in 1842, 175,118 muskets, valued at $2,999,998, and which is fed by an annual appropriation of about $200,000, but whose highest value will ever be, in the judgment of all lovers of

truth, that it inspired a poem, which in its influence shall be mightier than a battle, and shall endure when arsenals and fortifications have crumbled to the earth.

JUDICIAL TRIBUNALS.

LET me here say, that I hold judges, and especially the Supreme Court of the country, in much respect; but I am too familiar with the history of judicial proceedings to regard them with any superstitious reverence. Judges are but men, and, in all ages, have shown a full share of human frailty. Alas, alas! the worst crimes of history have been perpetrated under their sanction. The blood of martyrs and of patriots, crying from the ground, summons them to judgment. It was a judicial tribunal which condemned Socrates to drink the fatal hemlock, and which pushed the Saviour barefoot over the pavements of Jerusalem, bending beneath his cross. It was a judicial tribunal, which, against the testimony and entreaties of her father, surrendered the fair Virginia as a slave; which arrested the teachings of the great apostle to the Gentiles, and sent him in bonds from Judæa to Rome; which, in the name of the old religion, adjudged the saints and fathers of the Christian Church to death in all its most dreadful forms; and which afterwards, in the name of the new religion, enforced the tortures of the Inquisition amidst the shrieks and agonies of its victims, while it compelled Galileo to declare, in solemn denial of the great truth he had disclosed, that the earth did not move round the sun. It was a judicial tribunal, which in France, during the long reign of her monarchs, lent itself to be the instrument of every tyranny, as, during the brief Reign of Terror, it did not hesitate to stand forth the unpitying accessory of the unpitying guillotine. Ay, sir, it was a judicial tribunal in England, surrounded by all the forms of law, which sanctioned every despotic caprice of Henry the Eighth, from the unjust divorce of his queen to the beheading of Sir Thomas More; which lighted the fires of persecution that glowed at Oxford and Smithfield over the cinders of Latimer, Ridley, and John Rogers; which, after elaborate argument, upheld the fatal tyranny of ship-money against the patriot resistance of Hampden; which, in defiance of justice and humanity, sent Sidney and Russell to the block; which persistently enforced the laws of conformity that our Puritan Fathers persistently refused to obey; and which afterwards, with Jeffries on the bench, crimsoned the pages of English history with massacre and murder, — even with the blood of innocent woman. Ay, sir, and it was a judicial tribunal in our

country, surrounded by all the forms of law, which hung witches at Salem; which affirmed the constitutionality of the Stamp Act, while it admonished "jurors and the people" to obey; and which now, in our day, has lent its sanction to the unutterable atrocity of the Fugitive-slave Bill.

Speech at Worcester, September, 1854.

EDWARD EVERETT.

1794–1866.

This distinguished scholar, orator, and statesman was born in Dorchester, Mass. Of a wonderful memory, he committed all his rhetorically faultless orations and speeches, and declaimed them with the most studied precision of gesture. Whatever the subject or occasion, we find the same grace and elegance of manner in style and speech. From the third volume of his works we make two selections.

DUDLEY OBSERVATORY, ALBANY, 1856.

We derive from the observations of the heavenly bodies which are made at an observatory our only adequate measures of time, and our only means of comparing the time of one place with the time of another. Our artificial timekeepers, — clocks, watches, and chronometers, — however ingeniously contrived and admirably fabricated, are but a transcript, so to say, of the celestial motions, and would be of no value without the means of regulating them by observation. It is impossible for them, under any circumstances, to escape the imperfection of all machinery, the work of human hands; and, the moment we remove with our timekeeper east or west, it fails us. It will keep home-time alone, like the fond traveler who leaves his heart behind him. The artificial instrument is of incalculable utility, but must itself be regulated by the eternal clockwork of the skies.

This single consideration is sufficient to show how completely the daily business of life is affected and controlled by the heavenly bodies. It is they, and not our main-springs, our expansion-balances, and our compensation-pendulums, which give us our time. To reverse the line of Pope, —

> "'Tis with our watches as our judgments: none
> Go just alike; yet each believes his own."

But for all the kindreds and tribes and tongues of men, — each upon their own meridian, — from the arctic pole to the equator,

from the equator to the antarctic pole, the eternal sun strikes twelve at noon, and the glorious constellations far up in the everlasting belfries of the skies chime twelve at midnight, — twelve for the pale student over his flickering lamp; twelve amid the flaming wonders of Orion's belt, if he crosses the meridian at that fated hour; twelve by the weary couch of languishing humanity; twelve in the star-paved courts of the empyrean; twelve for the heaving tides of the ocean; twelve for the weary arm of labor; twelve for the toiling brain; twelve for the watching, waking, broken heart; twelve for the meteor which blazes for a moment, and expires; twelve for the comet whose period is measured by centuries; twelve for every substantial, for every imaginary thing, which exists in the sense, the intellect, or the fancy, and which the speech or thought of man at the given meridian refers to the lapse of time.

. . . . . .

I had occasion, a few weeks since, to take the early train from Providence to Boston, and for this purpose rose at two o'clock in the morning. Every thing around was wrapped in darkness, and hushed in silence, broken only by what seemed at that hour the unearthly clank and rush of the train. It was a mild, serene midsummer's night: the sky was without a cloud; the winds were whist. The moon, then in the last quarter, had just risen; and the stars shone with a spectral luster but little affected by her presence. Jupiter, two hours high, was the herald of the day; the Pleiades, just above the horizon, shed their sweet influence in the east; Lyra sparkled near the zenith; Andromeda veiled her newly-discovered glories from the naked eye in the south; the steady Pointers far beneath the pole looked meekly up from the depths of the north to their sovereign.

Such was the glorious spectacle as I entered the train. As we proceeded, the timid approach of twilight became more perceptible; the intense blue of the sky began to soften; the smaller stars, like little children, went first to rest; the sister-beams of the Pleiades soon melted together: but the bright constellations of the west and north remained unchanged. Steadily the wondrous transfiguration went on. Hands of angels hidden from mortal eyes shifted the scenery of the heavens; the glories of night dissolved into the glories of the dawn. The blue sky now turned more softly gray; the great watch-stars shut up their holy eyes; the east began to kindle. Faint streaks of purple soon blushed along the sky; the whole celestial concave was filled with the inflowing tides of the morning light, which came pouring down from above in one great ocean of radiance; till at length, as we reached the Blue Hills, a flash of purple fire blazed out from above the horizon, and turned the dewy tear-drops of flower and leaf

into rubies and diamonds. In a few seconds, the everlasting gates of the morning were thrown wide open, and the lord of day, arrayed in glories too severe for the gaze of man, began his state.

ADDRESS BEFORE THE NEW-YORK AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY, 1857.

A CELEBRATED skeptical philosopher of the last century — the historian Hume — thought to demolish the credibility of the Christian revelation by the concise argument, "It is contrary to experience that a miracle should be true, but not contrary to experience that testimony should be false." Contrary to experience that phenomena should exist which we can not trace to causes perceptible to the human sense or conceivable by human thought! It would be much nearer the truth to say, that, within the husbandman's experience, there are no phenomena which can be rationally traced to any thing but the instant energy of creative power.

Did this philosopher ever contemplate the landscape at the close of the year, when seeds and grains and fruits have ripened, and stalks have withered, and leaves have fallen, and Winter has forced her icy curb even into the roaring jaws of Niagara, and sheeted half a continent in her glittering shroud, and all this teeming vegetation and organized life are locked in cold and marble obstructions? And after week upon week, and month upon month, have swept, with sleet, and chilly rain, and howling storm, over the earth, and riveted their crystal bolts upon the door of Nature's sepulcher, — when the sun at length begins to wheel in higher circles through the sky, and softer winds to breathe over melting snows, — did he ever behold the long-hidden earth at length appear, and soon the timid grass peep forth, and anon the autumnal wheat begin to paint the field, and velvet leaflets to burst from purple buds throughout the reviving forest, and then the mellow soil to open its fruitful bosom to every grain and seed dropped from the planter's hand, — buried, but to spring up again, clothed with a new, mysterious being? And then, as more fervid suns inflame the air, and softer showers distill from the clouds, and gentler dews string their pearls on twig and tendril, did he ever watch the ripening grain and fruit, pendent from stalk and vine and tree; the meadow, the field, the pasture, the grove, each after his kind, arrayed in myriad-tinted garments, instinct with circulating life; seven millions of counted leaves on a single tree, each of which is a system whose exquisite complication puts to shame the shrewdest cunning of the human hand; every planted seed

and grain which had been loaned to the earth compounding its pious usury thirty, sixty, a hundred fold, — all harmoniously adapted to the sustenance of living nature, the bread of a hungry world; here a tilled corn-field, whose yellow blades are nodding with the food of man; there an unplanted wilderness, — the great Father's farm, — where He "who hears the raven's cry" has cultivated with his own hand his merciful crop of berries and nuts and acorns and seeds for the humbler families of animated nature, — the solemn elephant; the browsing deer; the wild pigeon, whose fluttering caravan darkens the sky; the merry squirrel, who bounds from branch to branch in the joy of his little life, — has he seen all this? Does he see it every year and month and day? Does he live and move and breathe and think in this atmosphere of wonder, — himself the greatest wonder of all, whose smallest fiber and faintest pulsation is as much a mystery as the blazing glories of Orion's belt? And does he still maintain that a miracle is contrary to experience? If he has, and if he does, then let him go, in the name of Heaven, and say that it is contrary to experience that the august Power which turns the clods of the earth into the daily bread of a thousand million souls could feed five thousand in the wilderness.

One more suggestion, my friends, and I relieve your patience. As a work of art, I know few things more pleasing to the eye, or more capable of affording scope and gratification to a taste for the beautiful, than a well-situated, well-cultivated farm. The man of refinement will hang with never-wearied gaze on a landscape by Claude or Salvator: the price of a section of the most fertile land in the West would not purchase a few square feet of the canvas on which these great artists have depicted a rural scene. But Nature has forms and proportions beyond the painter's skill: her divine pencil touches the landscape with living lights and shadows never mingled on his pallet. What is there on earth which can more entirely charm the eye or gratify the taste than a noble farm? It stands upon a southern slope, gradually rising with variegated ascent from the plain, sheltered from the north-western winds by woody hights, broken here and there with moss-covered bowlders, which impart variety and strength to the outline. The native forest has been cleared from the greater part of the farm; but a suitable portion, carefully tended, remains in wood for economical purposes, and to give a picturesque effect to the landscape. The eye ranges round three-fourths of the horizon over a fertile expanse — bright with the cheerful waters of a rippling stream, a generous river, or a gleaming lake — dotted with hamlets, each with its modest spire; and, if the farm lies in the vicinity of the coast, a distant glimpse, from the high grounds, of the mysterious, everlasting sea, completes the prospect. It is situated off the high

road, but near enough to the village to be easily accessible to the church, the schoolhouse, the post-office, the railroad, a sociable neighbor, or a traveling friend. It consists, in due proportion, of pasture and tillage, meadow and woodland, field and garden. A substantial dwelling, with every thing for convenience, and nothing for ambition, — with the fitting appendages of stable and barn and corn-barn and other farm buildings, not forgetting a spring-house with a living fountain of water, — occupies upon a gravelly knoll a position well chosen to command the whole estate. A few acres on the front and on the sides of the dwelling, set apart to gratify the eye, with the choicer forms of rural beauty, are adorned with a stately avenue, with noble, solitary trees, with graceful clumps, shady walks, a velvet lawn, a brook murmuring over a pebbly bed, here and there a grand rock whose cool shadow at sunset streams across the field; all displaying in the real loveliness of Nature the original of those landscapes of which Art in its perfection strives to give us the counterfeit presentment. Animals of select breed, such as Paul Potter and Morland and Landseer and Rosa Bonheur never painted, roam the pastures, or fill the hurdles and the stalls; the plow walks in rustic majesty across the plain, and opens the genial bosom of the earth to the sun and air; Nature's holy sacrament of seed-time is solemnized beneath the vaulted cathedral sky; silent dews and gentle showers and kindly sunshine shed their sweet influence on the teeming soil; springing verdure clothes the plain; golden wavelets, driven by the west wind, run over the joyous wheat-field; the tall maize flaunts in her crispy leaves and nodding tassels. While we labor and while we rest, while we wake and while we sleep, God's chemistry, which we can not see, goes on beneath the clods; myriads and myriads of vital cells ferment with elemental life; germ and stalk, and leaf and flower, and silk and tassel, and grain and fruit, grow up from the common earth; the mowing-machine and the reaper — mute rivals of human industry — perform their gladsome task; the well-piled wagon brings home the ripened treasures of the year; the bow of promise fulfilled spans the foreground of the picture; and the gracious covenant is redeemed, that, while the earth remaineth, summer and winter, and heat and cold, and day and night, and seed-time and harvest, shall not fail.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

1782–1852.

Born in Salisbury, N. H. As a jurist, statesman, and orator, he had no superior, and but few equals, in ancient or modern times. His reply to Hayne in the United-States Senate (1830) won him the title of the "Godlike Daniel." His life and speeches make several volumes.

ELOQUENCE.

When public bodies are to be addressed on momentous occasions, when great interests are at stake and strong passions excited, nothing is valuable in speech further than it is connected with high intellectual and moral endowments. Clearness, force, and earnestness are the qualities which produce conviction.

True eloquence does not consist in speech. It can not be brought from afar. Labor and learning may toil for it; but they will toil in vain. Words and phrases may be marshaled in every way; but they can not compass it. It must exist in the man, in the subject, and in the occasion. Affected passion, intense expression, the pomp of declamation,—all may aspire after it: they can not reach it. It comes, if it come at all, like the outbreaking of a fountain from the earth, or the bursting-forth of volcanic fires,—with spontaneous, original, native force. The graces taught in the schools, the costly ornaments and studied contrivances of speech, shock and disgust men, when their own lives, and the fate of their wives, their children, and their country, hang on the decision of the hour. Then words have lost their power; rhetoric is vain, and all elaborate oratory contemptible. Even genius itself then feels rebuked and subdued, as in the presence of higher qualities. Then patriotism is eloquent; then self-devotion is eloquent. The clear conception, outrunning the deductions of logic, the high purpose, the firm resolve, the dauntless spirit, speaking on the tongue, beaming from the eye, informing every feature, and urging the whole man onward, right onward, to his object,—this, this is eloquence: or, rather, it is something greater and higher than all eloquence; it is action,—noble, sublime, Godlike action.

BUNKER-HILL MONUMENT.

We know that the record of illustrious actions is most safely deposited in the universal remembrance of mankind. We know that if we could cause this structure to ascend, not only till it reached the skies, but till it pierced them, its broad surface would

still contain but part of that, which, in an age of knowledge, hath already been spread over the earth, and which History charges herself with making known to all future times. We know that no inscription on entablatures less broad than the earth itself can carry information of the events we commemorate where it has not already gone; and that no structure which shall not outlive the duration of letters and knowledge among men can prolong the memorial. But our object is, by this edifice, to show our deep sense of the value and importance of the achievements of our ancestors; and, by presenting this work of gratitude to the eye, to keep alive similar sentiments, and to foster a similar regard to the principles of the Revolution. Human beings are composed, not of reason only, but of imagination also, and sentiment; and that is neither wasted nor misapplied which is appropriated to the purpose of giving right direction to sentiments, and opening proper springs of feeling in the heart.

Let it not be supposed that our object in erecting this edifice is to perpetuate national hostility, or even to cherish a mere military spirit. It is higher, purer, nobler. We consecrate our work to the spirit of national independence; and we wish that the light of peace may rest upon it for ever. We rear a memorial of our conviction of that unmeasured benefit which has been conferred on our own land, and of the happy influences which have been produced by the same events on the general interests of mankind. We come, as Americans, to mark a spot which must for ever be dear to us and our posterity. We wish that whosoever, in all coming time, shall turn his eye hither, may behold that the place is not undistinguished where the first great battle of the Revolution was fought. We wish that this structure may proclaim the magnitude and importance of that event to every class and every age. We wish that infancy may learn the purpose of its erection from maternal lips; and that weary and withered age may behold it, and be solaced by the recollections which it suggests. We wish that labor may look up here, and be proud, in the midst of its toil. We wish, that in those days of disaster, which, as they come on all nations, must be expected to come on us also, desponding patriotism may turn its eyes hitherward, and be assured that the foundations of our national power still stand strong. We wish that this column, rising toward heaven among the pointed spires of so many temples dedicated to God, may contribute also to produce in all minds a pious feeling of dependence and gratitude. We wish, finally, that the last object on the sight of him who leaves his native shore, and the first to gladden his who revisits it, may be something which shall remind him of the liberty and glory of his country. Let it rise till it meet the sun in his coming; let the earliest light of the morning gild it, and parting day linger and play on its summit.

CRIME REVEALED BY CONSCIENCE.

THE deed* was executed with a degree of self-possession and steadiness equal to the wickedness with which it was planned. The circumstances now clearly in evidence spread out the whole scene before us. Deep sleep had fallen on the destined victim, and on all beneath his roof. A healthful old man, to whom sleep was sweet, the first sound slumbers of the night held him in their soft but strong embrace. The assassin enters, through the window already prepared, into an unoccupied apartment. With noiseless foot he paces the lonely hall, half lighted by the moon. He winds up the ascent of the stairs, and reaches the door of the chamber. Of this he moves the lock, by soft and continued pressure, till it turns on its hinges without noise; and he enters, and beholds his victim before him. The room was uncommonly open to the admission of light. The face of the innocent sleeper was turned from the murderer; and the beams of the moon, resting on the gray locks of his aged temple, showed him where to strike. The fatal blow is given; and the victim passes, without a struggle or a motion, from the repose of sleep to the repose of death. It is the assassin's purpose to make sure work; and he yet plies the dagger, though it was obvious that life had been destroyed by the blow of the bludgeon. He even raises the aged arm, that he may not fail in his aim at the heart, and replaces it again over the wounds of the poniard. To finish the picture, he explores the wrist for the pulse. He feels for it, and ascertains that it beats no longer. It is accomplished. The deed is done. He retreats, retraces his steps to the window, passes out through it as he came in, and escapes. He has done the murder: no eye has seen him; no ear has heard him. The *secret* is his own, and it is safe.

Ah, gentlemen! that was a dreadful mistake. Such a secret can be safe nowhere. The whole creation of God has neither nook nor corner where the guilty can bestow it, and say it is safe. Not to speak of that Eye which glances through all disguises, and beholds every thing as in the splendor of noon, such secrets of guilt are never safe from detection, even by men. True it is, generally speaking, that "murder will out." True it is, that Providence hath so ordained, and doth so govern things, that those who break the great law of heaven by shedding man's blood, seldom succeed in avoiding discovery. Especially in a case exciting so much attention as this, discovery must come, and will come sooner or later. A thousand eyes turn at once to explore every man, every thing, every circumstance, connected with

* The murder of Joseph White, Esq., of Salem, Mass., April 6, 1830.

the time and place; a thousand ears catch every whisper; a thousand excited minds intensely dwell on the scene, shedding all their light, and ready to kindle the slightest circumstance into a blaze of discovery. Meantime, the guilty soul can not keep its own secret. It is false to itself; or, rather, it feels an irresistible impulse of conscience to be true to itself. It labors under its guilty possession, and knows not what to do with it. The human heart was not made for the residence of such an inhabitant. It finds itself preyed on by a torment which it dares not acknowledge to God nor man. A vulture is devouring it; and it can ask no sympathy or assistance either from heaven or earth. The secret which the murderer possesses soon comes to possess him; and, like the evil spirits of which we read, it overcomes him, and leads him whithersoever it will. He feels it beating at his heart, rising to his throat, and demanding disclosure. He thinks the whole world sees it in his face, reads it in his eyes, and almost hears its workings in the very silence of his thoughts. It has become his master. It betrays his discretion; it breaks down his courage; it conquers his prudence. When suspicions from without begin to embarrass him, and the net of circumstances to entangle him, the fatal *secret* struggles with still greater violence to burst forth. It must be confessed; *it will be* confessed: there is no refuge from confession but suicide; and suicide is confession.

REPLY TO HAYNE.

It was put as a question for me to answer, and so put as if it were difficult for me to answer, whether I deemed the member from Missouri an overmatch for myself in debate here. It seems to me, sir, that this is extraordinary language and an extraordinary tone for the discussions of this body. Matches and overmatches! — those terms are more applicable elsewhere than here, and fitter for other assemblies than this. Sir, the gentleman seems to forget where and what we are. This is a senate, — a senate of equals, of men of individual honor and personal character, and of absolute independence. We know no masters; we acknowledge no dictators. This is a hall for mutual consultation and discussion; not an arena for the exhibition of champions. I offer myself, sir, as a match for no man. I throw the challenge of debate at no man's feet. But then, sir, since the honorable member has put the question in a manner that calls for an answer, I will give him an answer; and I tell him, that, holding myself to be the humblest of the members here, I yet know nothing in the arm of his friend from Missouri, either alone or when

aided by the arm of his friend from South Carolina, that need deter even me from espousing whatever opinions I may choose to espouse, from debating whenever I may choose to debate, or from speaking whatever I may see fit to say on the floor of the Senate. Sir, when uttered as matter of commendation or compliment, I should dissent from nothing which the honorable member might say of his friend. Still less do I put forth any pretensions of my own. But, when put to me as a matter of taunt, I throw it back, and say to the gentleman, that he could possibly say nothing less likely than such a comparison to wound my pride of personal character. The anger of its tone rescued the remark from intentional irony, which otherwise, probably, would have been its general acceptation. But, sir, if it be imagined that by this mutual quotation and commendation; if it be supposed that by casting the characters of the drama, assigning to each his part, — to one the attack, to another the cry of onset; or if it be thought that by a loud and empty vaunt of anticipated victory, — any laurels are to be won here; if it be imagined, especially, that any or all of these things will shake any purpose of mine, — I can tell the honorable member, once for all, that he is greatly mistaken, and that he is dealing with one of whose temper and character he has yet much to learn. Sir, I shall not allow myself on this occasion to be betrayed into any loss of temper; but if provoked, as I trust I never shall allow myself to be, into crimination and recrimination, the honorable member may perhaps find, that in that contest there will be blows to take as well as blows to give; that others can state comparisons as significant, at least, as his own; and that his impunity may, perhaps, demand of him whatever powers of taunt and sarcasm he may possess. I commend him to a prudent husbandry of his resources.

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The eulogium pronounced on the character of the State of South Carolina by the honorable gentleman, for her revolutionary and other merits, meets my hearty concurrence. I shall not acknowledge that the honorable member goes before me in regard for whatever of distinguished talent or distinguished character South Carolina has produced. I claim part of the honor. I partake in the pride of her great names. I claim them for countrymen, one and all, — the Laurenses, Rutledges, the Pinckneys, the Sumters, the Marions (Americans all), whose fame is no more to be hemmed in by State lines than their talents and patriotism were capable of being circumscribed within the same narrow limits. In their day and generation, they served and honored the country, and the whole country; and their renown is of the treasures of the whole country. Him whose honored name the gentleman bears himself — does he suppose me less capable of grati-

tude for his patriotism, or sympathy for his sufferings, than if his eyes had first opened upon the light in Massachusetts, instead of South Carolina? Sir, does he suppose it in his power to exhibit a Carolina name so bright as to produce envy in my bosom? No, sir! — increased gratification and delight, rather. Sir, I thank God, that, if I am gifted with little of the spirit which is said to be able to raise mortals to the skies, I have yet none, as I trust, of that other spirit which would drag angels down.

When I shall be found, sir, in my place here in the Senate, or elsewhere, to sneer at public merit because it happened to spring up beyond the little limits of my own State and neighborhood; when I refuse for any such cause, or for any cause, the homage due to American talent, to elevated patriotism, to sincere devotion to liberty and the country; or if I see an uncommon endowment of heaven, if I see extraordinary capacity and virtue in any son of the South; and if, moved by local prejudice, or gangrened by State jealousy, I get up here to abate the tithe of a hair from his just character and just fame, — may my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth! Sir, let me recur to pleasing recollections; let me indulge in refreshing remembrances of the past; let me remind you, that, in early times, no States cherished greater harmony, both of principle and of feeling, than Massachusetts and South Carolina. Would to God that harmony might again return! Shoulder to shoulder they went through the Revolution; hand in hand they stood round the administration of Washington, and felt his own great arm lean on them for support. Unkind feeling (if it exist), alienation, and distrust, are the growth, unnatural to such soils, of false principles since sown. They are weeds, the seeds of which that same great arm never scattered.

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Mr. President, I shall enter on no encomium upon Massachusetts: she needs none. There she is: behold her, and judge for yourselves. There is her history: the world knows it by heart. The past, at least, is secure. There is Boston and Concord and Lexington and Bunker Hill; and there they will remain for ever. The bones of her sons, falling in the great struggle for independence, now lie mingled with the soil of every State, from New England to Georgia; and there they will lie for ever. And, sir, where American liberty raised its first voice, and where its youth was nurtured and sustained, there it still lives in the strength of its manhood, and full of its original spirit. If discord and disunion shall wound it; if party strife and blind ambition shall hawk at and tear it; if folly and madness, if uneasiness under salutary and necessary restraint, shall succeed to separate it from that union by which alone its existence is made sure, — it will stand in the end by the side of that cradle in which its infancy

was rocked; it will stretch forth its arm, with whatever of vigor it may still retain, over the friends who gather round it; and it will fall at last, if fall it must, amidst the proudest monuments of its own glory, and on the very spot of its origin.

. . . . . .

Mr. President, I have thus stated the reasons of my dissent to the doctrines which have been advanced and maintained. I am conscious of having detained you and the Senate much too long. I was drawn into the debate with no previous deliberation such as is suited to the discussion of so grave and important a subject: but it is a subject of which my heart is full; and I have not been willing to suppress the utterance of its spontaneous sentiments. I can not, even now, persuade myself to relinquish it, without expressing once more my deep conviction, that, since it respects nothing less than the union of the States, it is of most vital and essential importance to the public happiness. I profess, sir, in my career hitherto, to have kept steadily in view the prosperity and honor of the whole country, and the preservation of our Federal Union. It is to that Union that we owe our safety at home, and our consideration and dignity abroad. It is to that Union that we are chiefly indebted for whatever makes us most proud of our country. That Union we reached only by the discipline of our virtues in the severe school of adversity. It had its origin in the necessities of disordered finance, prostrate commerce, and ruined credit. Under its benign influences, these great interests immediately awoke as from the dead, and sprang forth with newness of life. Every year of its duration has teemed with fresh proofs of its utility and its blessings; and although our territory has stretched out wider and wider, and our population spread farther and farther, they have not outrun its protection or its benefits. It has been to us all a copious fountain of national, social, and personal happiness. I have not allowed myself, sir, to look beyond the Union to see what might lie hidden in the dark recess behind. I have not coolly weighed the chances of preserving liberty when the bonds that unite us together shall be broken asunder. I have not accustomed myself to hang over the precipice of disunion to see whether, with my short sight, I can fathom the depth of the abyss below; nor could I regard him as a safe counselor in the affairs of this government whose thoughts should be mainly bent on considering, not how the Union should be best preserved, but how tolerable might be the condition of the people when it shall be broken up and destroyed. While the Union lasts, we have high, exciting, gratifying prospects spread out before us for us and our children. Beyond that, I seek not to penetrate the veil. God grant, that, in my day at least, that curtain may not rise! God grant, that on my vision never may be

opened what lies behind! When my eyes shall be turned to behold for the last time the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once-glorious Union; on States dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood! Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original luster, not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured; bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogatory as, *What is all this worth?* nor those other words of delusion and folly, *Liberty first, and Union afterwards;* but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart,—Liberty *and* Union, now and forever, one and inseparable.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

1772-1834.

Has left a few fragments of sufficient excellence to prove that he lacked the one great element of successful genius, — the decision of character to execute a plan. His essays and fragments of poems are valued for the critical and imaginative power shown.

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER.

PART I.

It is an ancient mariner,
And he stoppeth one of three:
"By thy long gray beard and glittering eye,
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?

"The bridegroom's doors are opened wide,
And I am next of kin;
The guests are met, the feast is set:
Mayst hear the merry din."

He holds him with his skinny hand:
"There was a ship," quoth he.
"Hold off! unhand me, gray-beard loon!"
Eftsoons his hand dropped he.

He holds him with his glittering eye:
The wedding-guest stood still,
And listens like a three-years' child:
The mariner hath his will.

The wedding-guest sat on a stone;
He can not choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed mariner: —

"The ship was cheered, the harbor cleared:
Merrily did we drop
Below the kirk, below the hill,
Below the lighthouse top.

"The sun came up upon the left;
Out of the sea came he;
And he shone bright, and on the right
Went down into the sea.

"Higher and higher every day,
Till over the mast at noon" —
The wedding-guest here beat his breast;
For he heard the loud bassoon.

The bride hath paced into the hall;
Red as a rose is she:
Nodding their heads, before her goes
The merry minstrelsy.

The wedding-guest he beat his breast,
Yet he can not choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed mariner: —

"And now the storm-blast came; and he
Was tyrannous and strong:
He struck with his o'ertaking wings,
And chased us south along.

"With sloping masts and dipping prow, —
As who pursued with yell and blow
Still treads the shadow of his foe,
And forward bends his head, —
The ship drove fast; loud roared the blast;
And southward aye we fled.

"And now there came both mist and snow;
And it grew wondrous cold;
And ice mast-high came floating by,
As green as emerald.

"And through the drifts the snowy cliffs
Did send a dismal sheen:
Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken, —
The ice was all between.

"The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around:
It cracked and growled, and roared and howled,
Like noises in a swound.

"At length did cross an albatross;
Thorough the fog it came:
As if it had been a Christian soul,
We hailed it in God's name.

"It ate the food it ne'er had eat,
And round and round it flew:
The ice did split with a thunder-fit;
The helmsman steered us through.

"And a good south wind sprung up behind:
The albatross did follow,
And every day, for food or play,
Came to the mariners' hollo.

"In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,
It perched for vespers nine;
Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke white,
Glimmered the white moonshine."

"God save thee, ancient mariner,
From the fiends that plague thee thus!
Why look'st thou so?" — "With my cross-bow
I shot the albatross."

PART II.

"The sun now rose upon the right:
Out of the sea came he,
Still hid in mist, and on the left
Went down into the sea.

"And the good south wind still blew behind;
But no sweet bird did follow,
Nor any day, for food or play,
Came to the mariners' hollo.

"And I had done a hellish thing,
And it would work 'em woe;
For all averred I had killed the bird
That made the breeze to blow.
'Ah, wretch!' said they, 'the bird to slay
That made the breeze to blow!'

"Nor dim nor red, like God's own head,
The glorious sun uprist:
Then all averred I had killed the bird
That brought the fog and mist.
'Twas right,' said they, 'such birds to slay
That bring the fog and mist.'

"The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow followed free:
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.

"Down dropt the breeze; the sails dropt down;
'Twas sad as sad could be;
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea.

"All in a hot and copper sky,
The bloody sun, at noon,
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the moon.

"Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

. . . . . .

"Water, water, everywhere!
And all the boards did shrink;
Water, water, everywhere!
Nor any drop to drink.

"The very deep did rot: O Christ,
That ever this should be!
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea.

"About, about, in reel and rout,
The death-fires danced at night:
The waters, like a witch's oils,
Burnt green and blue and white.

"And some in dreams assurèd were
Of the spirit that plagued us so:
Nine fathom deep he had followed us
From the land of mist and snow.

"And every tongue, through utter drought,
Was withered at the root:
We could not speak no more than if
We had been choked with soot.

"Ah, well a-day! what evil looks
Had I from old and young!
Instead of the cross, the albatross
About my neck was hung.

. . . . . .

"The naked hulk alongside came;
And the twain were casting dice:
'The game is done; I've won, I've won!'
Quoth she, and whistles thrice.

"The sun's rim dips; the stars rush out;
At one stride comes the dark:
With far-heard whisper o'er the sea,
Off shot the specter-bark.

"We listened, and looked sideways up:
Fear at my heart, as at a cup,
My life-blood seemed to sip.
The stars were dim, and thick the night;
The steersman's face by his lamp gleamed white;
From the sails the dew did drip;
Till clomb above the eastern bar
The hornèd moon, with one bright star
Within the nether tip.

"One after one, by the star-dogged moon,
Too quick for groan or sigh,
Each turned his face with a ghastly pang,
And cursed me with his eye:

"Four times fifty living men,
(And I heard nor sigh nor groan,)
With heavy thump, a lifeless lump,
They dropped down one by one.

"The souls did from their bodies fly;
They fled to bliss or woe;
And every soul it passed me by
Like the whizz of my cross-bow."

PART IV.

"I fear thee, ancient mariner;
I fear thy skinny hand;
And thou art long and lank and brown
As is the ribbed sea-sand.

"I fear thee and thy glittering eye,
And thy skinny hand so brown."
"Fear not, fear not, thou wedding-guest:
This body dropped not down.

"Alone, alone, all, all alone, —
Alone on a wide, wide sea!
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony.

"The many men so beautiful! —
And they all dead did lie;
And a thousand thousand slimy things
Lived on; and so did I.

"I looked upon the rotting sea,
And drew my eyes away;
I looked upon the rotting deck,
And there the dead men lay.

"I looked to heaven, and tried to pray;
But, or ever a prayer had gusht,
A wicked whisper came, and made
My heart as dry as dust.

"I closed my lids, and kept them close,
And the balls like pulses beat;
For the sky and the sea, and the sea and the sky,
Lay like a load on my weary eye;
And the dead were at my feet.

"The cold sweat melted from their limbs,
Nor rot nor reek did they:
The look with which they looked on me
Had never passed away.

"An orphan's curse would drag to hell
A spirit from on high;
But, oh! more horrible than that
Is the curse in a dead man's eye.
Seven days, seven nights, I saw that curse;
And yet I could not die.

"The moving moon went up the sky,
And nowhere did abide;
Softly she was going up,
And a star or two beside.

"Her beams bemocked the sultry main
Like April hoar-frost spread;
But, where the ship's huge shadow lay,
The charmèd water burnt alway
A still and awful red.

"Beyond the shadow of the ship
I watched the water-snakes:
They moved in tracks of shining white;
And, when they reared, the elfish light
Fell off in hoary flakes.

"Within the shadow of the ship
I watched their rich attire:
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,
They coiled and swam; and every track
Was a flash of golden fire.

"O happy, living things! no tongue
Their beauty might declare:
A spring of love gushed from my heart,
And I blessed them unaware:
Sure, my kind saint took pity on me,
And I blessed them unaware.

"The self-same moment I could pray;
And from my neck so free
The albatross fell off, and sank
Like lead into the sea."

. . . . . .

PART VII.

"THIS hermit good lives in that wood
Which slopes down to the sea.
How loudly his sweet voice he rears!
He loves to talk with marineres
That come from a far countree.

"He kneels at morn and noon and eve;
He hath a cushion plump:
It is the moss that wholly hides
The rotted old oak-stump.

"The skiff-boat neared: I heard them talk:
'Why, this is strange, I trow!
Where are those lights, so many and fair,
That signal made but now?'

"'Strange, by my faith!' the hermit said;
'And they answered not our cheer.
The planks looked warped; and see those sails,
How thin they are, and sear!
I never saw aught like to them,
Unless perchance it were

"'Brown skeletons of leaves that lag
My forest-brook along,
When the ivy-tod is heavy with snow,
And the owlet whoops to the wolf below
That eats the she-wolf's young.'

"'Dear Lord, it hath a fiendish look,'
(The pilot made reply:)
'I am a-feared.' — 'Push on, push on!'
Said the hermit cheerily.

"The boat came closer to the ship,
But I nor spake nor stirred:
The boat came close beneath the ship,
And straight a sound was heard.

"Under the water it rumbled on,
Still louder and more dread:
It reached the ship, it split the bay, —
The ship went down like lead.

"Stunned by that loud and dreadful sound
Which sky and ocean smote,
Like one that hath been seven days drowned,
My body lay afloat;
But, swift as dreams, myself I found
Within the pilot's boat.

"Upon the whirl, where sank the ship,
The boat spun round and round;
And all was still, save that the hill
Was telling of the sound.
I moved my lips, — the pilot shrieked,
And fell down in a fit;
The holy hermit raised his eyes,
And prayed where he did sit.

"I took the oars: the pilot's boy,
Who now doth crazy go,
Laughed loud and long, and all the while
His eyes went to and fro.
'Ha, ha!' quoth he, 'full plain I see
The Devil knows how to row.'

"And now, all in my own countree,
I stood on the firm land:
The hermit stepped forth from the boat,
And scarcely he could stand.

"'Oh, shrive me, shrive me, holy man!'
The hermit crossed his brow.
'Say quick,' quoth he, 'I bid thee say,
What manner of man art thou?'
Forthwith this frame of mine was wrenched
With a woful agony
Which forced me to begin my tale,
And then it left me free.

"Since then, at an uncertain hour,
That agony returns;
And, till my ghastly tale is told,
This heart within me burns.

"I pass, like night, from land to land;
I have strange power of speech:
That moment that his face I see,
I know the man that must hear me;
To him my tale I teach.

"What loud uproar bursts from that door!
The wedding-guests are there;
But in the garden-bower the bride
And bride-maids singing are:
And, hark! the little vesper-bell,
Which biddeth me to prayer!

"O wedding-guest! this soul hath been
Alone on a wide, wide sea:
So lonely 'twas, that God himself
Scarce seemèd there to be.

"Oh! sweeter than the marriage-feast,
'Tis sweeter far to me,
To walk together to the kirk
With a goodly company;

"To walk together to the kirk,
And all together pray;
While each to his great Father bends, —
Old men and babes, and loving friends,
And youths and maidens gay.

"Farewell, farewell! but this I tell
To thee, thou wedding-guest, —
He prayeth well who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

"He prayeth best who loveth best
All things, both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

The mariner, whose eye is bright,
Whose beard with age is hoar,
Is gone; and now the wedding-guest
Turned from the bridegroom's door.

He went like one that hath been stunned,
And is of sense forlorn:
A sadder and a wiser man
He rose the morrow morn.

HYMN

BEFORE SUNRISE IN THE VALE OF CHAMOUNIX.

HAST thou a charm to stay the morning-star
In his steep course? So long he seems to pause
On thy bald, awful head, O sovran Blanc!

The Arve and Arveiron at thy base
Rave ceaselessly; but thou, most awful form,
Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines
How silently! Around thee and above
Deep is the air, and dark, substantial, black, —
An ebon mass: methinks thou piercest it
As with a wedge! But, when I look again,
It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,
Thy habitation from eternity.
O dread and silent mount! I gazed upon thee,
Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
Didst vanish from my thought: entranced in prayer,
I worshipped the Invisible alone.

Yet like some sweet, beguiling melody,
So sweet we know not we are listening to it,
Thou, the meanwhile, wast blending with my thought,
Yea, with my life and life's own secret joy;
Till the dilating soul, inwrapt, transfused
Into the mighty vision passing, there,
As in her natural form, swelled vast to heaven.

Awake, my soul! not only passive praise
Thou owest; not alone these swelling tears,
Mute thanks, and secret ecstasy. Awake,
Voice of sweet song! Awake, my heart, awake!
Green vales and icy cliffs, all, join my hymn!

Thou first and chief, sole sovran of the vale!
Oh! struggling with the darkness all the night,
And visited all night by troops of stars,
Or when they climb the sky, or when they sink;
Companion of the morning-star at dawn,
Thyself earth's rosy star, and of the dawn
Co-herald, — wake, oh! wake, and utter praise!
Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in earth?
Who filled thy countenance with rosy light?
Who made thee parent of perpetual streams?

And you, ye five wild torrents fiercely glad!
Who called you forth from night and utter death,
From dark and icy caverns called you forth,
Down those precipitous, black, jagged rocks,
For ever shattered, and the same for ever?
Who gave you your invulnerable life,
Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy,
Unceasing thunder and eternal foam?
And who commanded (and the silence came),
"Here let the billows stiffen, and have rest"?

Ye icefalls! ye that from the mountain's brow
Adown enormous ravines slope amain;
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,

And stopped at once amid their maddest plunge, —
Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!
Who made you glorious as the gates of heaven
Beneath the keen full moon? Who bade the sun
Clothe you with rainbows? Who, with living flowers
Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet?
"God!" let the torrents like a shout of nations
Answer; and let the ice-plains echo, "God!"
"God!" sing, ye meadow-streams, with gladsome voice;
Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds;
And they, too, have a voice, — yon piles of snow, —
And in their perilous fall shall thunder, "God!"

Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost;
Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's nest;
Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain-storm;
Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds;
Ye signs and wonders of the element, —
Utter forth "God!" and fill the hills with praise!

Thou too, hoar mount! with thy sky-pointing peaks,
Oft from whose feet the avalanche, unheard,
Shoots downward, glittering through the pure serene
Into the depth of clouds that veil thy breast, —
Thou too, again, stupendous mountain! thou
That, as I raise my head, awhile bowed low
In adoration, upward from thy base
Slow traveling with dim eyes suffused with tears,
Solemnly seemest, like a vapory cloud,
To rise before me, — rise, oh! ever rise,
Rise like a cloud of incense from the earth,
Thou kingly spirit throned among the hills;
Thou dread ambassador from earth to heaven:
Great hierarch! tell thou the silent sky,
And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,
Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God.

THOMAS HOOD.

1798-1845.

This distinguished wit and humorist had the remarkable power of giving a pun the dignity of wit. "Eugene Aram's Dream," "The Song of the Shirt," and "The Bridge of Sighs," prove his power as a poet, and give him a permanent place in our literature.

THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread.

Stitch, stitch, stitch,
In poverty, hunger, and dirt;
And still, with a voice of dolorous pitch,
She sang the "Song of the Shirt:"—

"Work, work, work,
While the cock is crowing aloof;
And work, work, work,
Till the stars shine through the roof!
It's, oh! to be a slave
Along with the barbarous Turk,
Where woman has never a soul to save,
If THIS is Christian work!

"Work, work, work,
Till the brain begins to swim;
Work, work, work,
Till the eyes are heavy and dim!
Seam and gusset and band,
Band and gusset and seam,
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
And sew them on in my dream!

"O men with sisters dear!
O men with mothers and wives!
It is not linen you're wearing out,
But human creatures' lives!
Stitch, stitch, stitch,
In poverty, hunger, and dirt;
Sewing at once, with a double thread,
A SHROUD as well as a shirt!

"But why do I talk of Death,
That phantom of grisly bone?
I hardly fear his terrible shape,
It seems so like my own;
It seems so like my own,
Because of the fast I keep:
O God! that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap!

"Work, work, work:
My labor never flags.
And what are its wages?—a bed of straw,
A crust of bread, and rags;
A shattered roof; and this naked floor;
A table; a broken chair;
And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank
For sometimes falling there!

"Work, work, work,
From weary chime to chime;
Work, work, work,
As prisoners work for crime!

Band and gusset and seam,
  Seam and gusset and band,
Till the heart is sick, and the brain benumbed,
  As well as the weary hand.

"Work, work, work,
  In the dull December light;
And work, work, work,
  When the weather is warm and bright;
While underneath the eaves
  The brooding swallows cling,
As if to show me their sunny backs,
  And twit me with the spring.

"Oh but to breathe the breath
  Of the cowslip and primrose sweet,
With the sky above my head,
  And the grass beneath my feet!
For only one short hour
  To feel as I used to feel,
Before I knew the woes of want,
  And the walk that costs a meal!

"Oh but for one short hour,
  A respite, however brief!
No blessed leisure for love or hope,
  But only time for grief!
A little weeping would ease my heart:
  But in their briny bed
My tears must stop; for every drop
  Hinders needle and thread!"

With fingers weary and worn,
  With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
  Plying her needle and thread;
Stitch, stitch, stitch,
  In poverty, hunger, and dirt;
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch—
Would that its tone could reach the rich!—
  She sang this "Song of the Shirt."

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

One more unfortunate,
  Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,
  Gone to her death!

Take her up tenderly,
  Lift her with care,
Fashioned so slenderly,
  Young, and so fair!

Look at her garments,
Clinging like cerements!
  Whilst the wave constantly
Drips from her clothing:
  Take her up instantly,
Loving, not loathing.

Touch her not scornfully;
Think of her mournfully,
  Gently, and humanly;
Not of the stains of her:
All that remains of her
  Now is pure womanly.

Make no deep scrutiny
Into her mutiny,
  Rash and undutiful:
Past all dishonor,
Death has left on her
  Only the beautiful.

Still, for all slips of hers, —
  One of Eve's family, —
Wipe those poor lips of hers
  Oozing so clammily.

Loop up her tresses
  Escaped from the comb, —
Her fair auburn tresses:
Whilst wonderment guesses
  Where was her home.

Who was her father?
Who was her mother?
Had she a sister?
Had she a brother?
  Or was there a dearer one
  Still, and a nearer one
Yet, than all other?

Alas for the rarity
Of Christian charity
  Under the sun!
Oh, it was pitiful!
Near a whole city-full,
  Home she had none.

Sisterly, brotherly,
Fatherly, motherly,
  Feelings had changed:
Love by harsh evidence
Thrown from its eminence;
Even God's providence
  Seeming estranged.

Where the lamps quiver
So far in the river,
With many a light
From window and casement,
From garret to basement,
She stood with amazement,
Houseless by night.

The bleak wind of March
Made her tremble and shiver;
But not the dark arch,
Or the black flowing river:
Mad from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery
Swift to be hurled,—
Anywhere, anywhere,
Out of the world!

In she plunged boldly,
No matter how coldly
The rough river ran:
Over the brink of it,
Picture it, think of it,
Dissolute man!
Lave in it, drink of it,
Then, if you can!
Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care,
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young, and so fair!

Ere her limbs frigidly
Stiffen too rigidly,
Decently, kindly,
Smooth and compose them;
And her eyes — close them,
Staring so blindly! —

Dreadfully staring
Through muddy impurity,
As when with the daring
Last look of despairing
Fixed on futurity.

Perishing gloomily,
Spurred by contumely,
Cold inhumanity
Burning insanity
Into her rest.
Cross her hands humbly,
As if praying dumbly,
Over her breast.

Owning her weakness,
Her evil behavior,
And leaving with meekness
Her sins to her Saviour.

A PARENTAL ODE TO MY INFANT SON.

THOU happy, happy elf!
(But stop; first let me kiss away that tear!)
Thou tiny image of myself!
(My love, he's poking peas into his ear!)
Thou merry, laughing sprite,
With spirit feather-light,
Untouched by sorrow, and unsoiled by sin!
(Good heavens! the child is swallowing a pin!)

Thou little tricksy Puck,
With antic toys so funnily bestuck,
Light as the singing bird that wings the air!
(The door, the door! he'll tumble down the stair!)
Thou darling of thy sire!
(Why, Jane, he'll set his pinafore afire!)
Thou imp of mirth and joy!
In love's dear chain so strong and bright a link!
Thou idol of thy parents! (Stop the boy!
There goes my ink!)

Thou cherub, but of earth!
Fit playfellow for fays by moonlight pale,
In harmless sport and mirth!
(The dog will bite him if he pulls its tail;)
Thou human humming-bee, extracting honey
From every blossom in the world that blows,
Singing in youth's Elysium ever sunny!
(Another tumble! — that's his precious nose!)
Thy father's pride and hope,
(He'll break the mirror with that skipping-rope!)
With pure heart newly stamped from Nature's mint!
(Where *did* he learn that squint?)

Thou young domestic love!
(He'll have that jug off with another shove!)
Dear nursling of the hymeneal nest!
(Are those torn clothes his best?)
Little epitome of man,
(He'll climb upon the table; that's his plan!)
Touched with the beauteous tints of dawning life!
(He's got a knife!)
Thou enviable being!
No storms, no clouds, in thy blue sky foreseeing,

Play on, play on,
My elfin John!
Toss the light ball, bestride the stick,
(I knew so many cakes would make him sick!)
With fancies buoyant as the thistle-down,
Prompting the face grotesque, and antic brisk,
With many a lamb-like frisk;
(He's got the scissors, snipping at your gown!)

Thou pretty opening rose!
(Go to your mother, child, and wipe your nose!)
Balmy, and breathing music like the south;
(He really brings my heart into my mouth!)
Fresh as the morn, and brilliant as its star;
(I wish that window had an iron bar!)
Bold as the hawk, yet gentle as the dove.
(I'll tell you what, my love, —
I can not write unless he's sent above!)

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

1777–1844.

Became famous at the age of twenty-two as the author of "Pleasures of Hope." "Gertrude of Wyoming," and several familiar pieces, "Hohenlinden," "Exile of Erin," "Lord Ullin's Daughter," "The Battle of the Baltic," and "Ye Mariners of England," are all noted for the perfection of rhythm, beauty, and force of expression.

PLEASURES OF HOPE.

PART I.

At summer eve, when heaven's aerial bow
Spans with bright arch the glittering hills below,
Why to yon mountain turns the musing eye,
Whose sun-bright summit mingles with the sky?
Why do those cliffs of shadowy tint appear
More sweet than all the landscape smiling near?
'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain in its azure hue.
Thus, with delight, we linger to survey
The promised joys of life's unmeasured way;
Thus, from afar, each dim-discovered scene
More pleasing seems than all the past hath been;
And every form that Fancy can repair
From dark oblivion glows divinely there.
What potent spirit guides the raptured eye
To pierce the shades of dim futurity?

Can Wisdom lend, with all her heavenly power,
The pledge of Joy's anticipated hour?
Ah, no! she darkly sees the fate of man,
Her dim horizon bounded to a span;
Or, if she hold an image to the view,
'Tis Nature pictured too severely true.
With thee, sweet Hope! resides the heavenly light
That pours remotest rapture on the sight;
Thine is the charm of life's bewildered way,
That calls each slumbering passion into play:
Waked by thy touch, I see the sister band,
On tiptoe watching, start at thy command,
And fly where'er thy mandate bids them steer,—
To Pleasure's path, or Glory's bright career.
Primeval Hope, the Aonian Muses say,
When Man and Nature mourned their first decay;
When every form of death, and every woe,
Shot from malignant stars to earth below;
When Murder bared her arm, and rampant War
Yoked the red dragons of her iron car;
When Peace and Mercy, banished from the plain,
Sprung on the viewless winds to heaven again,—
All, all forsook the friendless, guilty mind;
But Hope, the charmer, lingered still behind.
Thus, while Elijah's burning wheels prepare
From Carmel's hight to sweep the fields of air,
The prophet's mantle, ere his flight began,
Dropped on the world a sacred gift to man.
Auspicious Hope! in thy sweet garden grow
Wreaths for each toil, a charm for every woe:
Won by their sweets, in Nature's languid hour
The way-worn pilgrim seeks thy summer bower:
There, as the wild bee murmurs on the wing,
What peaceful dreams thy handmaid spirits bring!
What viewless forms the Æolian organ play,
And sweep the furrowed lines of anxious thought away!
Angel of Life! thy glittering wings explore
Earth's loneliest bounds, and Ocean's wildest shore.
Lo! to the wintry winds the pilot yields
His bark careering o'er unfathomed fields:
Now on Atlantic waves he rides afar,
Where Andes, giant of the western star,
With meteor standard to the winds unfurled,
Looks from his throne of clouds o'er half the world.
Now far he sweeps where scarce a summer smiles,—
On Behring's rocks, or Greenland's naked isles:
Cold on his midnight watch the breezes blow
From wastes that slumber in eternal snow,
And waft across the waves' tumultuous roar
The wolf's long howl from Oonalaska's shore.
Poor child of danger, nursling of the storm,
Sad are the woes that wreck thy manly form!

Rocks, waves, and winds the shattered bark delay:
Thy heart is sad, thy home is far away.
But Hope can here her moonlight vigils keep,
And sing to charm the spirit of the deep.
Swift as yon streamer lights the starry pole,
Her visions warm the watchman's pensive soul:
His native hills that rise in happier climes,
The grot that heard his song of other times,
His cottage-home, his bark of slender sail,
His glassy lake, and broomwood-blossomed vale,
Rush on his thought: he sweeps before the wind;
Treads the loved shore he sighed to leave behind;
Meets at each step a friend's familiar face,
And flies at last to Helen's long embrace;
Wipes from her cheek the rapture-speaking tear,
And clasps with many a sigh his children dear:
While, long neglected, but at length caressed,
His faithful dog salutes the smiling guest,
Points to the master's eyes (where'er they roam)
His wistful face, and whines a welcome home.
Friend of the brave! in peril's darkest hour,
Intrepid Virtue looks to thee for power;
To thee the heart its trembling homage yields
On stormy floods and carnage-covered fields,
When front to front the bannered hosts combine,
Halt ere they close, and form the dreadful line.
When all is still on Death's devoted soil,
The march-worn soldier mingles for the toil:
As rings his glittering tube, he lifts on high
The dauntless brow and spirit-speaking eye,
Hails in his heart the triumph yet to come,
And hears thy stormy music in the drum.
And such thy strength-inspiring aid that bore
The hardy Byron to his native shore:
In horrid climes, where Chiloe's tempests sweep
Tumultuous murmurs o'er the troubled deep,
'Twas his to mourn Misfortune's rudest shock,
Scourged by the winds, and cradled on the rock;
To wake each joyless morn, and search again
The famished haunts of solitary men,
Whose race, unyielding as their native storm,
Knows not a trace of Nature but the form:
Yet, at thy call, the hardy tar pursued,
Pale, but intrepid, sad, but unsubdued;
Pierced the deep woods, and, hailing from afar
The moon's pale planet and the northern star,
Paused at each dreary cry, unheard before,
(Hyænas in the wild, and mermaids on the shore;)
Till, led by thee o'er many a cliff sublime,
He found a warmer world, a milder clime,
A home to rest, a shelter to defend,
Peace and repose, a Briton and a friend.

Congenial Hope! thy passion-kindling power
How bright, how strong, in youth's untroubled hour!
On yon proud hight, with Genius hand in hand,
I see thee light, and wave thy golden wand.
"Go, child of Heaven!" (thy winged words proclaim;)
"'Tis thine to search the boundless fields of fame.
Lo! Newton, priest of Nature, shines afar,
Scans the wide world, and numbers every star:
Wilt thou with him mysterious rites apply,
And watch the shrine with wonder-beaming eye?
Yes: thou shalt mark with magic art profound
The speed of light, the circling march of sound;
With Franklin grasp the lightning's fiery wing,
Or yield the lyre of heaven another string.
The Swedish sage admires in yonder bowers
His wingèd insects and his rosy flowers;
Calls from their woodland haunts the savage train
With sounding horn, and counts them on the plain:
So once, at Heaven's command, the wanderers came
To Eden's shade, and heard their various name.
Far from the world, in yon sequestered clime,
Slow pass the sons of Wisdom, more sublime:
Calm as the fields of heaven, his sapient eye
The loved Athenian lifts to realms on high, —
Admiring Plato; on his spotless page
Stamps the bright dictates of the father sage:
'Shall Nature bound to earth's diurnal span
The fire of God, the immortal soul of man?'
Turn, child of Heaven, thy rapture-lightened eye
To Wisdom's walks, — the sacred Nine are nigh:
Hark! from bright spires that gild the Delphian hight,
From streams that wander in eternal light,
Ranged on their hill, Harmonia's daughters swell
The mingling tones of horn and harp and shell;
Deep from his vaults the Loxian murmurs flow,
And Pythia's awful organ peals below.
Beloved of Heaven! the smiling Muse shall shed
Her moonlight halo on thy beauteous head;
Shall swell thy heart to rapture unconfined,
And breathe a holy madness o'er thy mind.
I see thee roam her guardian power beneath,
And talk with spirits on the midnight heath;
Inquire of guilty wanderers whence they came,
And ask each blood-stained form his earthly name;
Then weave in rapid verse the deeds they tell,
And read the trembling world the tales of hell.
When Venus, throned in clouds of rosy hue,
Flings from her golden urn the vesper-dew,
And bids fond man her glimmering noon employ,
Sacred to love, and walks of tender joy,
A milder mood the goddess shall recall,
And soft as dew thy tones of music fall;

While Beauty's deeply-pictured smiles impart
A pang more dear than pleasure to the heart,
Warm as thy sighs shall flow the Lesbian strain,
And plead in Beauty's ear, nor plead in vain.
Or wilt thou Orphean hymns more sacred deem,
And steep thy song in Mercy's mellow stream;
To pensive drops the radiant eye beguile,
(For Beauty's tears are lovelier than her smile;)
On Nature's throbbing anguish pour relief,
And teach impassioned souls the joy of grief?
Yes, to thy tongue shall seraph-words be given,
And power on earth to plead the cause of heaven:
The proud, the cold, untroubled heart of stone,
That never mused on sorrow but its own,
Unlocks a generous store at thy command,
Like Horeb's rocks beneath the prophet's hand.
The living lumber of his kindred earth,
Charmed into soul, receives a second birth;
Feels thy dread power another heart afford,
Whose passion-touched harmonious strings accord,
True as the circling spheres, to Nature's plan;
And man, the brother, lives the friend of man!
Bright as the pillar rose at Heaven's command
When Israel marched along the desert land,
Blazed through the night on lonely wilds afar,
And told the path, — a never-setting star:
So, heavenly Genius, in thy course divine,
Hope is thy star; her light is ever thine."
Propitious Power! when rankling cares annoy
The sacred home of hymenean joy;
When, doomed to Poverty's sequestered dell,
The wedded pair of love and virtue dwell,
Unpitied by the world, unknown to fame,
Their woes, their wishes, and their hearts the same, —
Oh, there, prophetic Hope! thy smile bestow,
And chase the pangs that worth should never know;
There, as the parent deals his scanty store
To friendless babes, and weeps to give no more,
Tell, that his manly race shall yet assuage
Their father's wrongs, and shield his later age.
What though for him no Hybla sweets distill,
Nor bloomy vines wave purple on the hill:
Tell, that when silent years have passed away,
That when his eyes grow dim, his tresses gray,
These busy hands a lovelier cot shall build,
And deck with fairer flowers his little field,
And call from heaven propitious dews to breathe
Arcadian beauty on the barren heath;
Tell, that while Love's spontaneous smile endears
The days of peace, the sabbath of his years,
Health shall prolong to many a festive hour
The social pleasures of his humble bower.

Lo! at the couch where infant beauty sleeps,
Her silent watch the mournful mother keeps;
She, while the lovely babe unconscious lies,
Smiles on her slumbering child with pensive eyes,
And weaves a song of melancholy joy: —
"Sleep, image of thy father, sleep, my boy!
No lingering hour of sorrow shall be thine;
No sigh that rends thy father's heart and mine:
Bright as his manly sire, the son shall be
In form and soul; but, ah! more blest than he,
Thy fame, thy worth, thy filial love, at last,
Shall soothe this aching heart for all the past;
With many a smile my solitude repay,
And chase the world's ungenerous scorn away.
And say, when, summoned from the world and thee,
I lay my head beneath the willow-tree,
Wilt *thou*, sweet mourner, at my stone appear,
And soothe my parted spirit lingering near?
Oh! wilt thou come at evening-hour to shed
The tears of memory o'er my narrow bed;
With aching temples on thy hand reclined,
Muse on the last farewell I leave behind;
Breathe a deep sigh to winds that murmur low,
And think on all my love and all my woe?"
So speaks affection ere the infant eye
Can look regard, or brighten in reply;
But when the cherub lip hath learnt to claim
A mother's ear by that endearing name,
Soon as the playful innocent can prove
A tear of pity or a smile of love,
Or cons his murmuring task beneath her care,
Or lisps with holy look his evening prayer,
Or gazing, mutely pensive, sits to hear
The mournful ballad warbled in his ear,
How fondly looks admiring Hope the while
At every artless tear and every smile!
How glows the joyous parent to descry
A guileless bosom true to sympathy!
Where is the troubled heart, consigned to share
Tumultuous toils or solitary care,
Unblest by visionary thoughts that stray
To count the joys of Fortune's better day?
Lo! nature, life, and liberty relume
The dim-eyed tenant of the dungeon gloom;
A long-lost friend, or hapless child restored,
Smiles at his blazing hearth and social board;
Warm from his heart the tears of rapture flow;
And virtue triumphs o'er remembered woe.
Chide not his peace, proud Reason, nor destroy
The shadowy forms of uncreated joy,
That urge the lingering tide of life, and pour
Spontaneous slumber on his midnight-hour.

Hark! the wild maniac sings, to chide the gale
That wafts so slow her lover's distant sail;
She, sad spectatress, on the wintry shore
Watched the rude surge his shroudless corse that bore,
Knew the pale form, and, shrieking in amaze,
Clasped her cold hands, and fixed her maddening gaze:
Poor widowed wretch! 'twas there she wept in vain
Till memory fled her agonizing brain;
But Mercy gave, to charm the sense of woe,
Ideal peace that Truth could ne'er bestow:
Warm on her heart the joys of Fancy beam,
And aimless Hope delights her darkest dream.
Oft when yon moon has climbed the midnight sky,
And the lone sea-bird wakes its wildest cry,
Piled on the steep, her blazing fagots burn
To hail the bark that never can return;
And still she waits, but scarce forbears to weep
That constant love can linger on the deep.
And mark the wretch, whose wanderings never knew
The world's regard, that soothes, though half untrue;
Whose erring heart the lash of sorrow bore,
But found not pity when it erred no more.
Yon friendless man, at whose dejected eye
The unfeeling proud one looks, and passes by;
Condemned on Penury's barren path to roam,
Scorned by the world, and left without a home, —
Even he, at evening, should he chance to stray
Down by the hamlet's hawthorn-scented way,
Where round the cot's romantic glade are seen
The blossomed bean-field and the sloping green,
Leans o'er its humble gate, and thinks the while, —
"Oh that for me some home like this would smile;
Some hamlet shade, to yield my sickly form
Health in the breeze, and shelter in the storm!
There should my hand no stinted boon assign
To wretched hearts with sorrows such as mine."
That generous wish can soothe unpitied care;
And Hope half mingles with the poor man's prayer.
Hope! when I mourn with sympathizing mind
The wrongs of fate, the woes of human kind,
Thy blissful omens bid my spirit see
The boundless fields of rapture yet to be;
I watch the wheels of Nature's mazy plan,
And learn the future by the past of man.
Come, bright Improvement, on the car of Time!
And rule the spacious world from clime to clime;
Thy handmaid arts shall every wild explore,
Trace every wave, and culture every shore.
On Erie's banks, where tigers steal along,
And the dread Indian chants a dismal song;
Where human fiends on midnight errands walk,
And bathe in brains the murderous tomahawk, —

There shall the flocks on thymy pasture stray,
And shepherds dance at Summer's opening day:
Each wandering genius of the lonely glen
Shall start to view the glittering haunts of men;
And silent watch, on woodland hights around,
The village curfew as it tolls profound.
In Libyan groves, where damnèd rites are done,
That bathe the rocks in blood, and veil the sun,
Truth shall arrest the murderous arm profane,
Wild Obi flies, — the veil is rent in twain.
Where barbarous hordes on Scythian mountains roam,
Truth, Mercy, Freedom, yet shall find a home;
Where'er degraded Nature bleeds and pines,
From Guinea's coast to Sibir's dreary mines,
Truth shall pervade the unfathomed darkness there,
And light the dreadful features of despair.
Hark! the stern captive spurns his heavy load,
And asks the image back that Heaven bestowed:
Fierce in his eye the fire of valor burns;
And, as the slave departs, the man returns.
O sacred Truth! thy triumph ceased a while,
And Hope, thy sister, ceased with thee to smile,
When leagued Oppression poured to northern wars
Her whiskered pandoors and her fierce hussars,
Waved her dread standard to the breeze of morn,
Pealed her loud drum, and twanged her trumpet-horn:
Tumultuous horror brooded o'er her van,
Presaging wrath to Poland and to man!
Warsaw's last champion from her hight surveyed,
Wide o'er the fields, a waste of ruin laid:
"O Heaven!" he cried, "my bleeding country save!
Is there no hand on high to shield the brave?
Yet, though destruction sweep these lovely plains,
Rise, fellow-men! our country yet remains.
By that dread name we wave the sword on high,
And swear for her to live, with her to die."
He said, and on the rampart-hights arrayed
His trusty warriors, few, but undismayed:
Firm-paced and slow, a horrid front they form,
Still as the breeze, but dreadful as the storm;
Low murmuring sounds along their banners fly,
Revenge, or death, the watchword and reply:
Then pealed the notes, omnipotent to charm,
And the loud tocsin tolled their last alarm.
In vain, alas! in vain, ye gallant few!
From rank to rank your volleyed thunder flew:
Oh! bloodiest picture in the book of Time, —
Sarmatia fell, unwept, without a crime;
Found not a generous friend, a pitying foe,
Strength in her arms, nor mercy in her woe;
Dropped from her nerveless grasp the shattered spear,
Closed her bright eye, and curbed her high career:

Hope, for a season, bade the world farewell;
And Freedom shrieked as KOSCIUSKO fell!
The sun went down, nor ceased the carnage there;
Tumultuous murder shook the midnight air;
On Prague's proud arch the fires of ruin glow,
His blood-dyed waters murmuring far below;
The storm prevails, the rampart yields away,
Bursts the wild cry of horror and dismay!
Hark! as the smoldering piles with thunder fall,
A thousand shrieks for hopeless mercy call.
Earth shook; red meteors flashed along the sky;
And conscious Nature shuddered at the cry.
O righteous Heaven! ere Freedom found a grave,
Why slept the sword, omnipotent to save?
Where was thine arm, O Vengeance! where thy rod,
That smote the foes of Zion and of God;
That crushed proud Ammon, when his iron car
Was yoked in wrath, and thundered from afar?
Where was the storm that slumbered till the host
Of blood-stained Pharaoh left their trembling coast;
Then bade the deep in wild commotion flow,
And heaved an ocean on their march below?
Departed spirits of the mighty dead,
Ye that at Marathon and Leuctra bled,
Friends of the world! restore your swords to man,
Fight in his sacred cause, and lead the van!
Yet for Sarmatia's tears of blood atone,
And make her arm puissant as your own!
Oh! once again to Freedom's cause return
The patriot TELL, the BRUCE of BANNOCKBURN!
Yes, thy proud lords, unpitied land, shall see
That man hath yet a soul, and dare be free.
A little while, along thy saddening plains,
The starless night of desolation reigns:
Truth shall restore the light by Nature given,
And, like Prometheus, bring the fire of heaven.
Prone to the dust Oppression shall be hurled;
Her name, her nature, withered from the world.
Ye that the rising morn invidious mark,
And hate the light, because your deeds are dark;
Ye that expanding truth invidious view,
And think or wish the song of Hope untrue,—
Perhaps your little hands presume to span
The march of genius and the powers of man;
Perhaps ye watch at Pride's unhallowed shrine
Her victims newly slain, and thus divine:—
"Here shall thy triumph, Genius, cease; and here
Truth, Science, Virtue, close your short career."
Tyrants! in vain ye trace the wizard ring;
In vain ye limit Mind's unwearied spring:
What! can ye lull the wingèd winds asleep,
Arrest the rolling world, or chain the deep?

No: the wild wave contemns your sceptered hand;
It rolled not back when Canute gave command.
Man, can thy doom no brighter soul allow?
Still must thou live a blot on Nature's brow?
Shall War's polluted banner ne'er be furled?
Shall crimes and tyrants cease but with the world?
What! are thy triumphs, sacred Truth, belied?
Why, then, hath Plato lived, or Sidney died?
Ye fond adorers of departed fame,
Who warm at Scipio's worth or Tully's name;
Ye that in fancied vision can admire
The sword of Brutus and the Theban lyre;
Rapt in historic ardor, who adore
Each classic haunt and well-remembered shore,
Where Valor tuned amid her chosen throng
The Thracian trumpet and the Spartan song;
Or, wandering thence, behold the later charms
Of England's glory and Helvetia's arms, —
See Roman fire in Hampden's bosom swell,
And fate and freedom in the shaft of Tell!
Say, ye fond zealots to the worth of yore,
Hath Valor left the world, to live no more?
No more shall Brutus bid a tyrant die,
And sternly smile with vengeance in his eye?
Hampden no more, when suffering Freedom calls,
Encounter fate, and triumph as he falls?
Nor Tell disclose through peril and alarm
The might that slumbers in a peasant's arm?
Yes, in that generous cause for ever strong,
The patriot's virtue and the poet's song,
Still, as the tide of ages rolls away,
Shall charm the world, unconscious of decay.
Yes, there are hearts, prophetic Hope may trust,
That slumber yet in uncreated dust,
Ordained to fire the adoring sons of earth
With every charm of wisdom and of worth;
Ordained to light with intellectual day
The mazy wheels of Nature as they play;
Or, warm with Fancy's energy, to glow,
And rival all but Shakspeare's name below.
And say, supernal Powers! who deeply scan
Heaven's dark decrees, unfathomed yet by man,
When shall the world call down, to cleanse her shame,
That embryo spirit, yet without a name, —
That friend of Nature, whose avenging hands
Shall burst the Libyan's adamantine bands?
Who, sternly marking on his native soil
The blood, the tears, the anguish, and the toil,
Shall bid each righteous heart exult to see
Peace to the slave, and vengeance on the free?
Yet, yet, degraded men! the expected day
That breaks your bitter cup is far away;

Trade, wealth, and fashion, ask you still to bleed;
And holy men give Scripture for the deed.
Scourged and debased, no Briton stoops to save
A wretch, a coward; yes, because a slave!
Eternal Nature! when thy giant hand
Had heaved the floods, and fixed the trembling land;
When Life sprang startling at thy plastic call,
Endless her forms, and man the lord of all,—
Say, was that lordly form inspired by thee
To wear eternal chains, and bow the knee?
Was man ordained the slave of man to toil,
Yoked with the brutes, and fettered to the soil;
Weighed in a tyrant's balance with his gold?
No! Nature stamped us in a heavenly mold:
She bade no wretch his thankless labor urge,
Nor, trembling, take the pittance and the scourge;
No homeless Libyan on the stormy deep
To call upon his country's name, and weep.
Lo! once in triumph on his boundless plain
The quivered chief of Congo loved to reign;
With fires proportioned to his native sky,
Strength in his arm, and lightning in his eye;
Scoured with wild feet his sun-illumined zone,
The spear, the lion, and the woods his own;
Or led the combat, bold without a plan,
An artless savage, but a fearless man.
The plunderer came. Alas! no glory smiles
For Congo's chief on yonder Indian isles;
For ever fallen! no son of Nature now,
With Freedom chartered on his manly brow!
Faint, bleeding, bound, he weeps the night away,
And, when the sea-wind wafts the dewless day,
Starts, with a bursting heart, for ever more
To curse the sun that lights their guilty shore.
The shrill horn blew: at that alarum-knell
His guardian angel took a last farewell.
That funeral dirge to darkness hath resigned
The fiery grandeur of a generous mind.
Poor fettered man! I hear thee whispering low
Unhallowed vows to Guilt, the child of Woe.
Friendless thy heart; and canst thou harbor there
A wish but death, a passion but despair?
The widowed Indian, when her lord expires,
Mounts the dread pile, and braves the funeral-fires:
So falls the heart at Thralldom's bitter sigh!
So Virtue dies, the spouse of Liberty!
But not to Libya's barren climes alone,
To Chili, or the wild Siberian zone,
Belong the wretched heart and haggard eye,
Degraded worth, and poor misfortune's sigh.
Ye Orient realms where Ganges' waters run,
Prolific fields, dominions of the sun,

How long your tribes have trembled, and obeyed!
How long was Timur's iron scepter swayed,
Whose marshaled hosts, the lions of the plain,
From Scythia's northern mountains to the main
Raged o'er your plundered shrines and altars bare
With blazing torch and gory cimeter;
Stunned with the cries of death each gentle gale,
And bathed in blood the verdure of the vale!
Yet could no pangs the immortal spirit tame
When Brahma's children perished for his name:
The martyr smiled beneath avenging power,
And brayed the tyrant in his torturing hour.
When Europe sought your subject realms to gain,
And stretched her giant scepter o'er the main,
Taught her proud barks their winding way to shape,
And braved the stormy spirit of the Cape, —
Children of Brahma! then was Mercy nigh
To wash the stain of blood's eternal dye?
Did Peace descend to triumph and to save
When free-born Britons crossed the Indian wave?
Ah, no! to more than Rome's ambition true,
The nurse of Freedom gave it not to you:
She the bold route of Europe's guilt began,
And in the march of nations led the van.
Rich in the gems of India's gaudy zone,
And plunder piled from kingdoms not their own,
Degenerate Trade! thy minions could despise
The heart-born anguish of a thousand cries;
Could lock with impious hands their teeming store,
While famished nations died along the shore;
Could mock the groans of fellow-men, and bear
The curse of kingdoms peopled with despair;
Could stamp disgrace on man's polluted name,
And barter with their gold eternal shame!
But, hark! as bowed to earth the Brahmin kneels,
From heavenly climes propitious thunder peals!
Of India's fate her guardian spirits tell,
Prophetic murmurs breathing on the shell;
And solemn sounds, that awe the listening mind,
Roll on the azure paths of every wind.
"Foes of mankind," her guardian spirits say,
"Revolving ages bring the bitter day
When Heaven's unerring arm shall fall on you,
And blood for blood these Indian plains bedew:
Nine times have Brahma's wheels of lightning hurled
His awful presence o'er the alarmèd world;
Nine times hath Guilt, through all his giant frame,
Convulsive trembled as the Mighty came;
Nine times hath suffering Mercy spared in vain;
But Heaven shall burst her starry gates again.
He comes! dread Brama shakes the sunless sky
With murmuring wrath, and thunders from on high!

Heaven's fiery horse, beneath his warrior form,
Paws the light clouds, and gallops on the storm!
Wide waves his flickering sword; his bright arms glow
Like summer suns, and light the world below:
Earth and her trembling isles in Ocean's bed
Are shook, and Nature rocks beneath his tread!
To pour redress on India's injured realm,
The oppressor to dethrone, the proud to whelm;
To chase destruction from her plundered shore
With arts and arms that triumphed once before,—
The tenth Avatar comes! at Heaven's command
Shall Seriswattee wave her hallowed wand;
And Camdeo bright, and Ganesa sublime,
Shall bless with joy their own propitious clime.
Come, Heavenly Powers! primeval peace restore!
Love, Mercy, Wisdom, rule for ever more!"

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.

1800-1859.

The most celebrated English essayist and historian of the nineteenth century. As a descriptive poet, his "Lays of Ancient Rome," written in the ballad style, and celebrating events in the early history of Rome, give him a permanent place in the literature of the language. The first and second volumes of "The History of England" were published in 1849; the third and fourth, in 1855; and a fifth, after his death, made up from unfinished manuscripts, in 1861. All his writings are no less remarkable for brilliancy of style than for the profound learning they display.

THE PROPHECY OF CAPYS.

A LAY SUNG IN THE YEAR OF THE CITY 479.

1.

Now slain is King Amulius,
Of the great Sylvian line,
Who reigned in Alba Longa,
On the throne of Aventine.
Slain is the Pontiff Camers,
Who spake the words of doom:
"The children to the Tiber;
The mother to the tomb!"

2.

In Alba's lake no fisher
His net to-day is flinging;
On the dark rind of Alba's oaks
To-day no axe is ringing:

The yoke hangs o'er the manger;
The scythe lies in the hay:
Through all the Alban villages
No work is done to-day.

3.

And every Alban burgher
Hath donned his whitest gown;
And every head in Alba
Weareth a poplar crown;
And every Alban door-post
With boughs and flowers is gay:
For to-day the dead are living;
The lost are found to-day.

4.

They were doomed by a bloody king;
They were doomed by a lying priest;
They were cast on the raging flood;
They were tracked by the raging beast:
Raging beast and raging flood
Alike have spared the prey;
And to-day the dead are living;
The lost are found to-day.

5.

The troubled river knew them,
And smoothed his yellow foam,
And gently rocked the cradle
That bore the fate of Rome;
The ravening she-wolf knew them,
And licked them o'er and o'er,
And gave them of her own fierce milk,
Rich with raw flesh and gore.
Twenty winters, twenty springs,
Since then have rolled away:
And to-day the dead are living;
The lost are found to-day.

6.

Blithe it was to see the twins,
Right goodly youths and tall,
Marching from Alba Longa
To their old grandsire's hall.
Along their path fresh garlands
Are hung from tree to tree;
Before them stride the pipers,
Piping a note of glee.

7.

On the right goes Romulus,
With arms to the elbows red;
And in his hand a broadsword,
And on the blade a head, —
A head in an iron helmet,
With horse-hair hanging down, —
A shaggy head, a swarthy head,
Fixed in a ghastly frown, —
The head of King Amulius,
Of the great Sylvian line,
Who reigned in Alba Longa,
On the throne of Aventine.

8.

On the left side goes Remus,
With wrists and fingers red;
And in his hand a boar-spear,
And on the point a head, —
A wrinkled head and aged,
With silver beard and hair,
And holy fillets round it,
Such as the pontiffs wear, —
The head of ancient Camers,
Who spake the words of doom:
"The children to the Tiber;
The mother to the tomb!"

9.

Two and two behind the twins
Their trusty comrades go, —
Four and forty valiant men,
With club and ax and bow.
On each side, every hamlet
Pours forth its joyous crowd, —
Shouting lads and baying dogs,
And children laughing loud,
And old men weeping fondly
As Rhea's boys go by,
And maids who shriek to see the heads,
Yet, shrieking, press more nigh.

10.

So they marched along the lake:
They marched by fold and stall,
By cornfield and by vineyard,
Unto the old man's hall.

11.

In the hall-gate sate Capys, —
Capys, the sightless seer:
From head to foot he trembled
As Romulus drew near.
And up stood stiff his thin white hair;
And his blind eyes flashed fire:
"Hail! foster-child of the wondrous nurse!
Hail! son of the wondrous sire!

12.

"But thou — what dost thou here
In the old man's peaceful hall?
What doth the eagle in the coop?
The bison in the stall?
Our corn fills many a garner;
Our vines clasp many a tree;
Our flocks are white on many a hill:
But these are not for thee.

13.

"For thee no treasure ripens
In the Tartessian mine;
For thee no ship brings precious bales
Across the Libyan brine:
Thou shalt not drink from Amber;
Thou shalt not rest on down;
Arabia shall not steep thy locks,
Nor Sidon tinge thy gown.

14.

"Leave gold and myrrh and jewels,
Rich table and soft bed,
To them who of man's seed are born,
Whom woman's milk has fed.
Thou wast not made for lucre,
For pleasure, nor for rest, —
Thou that art sprung from the War-God's loins,
And hast tugged at the she-wolf's breast.

15.

"From sunrise unto sunset,
All earth shall hear thy fame:
A glorious city thou shalt build,
And name it by thy name;
And there, unquenched through ages,
Like Vesta's sacred fire,
Shall live the spirit of thy nurse,
The spirit of thy sire.

16.

" The ox toils through the furrow,
Obedient to the goad;
The patient ass, up flinty paths,
Plods with his weary load;
With whine and bound, the spaniel
His master's whistle hears;
And the sheep yields her patiently
To the loud-clashing shears.

17.

" But thy nurse will hear no master,
Thy nurse will bear no load;
And woe to them that shear her!
And woe to them that goad!
When all the pack, loud baying,
Her bloody lair surrounds,
She dies in silence, biting hard
Amidst the dying hounds.

18.

" Pomona loves the orchard;
And Liber loves the vine;
And Pales loves the straw-built shed
Warm with the breath of kine;
And Venus loves the whispers
Of plighted youth and maid,
In April's ivory moonlight
Beneath the chestnut-shade.

19.

" But thy father loves the clashing
Of broadsword and of shield;
He loves to drink the steam that reeks
From the fresh battle-field:
He smiles a smile more dreadful
Than his own dreadful frown
When he sees the thick black cloud of smoke
Go up from the conquered town.

20.

" And such as is the War-God,
The author of thy line;
And such as she who suckled thee, —
Even such be thou and thine.
Leave to the soft Campanian
His baths and his perfumes;
Leave to the sordid race of Tyre
Their dyeing-vats and looms;

Leave to the sons of Carthage
The rudder and the oar;
Leave to the Greek his marble nymphs,
And scrolls of wordy lore.

21.

"Thine, Roman, is the pilum;
Roman, the sword is thine,
The even trench, the bristling mound,
The legion's ordered line;
And thine the wheels of triumph,
Which, with their laureled train,
Move slowly up the shouting streets
To Jove's eternal fane.

22.

"Beneath thy yoke, the Volscian
Shall veil his lofty brow;
Soft Capua's curlèd revelers
Before thy chairs shall bow;
The Lucumoes of Arnus
Shall quake thy rods to see;
And the proud Samnite's heart of steel
Shall yield to only thee.

23.

"The Gaul shall come against thee
From the land of snow and night:
Thou shalt give his fair-haired armies
To the raven and the kite.

24.

"The Greek shall come against thee,
The conqueror of the East:
Beside him stalks to battle
The huge, earth-shaking beast, —
The beast on whom the castle
With all its guards doth stand, —
The beast who hath between his eyes
The serpent for a hand.
First march the bold Epirotes,
Wedged close with shield and spear;
And the ranks of false Tarentum
Are glittering in the rear.

25.

"The ranks of false Tarentum
Like hunted sheep shall fly;
In vain the bold Epirotes
Shall round their standards die;

And Apennine's gray vultures
Shall have a noble feast
On the fat and the eyes
Of the huge earth-shaking beast.

26.

"Hurrah for the good weapons
That keep the War-God's land!
Hurrah for Rome's stout pilum
In a stout Roman hand!
Hurrah for Rome's short broadsword,
That through the thick array
Of leveled spears and serried shields
Hews deep its gory way!

27.

"Hurrah for the great triumph
That stretches many a mile!
Hurrah for the wan captives
That pass in endless file!
Ho! bold Epirotes, whither
Hath the Red King ta'en flight?
Ho! dogs of false Tarentum,
Is not the gown washed white?

28.

"Hurrah for the great triumph
That stretches many a mile!
Hurrah for the rich dye of Tyre,
And the fine web of Nile,
The helmets gay with plumage
Torn from the pheasant's wings,
The belts set thick with starry gems
That shone on Indian kings,
The urns of massy silver,
The goblets rough with gold,
The many-colored tablets bright
With loves and wars of old,
The stone that breathes and struggles,
The brass that seems to speak! —
Such cunning they who dwell on high
Have given unto the Greek.

29.

"Hurrah for Manius Curius,
The bravest son of Rome,
Thrice in utmost need sent forth,
Thrice drawn in triumph home!

Weave, weave, for Manius Curius
The third embroidered gown;
Make ready the third lofty car;
And twine the third green crown;
And yoke the steeds of Rosea
With necks like a bended bow;
And deck the bull, Mevania's bull,—
The bull as white as snow.

30.

"Blest and thrice blest the Roman
Who sees Rome's brightest day;
Who sees that long victorious pomp
Wind down the Sacred Way,
And through the bellowing Forum,
And round the Suppliant's Grove,
Up to the everlasting gates
Of Capitolian Jove.

31.

"Then where, o'er two bright havens,
The towers of Corinth frown;
Where the gigantic King of Day
On his own Rhodes looks down;
Where soft Orontes murmurs
Beneath the laurel shades;
Where Nile reflects the endless length
Of dark-red colonnades;
Where, in the still, deep water,
Sheltered from waves and blasts,
Bristles the dusky forest
Of Byrsa's thousand masts;
Where fur-clad hunters wander
Amidst the northern ice;
Where through the sand of morning-land
The camel bears the spice;
Where Atlas flings his shadow
Far o'er the western foam,—
Shall be great fear on all who hear
The mighty name of Rome."

MILTON.

It is by his poetry that Milton is best known; and it is of his poetry that we wish first to speak. By the general suffrage of the civilized world, his place has been assigned among the greatest masters of the art. His detractors, however, though outvoted, have not been silenced. There are many critics, and some of great name, who contrive in the same breath to extol the

poems and to decry the poet. The works, they acknowledge, considered in themselves, may be classed among the noblest productions of the human mind; but they will not allow the author to rank with those great men, who, born in the infancy of civilization, supplied by their own powers the want of instruction, and, though destitute of models themselves, bequeathed to posterity models which defy imitation. Milton, it is said, inherited what his predecessors created; he lived in an enlightened age; he received a finished education; and we must, therefore, if we would form a just estimate of his powers, make large deductions for these advantages.

We venture to say, on the contrary, paradoxical as the remark may appear, that no poet has ever had to struggle with more unfavorable circumstances than Milton. He doubted, as he has himself owned, whether he had not been born "an age too late." For this notion, Johnson has thought fit to make him the butt of his clumsy ridicule. The poet, we believe, understood the nature of his art better than the critic. He knew that his poetical genius derived no advantage from the civilization which surrounded him, or from the learning which he had acquired; and he looked back with something like regret to the ruder age of simple words and vivid impressions.

We think, that, as civilization advances, poetry almost necessarily declines. Therefore, though we admire those great works of imagination which have appeared in dark ages, we do not admire them the more because they have appeared in dark ages. On the contrary, we hold that the most wonderful and splendid proof of genius is a great poem produced in a civilized age. We can not understand why those who believe in that most orthodox article of literary faith, that the earliest poets are generally the best, should wonder at the rule as if it were the exception. Surely the uniformity of the phenomenon indicates a corresponding uniformity in the cause.

The fact is, that common observers reason from the progress of the experimental sciences to that of the imitative arts. The improvement of the former is gradual and slow. Ages are spent in collecting materials; ages more in separating and combining them. Even when a system has been formed, there is still something to add, to alter, or to reject. Every generation enjoys the use of a vast hoard bequeathed to it by antiquity, and transmits it, augmented by fresh acquisitions, to future ages. In these pursuits, therefore, the first speculators lie under great disadvantages, and, even when they fail, are entitled to praise. Their pupils, with far inferior intellectual powers, speedily surpass them in actual attainments. Every girl who has read Mrs. Marcet's "Little Dialogues on Political Economy" could teach Montague or Walpole many

lessons in finance. Any intelligent man may now, by resolutely applying himself for a few years to mathematics, learn more than the great Newton knew after half a century of study and meditation.

But it is not thus with music, with painting, or with sculpture: still less is it thus with poetry. The progress of refinement rarely supplies these arts with better objects of imitation. It may, indeed, improve the instruments which are necessary to the mechanical operations of the musician, the sculptor, and the painter; but language, the machine of the poet, is best fitted for his purpose in its rudest state. Nations, like individuals, first perceive, and then abstract. They advance from particular images to general terms. Hence the vocabulary of an enlightened society is philosophical: that of a half-civilized people is poetical.

This change in the language of men is partly the cause, and partly the effect, of a corresponding change in the nature of their intellectual operations, — a change by which science gains, and poetry loses. Generalization is necessary to the advancement of knowledge, but particularly in the creations of the imagination. In proportion as men know more, and think more, they look less at individuals, and more at classes. They therefore make better theories, and worse poems. They give us vague phrases instead of images, and personified qualities instead of men. They may be better able to analyze human nature than their predecessors; but analysis is not the business of the poet. His office is to portray, not to dissect. He may believe in a moral sense, like Shaftesbury; he may refer all human actions to self-interest, like Helvetius; or he may never think about the matter at all. His creed on such subjects will no more influence his poetry, properly so called, than the notions which a painter may have conceived respecting the lachrymal glands, or the circulation of the blood, will affect the tears of his Niobe, or the blushes of his Aurora. If Shakspeare had written a book on the motives of human actions, it is by no means certain that it would have been a good one. It is extremely improbable that it would have contained half so much able reasoning on the subject as is to be found in the "Fable of the Bees." But could Mandeville have created an Iago? Well as he knew how to resolve characters into their elements, would he have been able to combine those elements in such a manner as to make up a man, — a real, living, individual man?

Perhaps no man can be a poet, or can even enjoy poetry, without a certain unsoundness of mind, if any thing which gives so much pleasure ought to be called unsoundness. By poetry, we mean, not, of course, all writing in verse, nor even all good writing in verse. Our definition excludes many metrical compositions, which on other grounds deserve the highest praise. By poetry, we

mean the art of employing words in such a manner as to produce an illusion on the imagination, — the art of doing by means of words what the painter does by means of colors. Thus the greatest of poets has described it in lines universally admired for the vigor and felicity of their diction, and still more valuable on account of the just notion which they convey of the art in which he excelled: —

> "As imagination bodies forth
> The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
> Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
> A local habitation and a name."

These are the fruits of the "fine frenzy" which he ascribes to the poet, — a fine frenzy doubtless, but still a frenzy. Truth, indeed, is essential to poetry; but it is the truth of madness. The reasonings are just; but the premises are false. After the first suppositions have been made, every thing ought to be consistent; but those first suppositions require a degree of credulity which almost amounts to a partial and temporary derangement of the intellect. Hence, of all people, children are the most imaginative. They abandon themselves, without reserve, to every illusion. Every image which is strongly presented to their mental eye produces on them the effect of reality. No man, whatever his sensibility may be, is ever affected by Hamlet or Lear as a little girl is affected by the story of poor Red Riding-Hood. She knows that it is all false, that wolves can not speak, that there are no wolves in England: yet, in spite of her knowledge, she believes; she weeps; she trembles; she dares not go into a dark room, lest she should feel the teeth of the monster at her throat. Such is the despotism of the imagination over uncultivated minds. In a rude state of society, men are children with a greater variety of ideas. It is, therefore, in such a state of society, that we may expect to find the poetical temperament in its highest perfection. In an enlightened age, there will be much intelligence, much science, much philosophy, abundance of just classification and subtle analysis, abundance of wit and eloquence, abundance of verses, and even of good ones, but little poetry. Men will judge and compare; but they will not create. They will talk about the old poets, and comment on them, and to a certain degree enjoy them; but they will scarcely be able to conceive the effect which poetry produced on their ruder ancestors, — the agony, the ecstasy, the plenitude of belief. The Greek rhapsodists, according to Plato, could not recite Homer without almost falling into convulsions. The Mohawk hardly feels the scalping-knife while he shouts his death-song. The power which the ancient bards of Wales and Germany exercised over their auditors seems to modern readers almost miraculous. Such feelings are very rare in a civilized

community, and most rare among those who participate most in its improvements. They linger longest among the peasantry.

Poetry produces an illusion on the eye of the mind as a magic-lantern produces an illusion on the eye of the body. And, as the magic-lantern acts best in a dark room, poetry effects its purpose most completely in a dark age. As the light of knowledge breaks in upon its exhibitions, as the outlines of certainty become more and more definite, and the shades of probability more and more distinct, the hues and lineaments of the phantoms which it calls up grow fainter and fainter. We can not unite the incompatible advantages of reality and deception, the clear discernment of truth, and the exquisite enjoyment of fiction. He who, in an enlightened and literary society, aspires to be a great poet, must first become a little child. He must take to pieces the whole web of his mind. He must unlearn much of that knowledge which has perhaps constituted hitherto his chief title of superiority. His very talents will be a hinderance to him. His difficulties will be proportioned to his proficiency in the pursuits which are fashionable among his contemporaries; and that proficiency will, in general, be proportioned to the vigor and activity of his mind. And it is well, if, after all his sacrifices and exertions, his works do not resemble a lisping man or a modern ruin. We have seen in our own time great talents, intense labor, and long meditation, employed in this struggle against the spirit of the age, and employed, we will not say absolutely in vain, but with dubious success and feeble applause. If these reasonings be just, no poet has ever triumphed over greater difficulties than Milton. He received a learned education; he was a profound and elegant classical scholar; he had studied all the mysteries of rabbinical literature; he was intimately acquainted with every language of modern Europe from which either pleasure or information was then to be derived. He was, perhaps, the only great poet of later times who had been distinguished by the excellence of his Latin verse. The genius of Petrarch was scarcely of the first order; and his poems in the ancient language, though much praised by those who have never read them, are wretched compositions. Cowley, with all his admirable wit and ingenuity, had little imagination; nor, indeed, do we think his classical diction comparable to that of Milton. The authority of Johnson is against us on this point. But Johnson had studied the bad writers of the middle ages till he had become utterly insensible to the Augustan elegance, and was as ill qualified to judge between two Latin styles as an habitual drunkard to set up for a wine-taster. Versification in a dead language is an exotic; a far-fetched, costly, sickly imitation of that which elsewhere may be found in healthful and spontaneous perfection. The soils on which this rarity flourishes are in general as ill

suited to the production of vigorous native poetry as the flower-pots of a hot-house to the growth of oaks. That the author of "The Paradise Lost" should have written the "Epistle to Manso" was truly wonderful. Never before were such marked originality and such exquisite mimicry found together. Indeed, in all the Latin poems of Milton, the artificial manner indispensable to such works is admirably preserved; while at the same time the richness of his fancy, and the elevation of his sentiments, give to them a peculiar charm, an air of nobleness and freedom, which distinguishes them from all other writings of the same class. They remind us of the amusements of those angelic warriors who composed the cohort of Gabriel: —

> "About him exercised heroic games
> The unarmèd youth of heaven. But o'er their heads
> Celestial armory, shield, helm, and spear,
> Hung bright, with diamond flaming and with gold."

We can not look upon the sportive exercises for which the genius of Milton ungirds itself, without catching a glimpse of the gorgeous and terrible panoply which it is accustomed to wear. The strength of his imagination triumphed over every obstacle. So intense and ardent was the fire of his mind, that it not only was not suffocated beneath the weight of its fuel, but penetrated the whole superincumbent mass with its own heat and radiance.

It is not our intention to attempt any thing like a complete examination of the poetry of Milton. The public has long been agreed as to the merit of the most remarkable passages, the incomparable harmony of the numbers, and the excellence of that style which no rival has been able to equal, and no parodist to degrade; which displays in their highest perfection the idiomatic powers of the English tongue; and to which every ancient and every modern language has contributed something of grace, of energy, or of music. In the vast field of criticism in which we are entering, innumerable reapers have already put their sickles; yet the harvest is so abundant, that the negligent search of a straggling gleaner may be rewarded with a sheaf.

The most striking characteristic of the poetry of Milton is the extreme remoteness of the associations by means of which it acts on the reader. Its effect is produced, not so much by what it expresses, as by what it suggests; not so much by the ideas which it directly conveys, as by other ideas which are connected with them. He electrifies the mind through conductors. The most unimaginative man must understand the Iliad. Homer gives him no choice, and requires from him no exertion, but takes the whole upon himself, and sets his images in so clear a light, that it is impossible to be blind to them. The works of Milton can not be comprehended or enjoyed unless the mind of the reader co-

operate with that of the writer. He does not paint a finished picture, or play for a mere passive listener. He sketches, and leaves others to fill up the outline. He strikes the keynote, and expects his hearer to make out the melody.

We often hear of the magical influence of poetry. The expression, in general, means nothing; but, applied to the writings of Milton, it is most appropriate. His poetry acts like an incantation. Its merit lies less in its obvious meaning than in its occult power. There would seem, at first sight, to be no more in his words than in other words; but they are words of enchantment: no sooner are they pronounced than the past is present, and the distant near. New forms of beauty start at once into existence; and all the burial-places of the memory give up their dead. Change the structure of the sentence, substitute one synonym for another, and the whole effect is destroyed. The spell loses its power; and he who should then hope to conjure with it would find himself as much mistaken as Cassim in the Arabian tale, when he stood crying, "Open, Wheat!" "Open, Barley!" to the door which obeyed no sound but "Open, Sesame!" The miserable failure of Dryden in his attempt to rewrite some parts of the "Paradise Lost" is a remarkable instance of this.

In support of these observations, we may remark, that scarcely any passages in the poems of Milton are more generally known, or more frequently repeated, than those which are little more than muster-rolls of names. They are not always more appropriate or more melodious than other names; but they are charmed names. Every one of them is the first link in a long chain of associated ideas. Like the dwelling-place of our infancy revisited in manhood, like the song of our country heard in a strange land, they produce upon us an effect wholly independent of their intrinsic value. One transports us back to a remote period of history; another places us among the moral scenery and manners of a distant country; a third evokes all the dear classical recollections of childhood, — the schoolroom, the dog-eared "Virgil," the holiday, and the prize; a fourth brings before us the splendid phantoms of chivalrous romance, the trophied lists, the embroidered housings, the quaint devices, the haunted forests, the enchanted gardens, the achievements of enamored knights, and the smiles of rescued princesses. In none of the works of Milton is his peculiar manner more happily displayed than in the "Allegro" and the "Penseroso." It is impossible to conceive that the mechanism of language can be brought to a more exquisite degree of perfection. These poems differ from others as attar of roses differs from ordinary rose-water, the close-packed essence from the thin diluted mixture. They are, indeed, not so

much poems as collections of hints, from each of which the reader is to make out a poem for himself. Every epithet is a text for a canto. The "Comus" and the "Samson Agonistes" are works, which, though of very different merit, offer some marked points of resemblance. They are both lyric poems in the form of plays. There are, perhaps, no two kinds of composition so essentially dissimilar as the drama and the ode. The business of the dramatist is to keep himself out of sight, and to let nothing appear but his characters. As soon as he attracts notice to his personal feelings, the illusion is broken: the effect is as unpleasant as that which is produced on the stage by the voice of a prompter or the entrance of a scene-shifter. Hence it was that the tragedies of Byron were his least successful performances. They resemble those pasteboard pictures invented by the friend of children, Mr. Newberry, in which a single movable head goes around twenty different bodies; so that the same face looks out upon us successively from the uniform of a hussar, the furs of a judge, and the rags of a beggar. In all the characters, — patriots and tyrants, haters and lovers, — the frown and sneer of Harold were discernible in an instant. But this species of egotism, though fatal to the drama, is the inspiration of the ode. It is the part of the lyric poet to abandon himself, without reserve, to his own emotions. Between these hostile elements, many great men have endeavored to effect an amalgamation, but never with complete success. The Greek drama, on the model of which the "Samson" was written, sprung from the ode. The dialogue was ingrafted on the chorus, and naturally partook of its character. The genius of the greatest of the Athenian dramatists co-operated with the circumstances under which tragedy made its first appearance. Æschylus was, head and heart, a lyric poet. In his time, the Greeks had far more intercourse with the East than in the days of Homer; and they had not yet acquired that immense superiority in war, in science, and in the arts, which, in the following generation, led them to treat the Asiatics with contempt. From the narrative of Herodotus, it would seem that they still looked up with the veneration of disciples to Egypt and Assyria. At this period, accordingly, it was natural that the literature of Greece should be tinctured with the Oriental style; and that style, we think, is clearly discernible in the works of Pindar and Æschylus. The latter often reminds us of the Hebrew writers. The Book of Job, indeed, in conduct and diction, bears a considerable resemblance to some of his dramas. Considered as plays, his works are absurd; considered as choruses, they are above all praise. If, for instance, we examine the address of Clytemnestra to Agamemnon on his return, or the description of the seven Argive chiefs, by the principles of dramatic writing, we shall

instantly condemn them as monstrous; but if we forget the characters, and think only of the poetry, we shall admit that it has never been surpassed in energy and magnificence. Sophocles made the Greek drama as dramatic as was consistent with its original form. His portraits of men have a sort of similarity; but it is the similarity, not of a painting, but of a bass-relief. It suggests a resemblance; but it does not produce an illusion. Euripides attempted to carry the reform farther; but it was a task far beyond his powers, — perhaps beyond any powers. Instead of correcting what was bad, he destroyed what was excellent. He substituted crutches for stilts, bad sermons for good odes.

Milton, it is well known, admired Euripides highly; much more highly than, in our opinion, he deserved. Indeed, the caresses which this partiality leads him to bestow on "sad Electra's poet" sometimes reminds us of the beautiful Queen of Fairyland kissing the long ears of Bottom. At all events, there can be no doubt that this veneration for the Athenian, whether just or not, was injurious to the "Samson Agonistes." Had he taken Æschylus for his model, he would have given himself up to the lyric inspiration, and poured out profusely all the treasures of his mind, without bestowing a thought on those dramatic proprieties which the nature of the work rendered it impossible to preserve. In the attempt to reconcile things in their own nature inconsistent, he has failed, as every one must have failed. We can not identify ourselves with the characters, as in a good play. We can not identify ourselves with the poet, as in a good ode. The conflicting ingredients, like an acid and an alkali mixed, neutralize each other. We are by no means insensible to the merits of this celebrated piece; to the severe dignity of the style, the graceful and pathetic solemnity of the opening speech, or the wild and barbaric melody which gives so striking an effect to the choral passages: but we think it, we confess, the least successful effort of the genius of Milton.

The "Comus" is framed on the model of the Italian masque, as the "Samson" is framed on the model of the Greek tragedy. It is, certainly, the noblest performance of the kind which exists in any language. It is as far superior to the "Faithful Shepherdess," as the "Faithful Shepherdess" is to the "Aminta," or the "Aminta" to the "Pastor Fido." It was well for Milton that he had here no Euripides to mislead him. He understood and loved the literature of modern Italy; but he did not feel for it the same veneration which he entertained for the remains of Athenian and Roman poetry, consecrated by so many lofty and endearing recollections. The faults, moreover, of his Italian predecessors, were of a kind to which his mind had a deadly antipathy. He could stoop to a plain style, sometimes even to a bald style;

but false brilliancy was his utter aversion. His Muse had no objection to a russet attire; but she turned with disgust from the finery of Guarini, as tawdry and as paltry as the rags of a chimney-sweeper on May Day. Whatever ornaments *she* wears are of massive gold, not only dazzling to the sight, but capable of standing the severest test of the crucible.

Milton attended in the "Comus" to the distinction which he neglected in the "Samson." He made it what it ought to be, — essentially lyrical, and dramatic only in semblance. He has not attempted a fruitless struggle against a defect inherent in the nature of that species of composition; and he has, therefore, succeeded wherever success was not impossible. The speeches must be read as majestic soliloquies; and he who so reads them will be enraptured with their eloquence, their sublimity, and their music. The interruptions of the dialogue, however, impose a constraint upon the writer, and break the illusion of the reader. The finest passages are those which are lyric in form as well as in spirit. "I should much commend," says the excellent Sir Henry Wotton in a letter to Milton, "the tragical part, if the lyrical did not ravish me with a certain Doric delicacy in your songs and odes; whereunto, I most plainly confess to you, I have seen yet nothing parallel in our language." The criticism was just. It is when Milton escapes from the shackles of the dialogue, when he is discharged from the labor of uniting two incongruous styles, when he is at liberty to indulge his choral raptures without reserve, that he rises even above himself. Then, like his own Good Genius, bursting from the earthly form and weeds of Thyrsis, he stands forth in celestial freedom and beauty: he seems to cry exultingly, —

> "Now my task is smoothly done,
> I can fly, or I can run,"

to skim the earth, to soar above the clouds, to bathe in the Elysian dew of the rainbow, and to inhale the balmy smells of nard and cassia which the musky winds of the zephyr scatter through the cedared alleys of the Hesperides. There are several of the minor poems of Milton on which we would willingly make a few remarks. Still more willingly would we enter into a detailed examination of that admirable poem, the "Paradise Regained," which, strangely enough, is scarcely ever mentioned, except as an instance of the blindness of that parental affection which men of letters bear toward the offspring of their intellects. That Milton was mistaken in preferring this work, excellent as it is, to the "Paradise Lost," we must readily admit; but we are sure that the superiority of the "Paradise Lost" to the "Paradise Regained" is not more decided than the superiority of the "Paradise Regained" to every poem which has since made its appearance. But our limits prevent

us from discussing the point at length. We hasten on to that extraordinary production which the general suffrage of critics has placed in the highest class of human compositions. The only poem of modern times which can be compared with the "Paradise Lost" is the "Divine Comedy." The subject of Milton, in some points, resembled that of Dante; but he has treated it in a widely different manner. We can not, we think, better illustrate our opinion respecting our own great poet than by contrasting him with the father of Tuscan literature.

The poetry of Milton differs from that of Dante as the hieroglyphics of Egypt differed from the picture-writing of Mexico. The images which Dante employs speak for themselves: they stand simply for what they are. Those of Milton have a signification which is often discernible only to the initiated. Their value depends less on what they directly represent than on what they remotely suggest. However strange, however grotesque, may be the appearance which Dante undertakes to describe, he never shrinks from describing it. He gives us the shape, the color, the sound, the smell, the taste; he counts the numbers; he measures the size. His similes are the illustrations of a traveler. Unlike those of other poets, and especially of Milton, they are introduced in a plain, business-like manner; not for the sake of any beauty in the objects from which they are drawn, not for the sake of any ornament which they may impart to the poem, but simply in order to make the meaning of the writer as clear to the reader as it is to himself. The ruins of the precipice which led from the sixth to the seventh circle of hell were like those of the rock which fell into the Adige on the south of Trent. The cataract of Phlegethon was like that of Aqua Cheta at the monastery of St. Benedict. The place where the heretics were confined in burning tombs resembled the vast cemetery of Arles. Now, let us compare with the exact details of Dante the dim intimations of Milton. We will cite a few examples. The English poet has never thought of taking the measure of Satan. He gives us merely a vague idea of vast bulk. In one passage, the fiend lies stretched out, huge in length, floating many a rood, equal in size to the earth-born enemies of Jove, or to the sea-monster which the mariner mistakes for an island. When he addresses himself to battle against the guardian angels, he stands like Teneriffe or Atlas: his stature reaches the sky. Contrast with these descriptions the lines in which Dante has described the gigantic specter of Nimrod: "His face seemed to me as long and as broad as the ball of St. Peter's at Rome; and his other limbs were in proportion: so that the bank, which concealed him from the waist downwards, nevertheless showed so much of him, that three tall Germans would in vain have attempted to reach his hair." We are

sensible that we do no justice to the admirable style of the Florentine poet: but Mr. Cary's translation is not at hand; and our version, however rude, is sufficient to illustrate our meaning.

Once more: compare the lazar-house in the eleventh book of the "Paradise Lost" with the last ward of Malebolge in Dante. Milton avoids the loathsome details, and takes refuge in indistinct but solemn and tremendous imagery, — Despair hurrying from couch to couch to mock the wretches with his attendance; Death shaking his dart over them, but, in spite of supplications, delaying to strike. What says Dante? — "There was such a moan there as there would be if all the sick, who, between July and September, are in the hospitals of Valdichiana, and of the Tuscan swamps, and of Sardinia, were in one pit together; and such a stench was issuing forth as is wont to issue from decayed limbs." We will not take upon ourselves the invidious office of settling precedency between two such writers. Each in his own department is incomparable; and each, we may remark, has, wisely or fortunately, taken a subject adapted to exhibit his peculiar talent to the greatest advantage. The "Divine Comedy" is a personal narrative. Dante is the eye-witness and ear-witness of that which he relates. He is the very man who has heard the tormented spirits crying out for the second death; who has read the dusky characters on the portal, within which there is no hope; who has hidden his face from the terrors of the Gorgon; who has fled from the hooks and the seething pitch of Barbariccia and Diaghignazzo. His own hands have grasped the shaggy sides of Lucifer; his own feet have climbed the Mountain of Expiation; his own brow has been marked by the purifying angel. The reader would throw aside such a tale in incredulous disgust, unless it were told with the strongest air of veracity, with a sobriety even in its horrors, with the greatest precision and multiplicity in its details. The narrative of Milton in this respect differs from that of Dante as the adventures of Amidas differ from those of Gulliver. The author of "Amidas" would have made his book ridiculous if he had introduced those minute particulars which gave such a charm to the work of Swift, — the nautical observations, the affected delicacy about names, the official documents transcribed at full length, and all the unmeaning gossip and scandal of the court, springing out of nothing, and tending to nothing. We are not shocked at being told that a man who lived, nobody knows when, saw many very strange sights; and we can easily abandon ourselves to the illusion of the romance. But when Lemuel Gulliver, surgeon, now actually resident at Rotherhithe, tells us of pygmies and giants, flying islands and philosophizing horses, nothing but such circumstantial touches could produce for a single moment a deception on the imagination. Of all the poets who have introduced into

their works the agency of supernatural beings, Milton has succeeded best. Here Dante decidedly yields to him. And, as this is a point on which many rash and ill-considered judgments have been pronounced, we feel inclined to dwell on it a little longer. The most fatal error which a poet can possibly commit in the management of his machinery is that of attempting to philosophize too much. Milton has been often censured for ascribing to spirits many functions of which spirits must be incapable; but these objections, though sanctioned by eminent names, originate, we venture to say, in profound ignorance of the art of poetry. What is spirit? What are our own minds, the portion of spirit with which we are best acquainted? We observe certain phenomena: we can not explain them into material causes; we therefore infer that there exists something which is not material. But of this something we have no idea. We can define it only by negatives. We can reason about it only by symbols. We use the word; but we have no image of the thing: and the business of poetry is with images, and not with words. The poet uses words, indeed; but they are merely the instruments of his art, not its objects. They are the materials which he is to dispose in such a manner as to present a picture to the mental eye. And, if they are not so disposed, they are no more entitled to be called poetry than a bale of canvas and a box of colors are to be called a painting. Logicians may reason about abstractions; but the great mass of mankind can never feel an interest in them. They must have images. The strong tendency of the multitude, in all ages and nations, to idolatry, can be explained on no other principle. The first inhabitants of Greece, there is every reason to believe, worshiped one invisible Deity; but the necessity of having something more definite to adore produced in a few centuries the innumerable crowd of gods and goddesses. In like manner, the ancient Persians thought it impious to exhibit the Creator under a human form; yet even these transferred to the sun the worship, which, speculatively, they considered due only to the Supreme Mind. The history of the Jews is the record of a continual struggle between pure Theism, supported by the most terrible sanctions, and the strangely-fascinating desire of having some visible and tangible object of adoration. Perhaps none of the secondary causes which Gibbon has assigned for the rapidity with which Christianity spread over the world, while Judaism scarcely ever acquired a proselyte, operated more powerfully than this feeling. God, the uncreated, the incomprehensible, the invisible, attracted few worshipers. A philosopher might admire so noble a conception; but the crowd turned away in disgust from words which presented no image to their minds. It was before Deity embodied in a human form, walking among men, partaking of their infirmi-

ties, leaning on their bosoms, weeping over their graves, slumbering in the manger, bleeding on the cross, that the prejudices of the Synagogue, and the doubts of the Academy, and the pride of the Portico, and the fasces of the lictor, and the swords of thirty legions, were humbled in the dust. Soon after Christianity had achieved its triumph, the principle which had assisted it began to corrupt. It became a new paganism. Patron saints assumed the offices of household gods. St. George took the place of Mars. St. Elmo consoled the mariner for the loss of "Castor and Pollux." The Virgin Mother and Cecilia succeeded to Venus and the Muses. The fascination of sex and loveliness was again joined to that of celestial dignity; and the homage of chivalry was blended with that of religion. Reformers have often made a stand against these feelings, but never with more than apparent and partial success. The men who demolished the images in cathedrals have not always been able to demolish those which were enshrined in their minds. It would not be difficult to show that in politics the same rule holds good. Doctrines, we are afraid, must generally be *embodied*, before they can excite strong public feeling. The multitude is more easily interested for the most unmeaning badge or the most insignificant name than for the most important principle. From these considerations, we infer that no poet who should affect that metaphysical accuracy, for the want of which Milton has been blamed, would escape a disgraceful failure. Still, however, there was another extreme, which, though far less dangerous, was also to be avoided. The imaginations of men are in a great measure under the control of their opinions. The most exquisite art of a poetical coloring can produce no illusion when it is employed to represent that which is at once perceived to be incongruous and absurd. Milton wrote in an age of philosophers and theologians. It was necessary, therefore, for him to abstain from giving such a shock to their understandings as might break the charm which it was his object to throw over their imaginations. This is the real explanation of the indistinctness and inconsistency with which he has often been reproached. Dr. Johnson acknowledges that it was absolutely necessary for him to clothe his spirits with material forms. "But," says he, "he should have secured the consistency of his system by keeping immateriality out of sight, and seducing the reader to drop it from his thoughts." This is easily said; but what if he could not seduce the reader to drop it from *his* thoughts? What if the contrary opinion had taken so full a possession of the minds of men as to leave no room even for the quasi-belief which poetry requires? Such we suspect to have been the case. It was impossible for the poet to adopt altogether the material or the immaterial system. He therefore took his stand on the debatable ground.

He left the whole in ambiguity. He has doubtless, by so doing, laid himself open to the charge of inconsistency; but, though philosophically in the wrong, we can not but believe that he was poetically in the right. This task, which almost any other writer would have found impracticable, was easy to him. The peculiar art which he possessed, of communicating his meaning circuitously, through a long succession of associated ideas, and of intimating more than he expressed, enabled him to disguise those incongruities which he could not avoid.

Poetry which relates to the beings of another world ought to be at once mysterious and picturesque. That of Milton is so. That of Dante is picturesque, indeed, beyond any that was ever written. Its effect approaches to that produced by the pencil or the chisel; but it is picturesque to the exclusion of all mystery. This is a fault, indeed, on the right side,—a fault inseparable from the plan of his poem, which, as we have already observed, rendered the utmost accuracy of description necessary. Still it is a fault. His supernatural agents excite an interest; but it is not the interest which is proper to supernatural agents. We feel that we could talk with his ghosts and demons without any emotions of unearthly awe. We could, like Don Juan, ask them to supper, and eat heartily in their company. His angels are good men with wings; his devils are spiteful, ugly executioners; his dead men are merely living men in strange situations. The scene which passes between the poet and Facinata is justly celebrated: still Facinata in the burning tomb is exactly what Facinata would have been at an *auto-da-fé*. Nothing can be more touching than the first interview of Dante and Beatrice; yet what is it but a lovely woman chiding with sweet austere composure the lover for whose affections she is grateful, but whose vices she reprobates? The feelings which give the passage its charm would suit the streets of Florence as well as the summit of the Mount of Purgatory. The spirits of Milton are unlike those of almost all other writers. His fiends, in particular, are wonderful creations. They are not metaphysical abstractions; they are not wicked men; they are not ugly beasts; they have no horns, no tails, none of the fee-faw-fum of Tasso and Klopstock: they have just enough in common with human nature to be intelligible to human beings. Their characters are, like their forms, marked by a certain dim resemblance to those of men, but exaggerated to gigantic dimensions, and veiled in mysterious gloom.

Perhaps the gods and demons of Æschylus may best bear a comparison with the angels and devils of Milton. The style of the Athenian had, as we have remarked, something of the vagueness and tenor of the Oriental character; and the same

peculiarity may be traced in his mythology. It has nothing of the amenity and elegance which we generally find in the superstitions of Greece. All is rugged, barbaric, and colossal. His legends seem to harmonize less with the fragrant groves and graceful porticos in which his countrymen paid their vows to the God of Light, and Goddess of Desire, than with those huge and grotesque labyrinths of eternal granite in which Egypt enshrined her mystic Osiris, or in which Hindostan still bows down to her seven-headed idols. His favorite gods are those of the elder generations, — the sons of heaven and earth, compared with whom Jupiter himself was a stripling and an upstart, — the gigantic Titans, and the inexorable Furies. Foremost among his creations of this class stands Prometheus, half fiend, half redeemer, the friend of man, the sullen and implacable enemy of heaven. He bears, undoubtedly, a considerable resemblance to the Satan of Milton. In both, we find the same impatience of control, the same ferocity, the same unconquerable pride. In both characters, also, are mingled, though in very different proportions, some kind and generous feelings. Prometheus, however, is hardly superhuman enough. He talks too much of his chains and his uneasy posture; he is rather too much depressed and agitated; his resolution seems to depend on the knowledge which he possesses that he holds the fate of his torturer in his hands, and that the hour of his release will surely come. But Satan is a creature of another sphere. The might of his intellectual nature is victorious over the extremity of pain. Amidst agonies which can not be conceived without horror, he deliberates, resolves, and even exults. Against the sword of Michael, against the thunder of Jehovah, against the flaming lake and the marl burning with solid fire, against the prospect of an eternity of unintermittent misery, his spirit bears up unbroken, resting on its own innate energies, requiring no support from any thing external, nor even from hope itself!

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND TRAVEL.

James Anthony Froude. — 1818. "History of England from the Fall of Wolsey to the Death of Elizabeth." Materially qualifies the generally-received opinions of several historical characters.

Henry Thomas Buckle. — 1823–1862. "History of Civilization," two vols.; a most remarkable attempt to write history in the order of its scientific growth. Not completed.

Sir Archibald Alison. — 1792. "The History of Europe from the Commencement of the French Revolution to the Restoration of the Bourbons," ten vols.; "To Accession of Louis Napoleon," eight vols.; also "A Life of Marlborough."

GEORGE GROTE. — 1794. "The History of Greece to the Death of Alexander the Great," — a work of the highest merit.

THOMAS ARNOLD. — 1795–1842. Head master of Rugby. Author of "A Fragment of Roman History," "Sermons," and "Historical Lectures."

CONNOP THIRLWALL. — 1797. "History of Greece."

Sir FRANCIS PALGRAVE. — 1788–1861. "The History of the Anglo-Saxons;" "The Rise and Progress of the English Commonwealth;" "The History of Normandy and of England."

JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART. — 1793–1854. "Life of Sir Walter Scott," his father-in-law; "Valerius" and "Reginald Dalton," novels; Spanish ballads.

JOHN FORSTER. — 1812. "Lives of the Statesmen of the Commonwealth," and "Life of Goldsmith."

GEORGE HENRY LEWES. — 1817. "Life of Goethe;" "A Biographical History of Philosophy;" "Life of Robespierre;" "The Physiology of Common Life;" "The Spanish Drama," and other works.

DAVID MASSON. — 1822. "British Novelists and their Styles;" "Life and Times of John Milton."

SAMUEL LAING. — "A Residence in Norway;" "A Tour in Sweden;" "Notes of a Traveler."

DAVID LIVINGSTONE. — 1817. "Missionary Travels in South Africa."

AUSTEN HENRY LAYARD. — 1817. "Nineveh and its Remains;" "Discoveries in the Ruins of Nineveh and Babylon."

RICHARD FORD. — 1796–1858. Murray's "Handbook for Spain;" "Gatherings from Spain."

GEORGE BORROW. — 1803. "The Bible in Spain;" "Zincali, or the Gypsies in Spain;" "Lavengro, or the Scholar, the Gypsy, and the Priest," and Sequel; "The Romany Rye."

ALEXANDER W. KINGLAKE. — 1811. "Eöthen," — travels in the East.

Sir JAMES EMERSON TENNENT. — 1804. "Modern Greece;" "Belgium;" "Wine;" and "Ceylon."

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Capt. SHERRARD OSBORNE. — 1820. "Stray Leaves from an Arctic Journal;" "A Cruise in Japanese Waters."

Dr. RAE, Sir ROBERT M'CLURE, and Sir LEOPOLD M'CLINTOCK, are eminent for arctic travel and discovery.

HENRY D. INGLIS, Sir JOHN BOWRING, ELIOT WARBURTON, JOHN FRANCIS DAVIS, WINGROVE COOKE, LAURENCE OLIPHANT, and Rev. JOSIAS PORTER, have all written interesting accounts of travel.

Lord CAMPBELL. — 1799–1861. "Lives of the Lord Chancellors;" "Lives of the Chief Justices."

CHARLES KNIGHT. — 1790. "Old Printer and Modern Press;" "Popular History of England;" edition of Shakspeare.

ROBERT VAUGHN. — 1798. "John de Wycliffe;" "England under the Stuarts;" "Revolutions of English History."

AGNES and ELIZABETH STRICKLAND. — "Lives of the Queens of England and Scotland."

WALTER F. HOOK. — "Ecclesiastical Biography;" "Church Diet;" "Archbishops of Canterbury."

ROBERT CHAMBERS. — 1802. "Traditions of Edinburgh;" "Domestic Annals of Scotland;" and "History of the Rebellion of 1745, 1746."

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Earl STANHOPE. — 1805. "Life of Belisarius;" "War of Succession in Spain;" "History of England from the Peace of Utrecht to the Peace of Versailles."

Sir GEORGE C. LEWIS. — 1806. "The Credibility of Early Roman History;" "Influence of Authority on Opinions."

JOHN HILL BURTON. — 1809. "Life of Hume;" "History of Scotland;" and others.

THOMAS A. TROLLOPE. — "Girlhood of Catherine de Medici;" "A Decade of Italian Women."

WILLIAM H. RUSSELL. — 1816. "Letters on Crimean War;" "Diary in India;" and special correspondent of "The London Times."

GEORGE WILSON.
WILLIAM STIRLING.
WILLIAM H. DIXON.
GEORGE FINLAY.
JAMES WHITE.
EYRE CROWE.
HANNA.
MUIRHEAD.
SMILES.
CARRUTHERS.
Miss PARDOE.
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And many others who have written biographies or histories of short periods or of a local character.

THEOLOGIANS AND SCHOLARS.

THOMAS CHALMERS. — 1780–1847. "Natural Theology;" "Evidences of Christianity;" "Lectures on the Romans," and other eloquent discourses, — in all, thirty-four vols.

ISAAC TAYLOR. — 1787. "Natural History of Enthusiasm;" "Ancient Christianity."

WILLIAM MURE. — 1799. "Critical History of the Language and Literature of Ancient Greece."

THOMAS GUTHRIE.
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JOHN CAIRD.
EDWARD PUSEY.
FRANCIS NEWMAN.
J. F. D. MAURICE.
Cardinal WISEMAN.
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ESSAYISTS AND CRITICS.

JOHN WILSON. — 1785–1854. Author of "Noctes Ambrosianæ." He was the "Christopher North" of "Blackwood."

ANNA JAMESON. — 1796–1860. "Characteristics of Women;" "Sacred and Legendary Art;" and others.

HARRIET MARTINEAU. — 1802. "Society in America;" "Deerbrook;" and "The Hour and the Man;" "The History of the Thirty-Years' Peace."

Sarah Ellis. — "The Women of England," and several others.

Arthur Helps. — "Friends in Council," and "Companions of my Solitude."

John Ruskin. — 1819. The very popular author of "Modern Painters," "The Seven Lamps of Architecture," and "The Stones of Venice."

John Payne Collier.
William Maginn.
William and Mary Howitt.
George Gilfillan.
Alexander Dyce.
John Sterling.
Mary C. Clarke.
Samuel Phillips.
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And many others, all of whom have written one or more volumes worthy the pupil's attention.

SCIENCE.

Sir David Brewster. — 1781–1868. "Optics;" "More Worlds than One;" and "Life of Sir Isaac Newton." Twenty years writing "Edinburgh Encyclopædia."

Richard Whately. — 1787–1863. "Logic;" "Rhetoric;" "Political Economy," and other philosophical works.

Sir William Hamilton. — 1788–1856. "Distinguished Metaphysicians."

Sir Roderick Murchison. — 1792. "Geology of Russia," and "Siluria."

William Whewell. — 1795. "History of Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences," and one of "The Bridgewater Treatises."

Mary Somerville. — "The Connection of the Physical Sciences;" "Physical Geography."

Hugh Miller. — 1802–1856. Distinguished geologist. Author of several popular works.

John Stuart Mill. — 1806. "Logic;" "Political Economy;" and "Liberty." One of the ablest men of the time.

William Smith. — 1769–1839. Geology.

William Buckland. — 1784–1856. Geology.

Gideon Mantel. — 1788–1852. Geology.

Dionysius Lardner. — 1793–1859. "Museum of Science," and "Lectures."

Michael Faraday. — 1794–1867. Distinguished chemist.

Sir Charles Lyell. — 1797. Several geological works.

Richard Owen. — Zoölogist.

James Ferrier.
Dr. Mansell.
Morell.
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Alexander Bain.
Herbert Spencer.
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A remarkable essayist of a truly original style. A disjointed collection of short apostrophes to the varied elements of French society about the time of and during the French Revolution, he calls a history of that period. "The Letters and Speeches of Oliver Cromwell, with Elucidations," are more connected, and give a vivid picture of the man and the times.

PRINCIPAL WORKS.

"Sartor Resartus," "Latter-day Pamphlets," "Frederick the Great," and several others of the same vigorous, sledge-hammer style.

OLIVER CROMWELL.

ANTI-DRYASDUST.

WHAT and how great are the interests which connect themselves with the hope that England may yet attain to some practical belief and understanding of its history during the seventeenth century, need not be insisted on at present; such hope being still very distant, very uncertain. We have wandered far away from the ideas which guided us in that century, and indeed which had guided us in all preceding centuries, but of which that century was the ultimate manifestation: we have wandered very far; and must endeavor to return, and connect ourselves therewith again. It is with other feelings than those of poor peddling dilettanteism, other aims than the writing of successful or unsuccessful publications, that an earnest man occupies himself in those dreary provinces of the dead and buried. The last glimpse of Godlike vanishing from this England; conviction and veracity giving place to hollow cant and formalism; antique "Reign of God," which all true men in their several dialects and modes have always striven for, giving place to modern "Reign of the No-God," whom men name Devil, — this, in its multitudinous meanings and results, is a sight to create reflections in the earnest man. One wishes there were a history of English Puritanism, the last of all our heroisms, but sees small prospect of such a thing at present.

"Few nobler heroisms," says a well-known writer long occupied on this subject, "at bottom, perhaps no nobler heroism, ever transacted itself on this earth; and it lies as good as lost to us, overwhelmed under such an avalanche of human stupidities as no heroism before ever did. Intrinsically and extrinsically, it may be considered inaccesible to these generations. Intrinsically, the

spiritual purport of it has become inconceivable, incredible, to the modern mind; extrinsically, the documents and records of it, scattered waste as a shoreless chaos, are not legible. They lie there, printed, written, to the extent of tons and square miles, as shot-rubbish; unedited, unsorted, not so much as indexed; full of every conceivable confusion; yielding light to very few; yielding darkness in several sorts to very many. Dull pedantry, conceited idle dilettanteism, prurient stupidity in what shape soever, is darkness, and not light. There are from thirty to fifty thousand unread pamphlets of the Civil War in the British Museum alone, — huge piles of moldering wreck, wherein, at the rate of perhaps one pennyweight per ton, lie things memorable. They lie preserved there, waiting happier days: under present conditions, they can not, except for idle purposes, for dilettante excerpts and such like, be got examined. The Rushworths, Whitlockes, Nalsons, Thurloes, — enormous folios these, and many others: they have been printed, and some of them again printed, but never yet edited, — edited as you edit wagon-loads of broken bricks and dry mortar, simply by tumbling up the wagon. Not one of these monstrous old volumes has so much as an available index. It is the general rule of editing on this matter. If your editor correct the press, it is an honorable distinction to him. Those dreary old records were compiled at first by human insight in part, and in great part by human stupidity withal; but then it was by stupidity in a laudable, diligent state, and doing its best, which was something: and, alas! they have been successively elaborated by human stupidity in the idle state, falling idler and idler, and only pretending to be diligent, whereby now, for us, in these late days, they have grown very dim indeed. To Dryasdust printing societies, and such like, they afford a sorrowful kind of pabulum: but, for all serious purposes, they are as if non-extant; might as well, if matters are to rest as they are, not have been written or printed at all. The sound of them is not a voice, conveying knowledge or memorial of any earthly or heavenly thing: it is a widespread, inarticulate, slumberous mumblement, issuing as if from the lake of eternal sleep; craving for oblivion, for abolition, and honest silence, as a blessing in comparison.

"This, then," continues our impatient friend, "is the Elysium we English have provided for our heroes! — the Rushworthian Elysium; dreariest continent of shot-rubbish the eye ever saw. Confusion piled on confusion to your utmost horizon's edge; obscure in lurid twilight as of the shadow of death; trackless, without index, without finger-post, or mark of any human foregoer; where your human footstep, if you are still human, echoes bodeful through the gaunt solitude, peopled only by somnambulant pedants, dilettanti, and doleful creatures; by

phantasms, errors, inconceivabilities; by nightmares, pasteboard norroys, griffins, wiverns, and chimeras dire. There, all vanquished, overwhelmed under such waste lumber-mountains, — the wreck and dead ashes of some six unbelieving generations, — does the age of Cromwell and his Puritans lie hidden from us. This is what we, for our share, have been able to accomplish toward keeping our heroic ones in memory. By way of sacred poet, they have found voluminous Dryasdust, and his collections and philosophical histories.

"To Dryasdust, who wishes merely to compile torpedo histories of the philosophical or other sorts, and gain immortal laurels for himself by writing about it and about it, all this is sport; but to us who struggle piously, passionately, to behold, if but in glimpses, the faces of our vanished fathers, it is death. O Dryasdust, my voluminous friend! had human stupidity continued in the diligent state, think you it had ever come to this? Surely, at least, you might have made an index for these huge books! Even your genius, had you been faithful, was adequate to that. Those thirty thousand or fifty thousand old newspapers and pamphlets of the King's Library — it is you, my voluminous friend, that should have sifted them many long years ago. Instead of droning out these melancholy skepticisms, constitutional philosophies, torpedo narratives, you should have sifted those old stacks of pamphlet-matter for us, and have had the metal grains lying here accessible, and the dross-heaps lying there avoidable: you had done the human memory a service thereby: some human remembrance of this matter had been more possible."

Certainly this description does not want for emphasis; but all ingenuous inquirers into the past will say there is too much truth in it. Nay, in addition to the sad state of our historical books, and what, indeed, is fundamentally the cause and origin of that, our common spiritual notions, if any notion of ours may still deserve to be called spiritual, are fatal to a right understanding of that seventeenth century. The Christian doctrines, which then dwelt alive in every heart, have now, in a manner, died out of all hearts (very mournful to behold), and are not the guidance of this world any more. Nay, worse still, the cant of them does yet dwell alive with us (little doubting that it is cant); in which fatal intermediate state the eternal sacredness of this universe itself, of this human life itself, has fallen dark to the most of us; and we think that, too, a cant and a creed. Thus the old names suggest new things to us; not august and divine, but hypocritical, pitiable, detestable. The old names and similitudes of belief still circulate from tongue to tongue, though now in such a ghastly condition; not as commandments of the living God, which we must do, or perish eternally; alas! no, — as something very differ-

ent from that. Here properly lies the grand unintelligibility of the seventeenth century for us. From this source has proceeded our maltreatment of it, our miseditings, miswritings, and all the other "avalanche of human stupidity," wherewith, as our impatient friend complains, we have allowed it to be overwhelmed. We have allowed some other things to be overwhelmed. Would to Heaven that were the worst fruit we had gathered from our unbelief and our cant of belief! Our impatient friend continues: —

"I have known nations altogether destitute of printers' types and learned appliances, with nothing better than old songs, monumental stone-heaps, and quipo-thrums to keep record by, who had truer memory of their memorable things than this. Truer memory, I say; for at least the voice of their past heroisms, if indistinct, and all awry as to dates and statistics, was still melodious to those nations. The body of it might be dead enough; but the soul of it, partly harmonized, put in real accordance with the 'eternal melodies,' was alive to all hearts, and could not die. The memory of their ancient brave ones did not rise like a hideous, huge leaden vapor, an amorphous emanation of chaos, like a petrifying Medusa specter, on those poor nations: no! but like a Heaven's apparition, which it was, it still stood radiant, beneficent, before all hearts, calling all hearts to emulate it; and the recognition of it was a psalm and song. These things will require to be practically meditated by and by. Is human writing, then, the art of burying heroisms and highest facts in chaos, so that no man shall henceforth contemplate them without horror and aversion, and danger of locked-jaw? What does Dryasdust consider that he was born for? that paper and ink were made for?

"It is very notable, and leads to endless reflections, how the Greeks had their living Iliad where we have such a deadly, indescribable Cromwelliad. The old Pantheon, home of all the gods, has become a peerage-book, with black and white surplice; controversies superadded, not unsuitably. The Greeks had their Homers, Hesiods, where we have our Rymers, Rushworths, our Norroys, Garter-Kings, and Bishops Cobweb. Very notable, I say. By the genius, wants, and instincts and opportunities, of the one people, striving to keep themselves in mind of what was memorable, there had fashioned itself in the effort of successive centuries a Collin's peerage, improved by Sir Egerton Brydges. By their Pantheons ye shall know them! Have not we English a talent for silence? Our very speech and printed speech, such a force of torpor dwelling in it, is properly a higher power of silence. There is no silence like the speech you can not listen to without danger of locked-jaw. Given a divine heroism, to smother it well in human dullness, to touch it with the mace of death, so that no

human soul shall henceforth recognize it for a heroism, but all souls shall fly from it as from a chaotic torpor, an insanity and horror, — I will back our English genius against the world in such a problem!

"Truly we have done great things in that sort, down from Norman William all the way, and earlier; and to the English mind at this hour the past history of England is little other than a dull, dismal labyrinth, in which the English mind, if candid, will confess that it has found of knowable (meaning even conceivable), of lovable, or memorable, next to nothing. As if we had done no brave thing at all in this earth! As if not men, but nightmares, had written of our history! The English, one can discern withal, have been, perhaps, as brave a people as their neighbors, — perhaps, for valor of action and true hard labor in this earth, since brave peoples were first made in it, there has been none braver anywhere or anywhen; but also, it must be owned, in stupidity of speech they have no fellow. What can poor English heroisms do in such case but fall torpid into the domain of the nightmares? For, of a truth, stupidity is strong, most strong. As the poet Schiller sings, 'Against stupidity the very gods fight unvictorious.' There is in it a placid inexhaustibility, a calm, viscous infinitude, which will baffle even the gods; which will say calmly, 'Try all your lightnings here; see whether I can not quench them!'

'Mit der Dummheit kämpfen Götter selbst vergebens.'"

Has our friend forgotten that it is destiny withal, as well as "stupidity;" that such is the case, more or less, with human history always? By very nature, it is a labyrinth and chaos, this that we call human history; an abatis of trees and brushwood; a world-wide jungle, at once growing and dying. Under the green foliage and blossoming fruit-trees of to-day, there lies rotting, slower or faster, the forests of all other years and days. Some have rotted fast (plants of annual growth), and are long since quite gone to inorganic mold; others are like the aloe, — growth that lasts a thousand or three thousand years. You will find them in all stages of decay and preservation, down deep to the beginnings of the history of man. Think where our alphabetic letters came from, where our speech itself came from, the cookeries we live by, the masonries we lodge under! You will find fibrous roots of this day's occurrences among the dust of Cadmus and Trismegistus, of Tubal Cain and Triptolemus: the tap-roots of them are with Father Adam himself, and the cinders of Eve's first fire! At bottom, there is no perfect history: there is none such conceivable.

All past centuries have rotted down, and gone confusedly dumb

and quiet, even as that seventeenth is now threatening to do. Histories are as perfect as the historian is wise, and is gifted with an eye and a soul; for the leafy, blossoming Present Time springs from the whole Past, remembered and unrememberable, so confusedly as we say. And truly the art of history, the grand difference between a Dryasdust and a sacred poet, is very much even this: To distinguish well what does still reach to the surface, and is alive and frondent for us; and what reaches no longer to the surface, but molders safe underground, never to send forth leaves or fruit for mankind any more. Of the former we shall rejoice to hear: to hear of the latter will be an affliction to us; of the latter, only pedants and dullards, and disastrous malefactors to the world, will find good to speak. By wise memory and by wise oblivion, it lies all there. Without oblivion, there is no remembrance possible. When both oblivion and memory are wise; when the general soul of man is clear, melodious, true, — there may come a modern Iliad as memorial of the past: when both are foolish, and the general soul is overclouded with confusions, with unveracities and discords, there is a "Rushworthian chaos."

Let Dryasdust be blamed, beaten with stripes, if you will; but let it be with pity, with blame to Fate chiefly. Alas! when sacred priests are arguing about "black and white surplices," and sacred poets have long professedly deserted truth, and gone a wool-gathering after "ideals" and such like, what can you expect of poor secular pedants? The labyrinth of history must grow ever darker, more intricate and dismal; vacant cargoes of "ideals" will arrive yearly, to be cast into the oven; and noble heroisms of fact, given up to Dryasdust, will be buried in a very disastrous manner.

But the thing we had to say and repeat was this, — that Puritanism is not of the nineteenth century, but of the seventeenth; that the grand unintelligibility for us lies there. The fast-day sermons of St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, in spite of printers, are all grown dumb. In long rows of little dumpy quartos, gathered from the bookstalls, they indeed stand here bodily before us: by human volition they can be read, but not by any human memory remembered. We forget them as soon as read: they have become a weariness to the soul of man. They are dead and gone, — they, and what they shadowed: the human soul, got into other latitudes, can not now give harbor to them. Alas! and did not the Houses of Parliament listen to them with rapt earnestness, as to an indisputable message from Heaven itself? Learned and painful Dr. Owen, learned and painful Dr. Burgess, Stephen Marshall, Mr. Spurstow, Adoniram Byfield, Hugh Peters, Philip Nye, — the printer has done for them what he could, and Mr.

Speaker gave them the thanks of the House; and no most astonishing Review article of our day can have half such "brilliancy," such potency, half such virtue for producing belief, as these their poor little dumpy quartos once had. And, behold! they are become inarticulate men, spectral; and, instead of speaking, do not screech and gibber! All Puritanism is grown inarticulate: its fervent preachings, prayings, pamphleteerings, are sunk into one indiscriminate, moaning hum, mournful as the voice of subterranean winds. So much falls silent: human speech, unless by rare chance it touch on the "eternal melodies," and harmonize with them; human action, interest, if divorced from the eternal melodies, — sinks all silent. The fashion of this world passeth away.

The age of the Puritans is not extinct only, and gone away from us; but it is as if fallen beyond the capabilities of Memory herself: it is grown unintelligible; what we may call incredible. Its earnest purport awakens now no resonance in our frivolous hearts. We understand, not even in imagination, one of a thousand of us, what it ever could have meant. It seems delirious, delusive: the sound of it has become tedious as a tale of past stupidities. Not the body of heroic Puritanism only, which was bound to die, but the soul of it also, which was, and should have been, and yet shall be, immortal, has for the present passed away. As Harrison said of his "Banner and Lion" of the tribe of Judah, "Who shall rouse him up?" "For indisputably," exclaims the above-cited author in his vehement way, "this, too, was a heroism; and the soul of it remains part of the eternal soul of things. Here, of our own land and lineage, in practical English shape, were heroes on the earth once more, who knew in every fiber, and with heroic daring laid to heart, that an Almighty Justice does verily rule this world; that it is good to fight on God's side, and bad to fight on the Devil's side, — the essence of all heroisms and veracities that have been, or that will be. Perhaps it was among the nobler and noblest human heroisms, this Puritanism of ours: but English Dryasdust could not discern it for a heroism at all; as the Heaven's lightning, born of its black tempest, and destructive to pestilential mud-giants, is mere horror and terror to the pedant species everywhere, which, like the owl in any sudden brightness, has to shut its eyes, or hastily procure smoked spectacles on an improved principle. Heaven's brightness would be intolerable otherwise. Only your eagle dares look direct into the fire-radiance; only your Schiller climbs aloft 'to discover whence the lightning is coming.' 'God-like men love lightning,' says one. Our old Norse fathers called it a God, — the sunny, blue-eyed Thor, with his all-conquering thunder-hammer, — who again, in calmer season, is beneficent

summer-heat. Godless men love it not; shriek murder when they see it, shutting their eyes, and hastily procuring smoked spectacles. O Dryasdust! thou art great and thrice great."

"But, alas!" exclaims he elsewhere, getting his eye on the real nodus of the matter, "what is it, all this Rushworthian inarticulate rubbish-continent, in its ghastly, dim twilight, with its haggard wrecks and pale shadows, — what is it but the common kingdom of death? This is what we call death, this moldering dumb wilderness of things once alive. Behold here the final evanescence of formed human things! They had form; but they are changing into sheer formlessness: ancient human speech itself has sunk into unintelligible maundering. This is the collapse, the etiolation of human features into moldy blank, dissolution, progress towards utter silence and disappearance, disastrous, ever-deepening dusk of gods and men! Why has the living ventured thither, down from the cheerful light, across the Lethe swamps and Tartarean Phlegethons, onwards to these baleful halls of Dis and the three-headed Dog? Some destiny drives him. It is his sins, I suppose: perhaps it is his love, strong as that of Orpheus for the lost Eurydice, and likely to have no better issue."

Well, it would seem the resuscitation of a heroism from the past time is no easy enterprise. Our impatient friend seems really getting sad. We can well believe him. There needs pious love in any Orpheus that will risk descending to the gloomy halls, — descending, it may be, and fronting Cerberus and Dis to no purpose: for it oftenest proves so; nay, as the mythologists would teach us, always. Here is another mythus: "Balder, the white Sun-God," say our Norse skalds, — "Balder, beautiful as the summer dawn, loved of gods and men, was dead. His brother Hermoder, urged by his mother's tears and the tears of the universe, went forth to seek him. He rode through gloomy winding valleys of a dismal leaden color, full of howling winds and subterraneous torrents, nine days, ever deeper, down toward Hela's death-realm. At Lonesome Bridge, which, with its gold gate, spans the River of Moaning, he found the portress, an ancient woman called Modgudr, 'the Vexer of Minds,' keeping watch as usual. Modgudr answered him, 'Yes, Balder passed this way: but he is not here; he is down yonder, — far, still far to the north, within Hela's gates, yonder.' Hermoder rode on, still dauntless, on his horse named 'Swiftness,' or 'Mane of Gold;' reached Hela's gates; leaped sheer over them, mounted as he was; saw Balder, the very Balder, with his eyes, but could not bring him back. The Nornas were inexorable: Balder was never to come back. Balder beckoned him mournfully a still adieu. Nanna, Balder's wife, sent 'a thimble' to

her mother as a memorial. Balder never could return!" Is not this an emblem? Old Portress Modgudr, I take it, is Dryasdust in Norse petticoat and hood, — a most unlovely beldam, the Vexer of Minds.

We will here take final leave of our impatient friend, occupied in this almost desperate enterprise of his. We will wish him, which is very easy to do, more patience and better success than he seems to hope. And now to our own small enterprise, and solid dispatch of business in plain prose.

OF OLIVER'S LETTERS AND SPEECHES.

Letters and authentic utterances of Oliver lie scattered, in print and manuscript, in a hundred repositories, in all varieties of condition and environment. Most of them — all the important of them — have already long since been printed, and again printed; but we can not, in general, say ever read. Too often it is apparent that the very editor of these very utterances had, if reading mean understanding, never read them. They stand in their old spelling, mispunctuated, misprinted, unelucidated, unintelligible, defaced with the dark incrustations too well known to students of that period. The speeches, above all, as hitherto set forth in "The Somers Tracts," in "The Milton State Papers," in Burton's "Diary," and other such books, excel human belief. Certainly no such agglomerate of opaque confusions, printed and reprinted, of darkness on the back of darkness, thick and threefold, is known to me elsewhere in the history of things spoken or printed by human creatures. Of these speeches, all except one, which was published by authority at the time, I have to believe myself, not very exultingly, to be the first actual reader for nearly two centuries past.

Nevertheless, these documents do exist, authentic, though defaced; and invite every one, who would know that period, to study them until they become intelligible again. The words of Oliver Cromwell, the meaning they had, must be worth recovering in that point of view. To collect these "Letters and Authentic Utterances," as one's reading yielded them, was a comparatively grateful labor; to correct them, elucidate, and make them legible again, was a good historical study. Surely "a wise memory" would wish to preserve among men the written and spoken words of such a man; and as for the "wise oblivion," that is already, by time and accident, done to our hand. Enough is already lost and destroyed. We need not in this particular case omit further.

Accordingly, whatever words authentically proceeding from Oliver himself I could anywhere find yet surviving, I have here gathered; and will now, with such minimum of annotation as may

suit that object, offer them to the reader. That is the purport of this book. I have ventured to believe, that to certain patient, earnest readers, these old dim letters of a noble English man might, as they have done to myself, become dimly legible again; might dimly present, better than all other evidence, the noble figure of the man himself again. Certainly there is historical instruction in these letters, — historical, and perhaps other and better. At least, it is with heroes and god-inspired men that I, for my part, would far rather converse, in what dialect soever they speak. Great, ever fruitful, profitable for reproof, for encouragement, for building up in manful purposes and works, are the words of those that in their day were men. I will advise serious persons interested in England, past or present, to try if they can read a little in these letters of Oliver Cromwell, a man once deeply interested in the same object. Heavy as it is, and dim and obsolete, there may be worse reading for such persons in our time.

For the rest, if each letter look dim and have little light after all study, yet let the historical reader reflect, such light as it has can not be disputed at all. These words, expository of that day and that hour, Oliver Cromwell did see fittest to be written down. The letter hangs there in the dark abysses of the past: if, like a star, almost extinct, yet, like a real star, fixed, about which there is no caviling possible. That autograph-letter, it was once all luminous as a burning beacon; every word of it a live coal in its time; it was once a piece of the general fire and light of human life, — that letter! Neither is it yet entirely extinct: well read, there is still in it light enough to exhibit its own self; nay, to diffuse a faint authentic twilight some distance round it. Heaped embers which in the daylight looked black may still look red in the utter darkness. These letters of Oliver will convince any man that the past did exist. By degrees, the combined small twilights may produce a kind of general feeble twilight, rendering the past credible, the ghosts of the past in some glimpses of them visible. Such is the effect of contemporary letters always; and I can very confidently recommend Oliver's as good of their kind. A man intent on forcing for himself some path through that gloomy chaos called History of the Seventeenth Century, and looking face to face upon the same, may perhaps try it by this method as hopefully as by another. Here is an irregular row of beacon-fires, once all luminous as suns, and with a certain inextinguishable erubescence still, in the abysses of the dead deep night. Let us look here. In shadowy outlines, in dimmer and dimmer crowding forms, the very figure of the old dead time itself may perhaps be faintly discernible here.

I called these letters good, but, withal, only good of their kind. No eloquence, elegance, not always even clearness of ex-

pression, is to be looked for in them. They are written with far other than literary aims, — written, most of them, in the very flame and conflagration of a revolutionary struggle, and with an eye to the dispatch of indispensable pressing business alone; but it will be found, I conceive, that, for such end, they are well written. Superfluity, as if by a natural law of the case, the writer has had to discard: whatsoever quality can be dispensed with is indifferent to him. With unwieldy movement, yet with a great solid step, he passes through toward his object; has marked out very decisively what the real steps toward it are, discriminating well the essential from the extraneous; forming to himself, in short, a true, not an untrue, picture of the business that is to be done. There is in these letters, as I have said above, a silence still more significant of Oliver to us than any speech they have. Dimly we discover features of an intelligence, and soul of a man, greater than any speech. The intelligence that can, with full satisfaction to itself, come out in eloquent speaking, in musical singing, is, after all, a small intelligence. He that works and does some poem, not he that merely says one, is worthy of the name of poet. Cromwell, emblem of the dumb English, is interesting to me by the very inadequacy of his speech. Heroic insight, valor, and belief, without words, — how noble is it in comparison to eloquent words without heroic insight! I have corrected the spelling of these letters; I have punctuated, and divided them into paragraphs, in the modern manner. The originals, so far as I have seen such, have, in general, no paragraphs. If the letter is short, it is usually found written on the first leaf of the sheet; often with the conclusion, or some postscript, subjoined crosswise on the margin, indicating that there was no blotting-paper in those days; that the hasty writer was loath to turn the leaf. Oliver's spelling and printing are of the sort common to educated persons in his time; and readers that wish it may have specimens of him in abundance, and of all due dimness, in many printed books: but to us, intent here to have the letters read and understood, it seemed very proper at once and altogether to get rid of that encumbrance. Would the rest were all as easily got rid of! Here and there, to bring out the struggling sense, I have added or rectified a word, but taken care to point out the same. What words in the text of the letters are mine, the reader will find marked off by single commas: it was, of course, my supreme duty to avoid altering in any respect, not only the sense, but the smallest feature in the physiognomy of the original. And so "a minimum of annotation" having been added, — what minimum would serve the purpose, — here are "The Letters and Speeches of Oliver Cromwell;" of which the reader, with my best wishes, but not with any very high immediate hope of mine in that particular, is to make what he can.

Surely it was far enough from probable that these letters of Cromwell, written originally for quite other objects, and selected, not by the genius of history, but by blind accident, which has saved them hitherto, and destroyed the rest, can illuminate for a modern man this period of our annals, which for all moderns, we may say, has become a gulf of bottomless darkness. Not so easily will the modern man domesticate himself in a scene of things every way so foreign to him. Nor could any measurable exposition of mine on this present occasion do much to illuminate the dead dark world of the seventeenth century, into which the reader is about to enter. He will gradually get to understand, as I have said, that the seventeenth century did exist; that it was not a waste rubbish-continent of Rushworth-Nalson state-papers, of philosophical skepticisms, dilettanteisms, Dryasdust torpedoisms, but an actual flesh-and-blood fact, with color in its cheeks, with awful august heroic thoughts in its heart, and at last with steel sword in its hand. Theoretically this is a most small postulate conceded at once by everybody; but practically it is a very large one, seldom or never conceded: the due practical conceding of it amounts to much, indeed, — to the sure promise of all. I will venture to give the reader two little pieces of advice, which, if his experience resemble mine, may prove furthersome to him in this inquiry: they exclude the essence of all that I have discovered respecting it.

The first is, By no means to credit the widespread report, that these seventeenth-century Puritans were superstitious, crackbrained persons; given up to enthusiasm, the most part of them; the minor ruling part being cunning men, who knew how to assume the dialect of the others, and thereby, as skillful Machiavels, to dupe them. This is a widespread report, but an untrue one. I advise my reader to try precisely the opposite hypothesis, — to consider that his fathers, who had thought about this world very seriously indeed, and with very considerable thinking faculty indeed, were not quite so far behindhand in their conclusions respecting it; that actually their enthusiasms, if well seen into, were not foolish, but wise; that Machiavelism, cant, official jargon, whereby a man speaks openly what he does not mean, were, surprising as it may seem, much rarer then than they have ever since been. Really and truly it may in a manner be said, cant, parliamentary and other jargon, were still to invent in this world. O heavens! one could weep at the contrast. Cant was not fashionable at all; that stupendous invention of "speech for the purpose of concealing thought" was not yet made. A man wagging the tongue of him as if it were the clapper of a bell to be rung for economic purposes, and not so much as attempting to convey any inner thought, if thought he have, of the matter

talked of, would at that date have awakened all the horror in men's minds, which at all dates, and at this date too, is due to him. The accursed thing! No man as yet dared to do it; all men believing that God would judge them. In the history of the Civil War far and wide, I have not fallen in with one such phenomenon. Even Archbishop Laud and Peter Hevlin meant what they say: through their words do you look direct into the scraggy conviction they have formed; or, if "lying Peter" do lie, he at least knows that he is lying. Lord Clarendon, a man of sufficient unveracity of heart, to whom, indeed, whatsoever has direct veracity of heart is more or less horrible, speaks always in official language, — a clothed, nay sometimes even quilted dialect, yet always with some considerate body in the heart of it, never with none. The use of the human tongue was then other than it now is. I counsel the reader to leave all that of cant, dupery, Machiavelism, and so forth, decisively lying at the threshold. He will be wise to believe that these Puritans do mean what they say, and to try unimpeded if he can discover what that is. Gradually a very stupendous phenomenon may rise on his astonished eye, — a practical world based on belief in God; such as many centuries had seen before, but as never any century since has been privileged to see. It was the last glimpse of it in our world, this of English Puritanism; very great, very glorious; tragical enough to all thinking hearts that look on it from these days of ours. My second advice is, Not to imagine that it was constitution, "liberty of the people to tax themselves," privilege of parliament, triennial or annual parliaments, or any modification of these sublime privileges now waxing somewhat faint in our admirations, that mainly animated Cromwells, Pyms, and Hampdens to the heroic efforts we still admire in retrospect; not these very measurable "privileges," but a far other and deeper, which could not be measured, of which these, and all grand social improvements whatsoever, are the corollary. Our ancient Puritan reformers were, as all reformers that will ever much benefit this earth are always, inspired by a heavenly purpose. To see God's own law, then universally acknowledged for complete as it stood in the holy written book, made good in this world; to see this, or the true unwearied aim and struggle towards this, — it was a thing worth living for and dying for. Eternal justice, — that God's will be done on earth as it is in heaven: corollaries enough will flow from that; if that be not there, no corollary good for much will flow. It was the general spirit of England in the seventeenth century. In other somewhat sadly disfigured form, we have seen the same immortal hope take practical shape in the French Revolution, and once more astonish the world. That England should all become a church, if you like to name it so; a church presided over, not by

sham-priests in "four surplices at Allhallowtide," but by true God-consecrated ones, whose hearts the Most High had touched and hallowed with his fire, — this was the prayer of many: it was the Godlike hope and effort of some.

Our modern methods of reform differ somewhat, as, indeed, the issue testifies. I will advise my reader to forget the modern methods of reform; not to remember that he has ever heard of a modern individual called by the name of reformer, if he would understand what the old meaning of the word was. The Cromwells, Pyms, Hampdens, who were understood on the Royalist side to be firebrands of the Devil, have had still worse measure from the Dryasdust philosophies and skeptical histories of later times. They really did resemble firebrands of the Devil, if you looked at them through spectacles of a certain color; for fire is always fire. But by no spectacles, only by mere blinders and wooden-eyed spctacles, can the flame-girt heaven's messenger pass for a moldy pedant and constitution-monger, such as this would make him out to be.

On the whole, say not, good reader, as is often done, "It was then all one as now." Good reader, it was considerably different then from now. Men indolently say, "The ages are all alike; ever the same sorry elements over again in new vesture; the issue of it always a melancholy farce-tragedy in one age as in another." Wherein lies very obviously a truth; but also in secret a very sad error withal. Sure enough, the highest life touches always, by large sections of it, on the vulgar and universal: he that expects to see a hero, or an heroic age, step forth into practice in yellow Drury-lane stage-boots, and speak in blank verse for itself, will look long in vain. Sure enough, in the heroic century, as in the unheroic, knaves and cowards, and cunning, greedy persons, were not wanting, — were, if you will, extremely abundant. But the question always remains, Did they lie chained, subordinate in this world's business, coerced by steel whips, or in whatever other effectual way, and sent whimpering into their due subterranean abodes to beat hemp and repent, — a true never-ending attempt going on to handcuff, to silence and suppress them? Or did they walk openly abroad, the envy of a general valet-population, and bear sway; professing, without universal anathema, almost with general assent, that they were the orthodox party; that they, even they, were such men as you had right to look for?

Reader, the ages differ greatly, even infinitely, from one another. Considerable tracts of ages there have been, by far the majority indeed, wherein the men, unfortunate mortals, were a set of mimetic creatures rather than men; without heart-insight as to this universe, and its hights and its abysses; without

conviction or belief of their own regarding it at all; who walked merely by hearsays, traditionary cants, black and white surplices, and inane confusions; whose whole existence, accordingly, was a grimace; nothing original in it, nothing genuine or sincere but this only, — their greediness of appetite, and their faculty of digestion. Such unhappy ages, too numerous here below, the genius of mankind indignantly seizes as disgraceful to the family, and with Rhadamanthine ruthlessness annihilates; tumbles large masses of them swiftly into eternal night. These are the unheroic ages, which can not serve on the general field of existence, except as dust, as inorganic manure. The memory of such ages fades away for ever out of the minds of all men. Why should any memory of them continue? The fashion of them has passed away; and as for genuine substance, they never had any. To no heart of a man any more can these ages become lovely. What melodious loving heart will search into their records, will sing of them, or celebrate them? Even torpid Dryasdust is forced to give over at last; all creatures declining to hear him on that subject: whereupon ensue composure and silence, and Oblivion has her own.

Good reader, if you be wise, search not for the secret of heroic ages, which have done great things in this earth, among their falsities, their greedy quackeries and unheroisms. It never lies, and never will lie, there. Knaves and quacks — alas! we know they abounded; but the age was heroic, even because it had declared war to the death with these, and would have neither truce nor treaty with these; and went forth, flame-crowned, as with bared sword, and called the Most High to witness that it would not endure these. But now for the letters of Cromwell themselves.

THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

1786–1859.

Author of "The Confessions of an English Opium-Eater;" "Suspiria de Profundis," a sequel to the "Confessions;" and other essays of remarkable eloquence, and beauty of style.

THE PALIMPSEST.

You know perhaps, masculine reader, better than I can tell you, what is a palimpsest: possibly you have one in your own library. But yet, for the sake of others who may *not* know, or may have forgotten, suffer me to explain it here, lest any female

reader who honors these papers with her notice should tax me with explaining it once too seldom; which would be worse to bear than a simultaneous complaint from twelve proud men, that I had explained it three times too often. You, therefore, fair reader, understand, that for *your* accommodation exclusively I explain the meaning of this word. It is Greek; and our sex enjoys the office and privilege of standing counsel to yours in all questions of Greek. We are, under favor, perpetual and hereditary dragomans to you: so that, if by accident you know the meaning of a Greek word, yet, by courtesy to us, your counsel learned in that matter, you will always seem *not* to know it.

A palimpsest, then, is a membrane, or roll, cleansed of its manuscript by reiterated successions.

What was the reason that the Greeks and the Romans had not the advantage of printed books? The answer will be from ninety-nine persons in a hundred, "Because the mystery of printing was not then discovered." But this is altogether a mistake. The secret of printing must have been discovered many thousands of times before it was used, or *could* be used. The inventive powers of man are divine; and also his stupidity is divine, as Cowper so playfully illustrates in the slow development of the *sofa* through successive generations of immortal dullness. It took centuries of blockheads to raise a joint stool into a chair; and it required something like a miracle of genius, in the estimate of elder generations, to reveal the possibility of lengthening a chair into a *chaise-longue*, or a sofa. Yes, these were inventions that cost mighty throes of intellectual power. But still, as respects printing, and admirable as is the stupidity of man, it was really not quite equal to the task of evading an object which stared him in the face with so broad a gaze. It did not require an Athenian intellect to read the main secret of printing in many scores of processes which the ordinary uses of life were *daily* repeating. To say nothing of analogous artifices amongst various mechanic artisans, all that is essential in printing must have been known to every nation that struck coins and medals. Not, therefore, any want of a printing art, — that is, of an art for multiplying impressions, — but the want of a cheap material for *receiving* such impressions, was the obstacle to an introduction of printed books, even as early as Pisistratus. The ancients *did* apply printing to records of silver and gold: to marble, and many other substances cheaper than gold and silver, they did *not*, since each monument required a *separate* effort of inscription. Simply this defect it was — of a cheap material for receiving impresses — which froze in its very fountains the early resources of printing.

Some twenty years ago, this view of the case was luminously expounded by Dr. Whately, the present Archbishop of Dublin,

and with the merit, I believe, of having first suggested it. Since then, this theory has received indirect confirmation. Now, out of that original scarcity affecting all materials proper for durable books, which continued up to times comparatively modern, grew the opening for palimpsests. Naturally, when once a roll of parchment or of vellum had done its office, by propagating through a series of generations what once had possessed an interest for *them*, but which, under changes of opinion or of taste, had faded to their feelings, or had become obsolete for their undertakings, the whole *membrana*, or vellum-skin, — the twofold product of human skill, costly material, and costly freight of thought which it carried, — drooped in value concurrently, supposing that each were inalienably associated to the other. Once it had been the impress of a human mind which stamped its value upon the vellum: the vellum, though costly, had contributed but a secondary element of value to the total result. At length, however, this relation between the vehicle and its freight has gradually been undermined. The vellum, from having been the setting of the jewel, has risen at length to be the jewel itself: and the burden of thought, from having given the chief value to the vellum, has now become the chief obstacle to its value; nay, has totally extinguished its value, unless it can be dissociated from the connection. Yet if this unlinking *can* be effected, then, fast as the inscription upon the membrane is sinking into rubbish, the membrane itself is reviving in its separate importance; and, from bearing a ministerial value, the vellum has come at last to absorb the whole value.

Hence the importance for our ancestors that the separation *should* be effected. Hence it arose in the middle ages, as a considerable object for chemistry, to discharge the writing from the roll, and thus to make it available for a new succession of thoughts. The soil, if cleansed from what once had been hot-house plants, but now were held to be weeds, would be ready to receive a fresh and more appropriate crop. In that object the monkish chemist succeeded, but after a fashion which seems almost incredible, — incredible not as regards the extent of their success, but as regards the delicacy of restraints under which it moved; so equally adjusted was their success to the immediate interests of that period and to the reversionary objects of our own. They did the thing, but not so radically as to prevent us their posterity from *un*doing it. They expelled the writing sufficiently to leave a field for the new manuscript, and yet not sufficiently to make the traces of the elder manuscript irrecoverable for us. Could magic, could Hermes Trismegistus, have done more? What would you think, fair reader, of a problem such as this? — to write a book which should be sense for your

own generation, nonsense for the next, should revive into sense for the next after that, but again become nonsense for the fourth; and so on by alternate successions, sinking into night or blazing into day, like the Sicilian river Arethusa, and the English river Mole; or like the undulating motions of a flattened stone which children cause to skim the breast of a river, now diving below the water, now grazing its surface, sinking heavily into darkness, rising buoyantly into light, through a long vista of alternations. Such a problem, you say, is impossible. But really it is a problem not harder, apparently, than to bid a generation kill, but so that a subsequent generation may call back into life; bury, but so that posterity may command to rise again. Yet *that* was what the rude chemistry of past ages effected when coming into combination with the re-action from the more refined chemistry of our own. Had *they* been better chemists, had *we* been worse, the mixed result — namely, that, dying for *them*, the flower should revive for *us* — could not have been effected. They did the thing proposed to them; they did it effectually; for they founded upon it all that was wanted: and yet ineffectually, since we unraveled their work, effacing all above which they had superscribed, restoring all below which they had effaced.

Here, for instance, is a parchment which contained some Grecian tragedy, — the "Agamemnon" of Æschylus or the "Phœnissæ" of Euripides. This had possessed a value almost inappreciable in the eyes of accomplished scholars, continually growing rarer through generations. But four centuries are gone by since the destruction of the Western Empire. Christianity, with towering grandeurs of another class, has founded a different empire; and some bigoted yet perhaps holy monk has washed away (as he persuades himself) the heathen's tragedy, replacing it with a monastic legend; which legend is disfigured with fables in its incidents, and yet in a higher sense is true, because interwoven with Christian morals, and with the sublimest of Christian revelations. Three, four, five centuries more find man still devout as ever: but the language has become obsolete; and even for Christian devotion a new era has arisen, throwing it into the channel of crusading zeal or of chivalrous enthusiasm. The *membrana* is wanted now for a knightly romance, — for "my Cid," or Cœur de Lion; for Sir Tristrem, or Lybæus Disconus. In this way, by means of the imperfect chemistry known to the mediæval period, the same roll has served as a conservatory for three separate generations of flowers and fruits; all perfectly different, and yet all specially adapted to the wants of the successive possessors. The Greek tragedy, the monkish legend, the knightly romance, — each has ruled its own period. One harvest after another has been gathered into the garners of man through ages

far apart; and the same hydraulic machinery has distributed, through the same marble fountains, water, milk, or wine, according to the habits and training of the generations that came to quench their thirst.

Such were the achievements of rude monastic chemistry. But the more elaborate chemistry of our own days has reversed all these motions of our simple ancestors, which results in every stage that to *them* would have realized the most fantastic amongst the promises of thaumaturgy. Insolent vaunt of Paracelsus, that he would restore the original rose or violet out of the ashes settling from its combustion! — *that* is now rivaled in this modern achievement. The traces of each successive handwriting, regularly effaced, as had been imagined, have, in the inverse order, been regularly called back; the footsteps of the game pursued — wolf or stag — in each several chase have been unlinked, and hunted back through all their doubles: and as the chorus of the Athenian stage unwove through the antistrophe every step that had been mystically woven through the strophe, so, by our modern conjurations of science, secrets of ages remote from each other have been exorcised from the accumulated shadows of centuries. Chemistry, a witch as potent as the Erictho of Lucanto ("Pharsalia," lib. vi. or vii.), has extorted by her torments from the dust and ashes of forgotten centuries the secrets of a life extinct for the general eye, but still glowing in the embers. Even the fable of the phœnix — that secular bird, who propagated his solitary existence and his solitary births along the line of centuries through eternal relays of funeral mists — is but a type of what we have done with palimpsests. We have backed upon each phœnix in the long *regressus*, and forced him to expose his ancestral phœnix sleeping in the ashes below his own ashes. Our good old forefathers would have been aghast at our sorceries; and, if they speculated on the propriety of burning Dr. Faustus, *us* they would have burned by acclamation. Trial there would have been none; and they could not otherwise have satisfied their horror of the brazen profligacy marking our modern magic than by plowing up the houses of all who had been parties to it, and sowing the ground with salt.

Fancy not, reader, that this tumult of images, illustrative or allusive, moves under any impulse or purpose of mirth. It is but the coruscation of a restless understanding, often made ten times more so by irritation of the nerves, such as you will first learn to comprehend (its *how* and its *why*) some stage or two ahead. The image, the memorial, the record, which for me is derived from a palimpsest, as to one great fact in our human being, and which immediately I will show you, is but too repellent of laughter; or, even if laughter *had* been possible, it would have been such

laughter as oftentimes is thrown off from the fields of ocean,—laughter that hides, or that seems to evade mustering tumult; foam-bells that weave garlands of phosphoric radiance for one moment round the eddies of gleaming abysses; mimicries of earth-born flowers that for the eye raise phantoms of gayety, as oftentimes for the ear they raise the echoes of fugitive laughter, mixing with the ravings and choir-voices of an angry sea.

What else than a natural and mighty palimpsest is the human brain? Such a palimpsest is my brain; such a palimpsest, O reader! is yours. Everlasting layers of ideas, images, feelings, have fallen upon your brain softly as light. Each succession has seemed to bury all that went before; and yet, in reality, not one has been extinguished. And if in the vellum palimpsest, lying amongst the other *diplomata* of human archives or libraries, there is any thing fantastic, or which moves to laughter, as oftentimes there is in the grotesque collisions of those successive themes, having no natural connection, which by pure accident have consecutively occupied the roll, yet in our own heaven-created palimpsest, the deep memorial palimpsest of the brain, there are not, and can not be, such incoherences. The fleeting accidents of a man's life, and its external shows, may indeed be irrelate and incongruous; but the organizing principles which fuse into harmony, and gather about fixed predetermined centers, whatever heterogeneous elements life may have accumulated from without, will not permit the grandeur of human unity greatly to be violated, or its ultimate repose to be troubled, in the retrospect from dying moments, or from other great convulsions.

Such a convulsion is the struggle of gradual suffocation, as in drowning; and, in the original "Opium Confessions," I mentioned a case of that nature, communicated to me by a lady from her own childish experience. The lady is still living, though now of unusually great age: and I may mention, that amongst her faults never was numbered any levity of principle, or carelessness of the most scrupulous veracity, but, on the contrary, such faults as arise from austerity, too harsh, perhaps, and gloomy, indulgent neither to others nor herself; and at the time of relating this incident, when already very old, she had become religious to asceticism. According to my present belief, she had completed her ninth year, when, playing by the side of a solitary brook, she fell into one of its deepest pools. Eventually, but after what lapse of time nobody ever knew, she was saved from death by a farmer, who, riding in some distant lane, had seen her rise to the surface; but not until she had descended within the abyss of death, and looked into its secrets, as far, perhaps, as ever human eye *can* have looked, that had permission to return. At a certain stage of this descent, a blow seemed to strike her; phosphoric

radiance sprang forth from her eyeballs; and immediately a mighty theater expanded within her brain. In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, every act, every design, of her past life, lived again, arraying themselves, not as a succession, but as parts of a co-existence. Such a light fell upon the whole path of her life backwards into the shades of infancy as the light, perhaps, which wrapped the destined apostle on his road to Damascus. Yet that light blinded for a season; but hers poured celestial vision upon the brain, so that her consciousness became omnipresent at one moment to every feature in the infinite review.

This anecdote was treated skeptically at the time by some critics; but besides that it has since been confirmed by other experience essentially the same, reported by other parties in the same circumstances, who had never heard of each other, the true point for astonishment is not the *simultaneity* of arrangement under which the past events of life, though in fact successive, had formed their dread line of revelation. This was but a secondary phenomenon: the deeper lay in the resurrection itself, and the possibility of resurrection, for what had so long slept in the dust. A pall, deep as oblivion, had been thrown by life over every trace of these experiences; and yet suddenly, at a silent command, at the signal of a blazing rocket sent up from the brain, the pall draws up, and the whole depths of the theater are exposed. Here was the greater mystery. Now, this mystery is liable to no doubt; for it is repeated, and ten thousand times repeated, by opium, for those who are its martyrs.

Yes, reader, countless are the mysterious handwritings of grief or joy which have inscribed themselves successively upon the palimpsest of your brain; and like the annual leaves of aboriginal forests, or the undissolving snows on the Himalaya, or light falling upon light, the endless strata have covered up each other in forgetfulness. But by the hour of death, but by fever, but by the searchings of opium, all these can revive in strength: they are not dead, but sleeping. In the illustration imagined by myself from the case of some individual palimpsest, the Grecian tragedy had seemed to be displaced, but was *not* displaced, by the monkish legend; and the monkish legend had seemed to be displaced, but was *not* displaced, by the knightly romance. In some potent convulsion of the system, all wheels back into its earliest elementary stage. The bewildering romance, light tarnished with darkness, the semi-fabulous legend, truth celestial mixed with human falsehoods, — these fade even of themselves as life advances. The romance has perished that the young man adored; the legend has gone that deluded the boy: but the deep, deep tragedies of infancy, as when the child's hands were unlinked for ever from his mother's neck, or his lips for ever from his sister's kisses, — these

remain lurking below all; and these lurk to the last. Alchemy there is none of passion or disease that can scorch away these immortal impresses; and the dream which closed the preceding section, together with the succeeding dreams of this (which may be viewed as in the nature of choruses winding up the overture contained in Part I.), are but illustrations of this truth, such as every man, probably, will meet experimentally, who passes through similar convulsions of dreaming or delirium from any similar or equal disturbance in his nature.*

CHARLES LAMB.

1775–1835.

Humorous, witty, genial; essayist and critic; author of "Essays by Elia," "John Woodvil," "Tales founded on the Plays of Shakspeare," and a few poems.

A QUAKERS' MEETING.

"Still-born Silence! thou that art
Floodgate of the deeper heart!
Offspring of a heavenly kind!
Frost o' the mouth, and thaw o' the mind!
Secrecy's confidant, and he
Who makes religion mystery!
Admiration's speaking'st tongue!
Leave, thy desert shades among,
Reverend hermits' hallowed cells,
Where retired devotion dwells:
With thy enthusiasms come,
Seize our tongues, and strike us dumb!" †

READER, wouldst thou know what true peace and quiet mean; wouldst thou find a refuge from the noises and clamors of the multitude; wouldst thou enjoy at once solitude and society; wouldst thou possess the depth of thine own spirit in stillness, without being shut out from the consolatory faces of thy species; wouldst thou be alone, and yet accompanied; solitary, yet not

* This, it may be said, requires a corresponding duration of experience; but, as an argument for this mysterious power lurking in our nature, I may remind the reader of one phenomenon open to the notice of everybody; namely, the tendency of very aged persons to throw back and concentrate the light of their memory upon scenes of early childhood, as to which they recall many traces that had faded even to *themselves* in middle life, whilst they often forget altogether the whole intermediate stages of their experience. This shows that naturally, and without violent agencies, the human brain is by tendency a palimpsest.

† From Poems of all Sorts, by Richard Flecknoe, 1653.

desolate; singular, yet not without some to keep thee in countenance; a unit in aggregate, a simple in composite: come with me into a Quakers' meeting.

Dost thou love silence deep as that "before the winds were made:" go not out into the wilderness; descend not into the profundities of the earth; shut not up thy casements, nor pour wax into the little cells of thine ears, with little-faithed, self-mistrusting Ulysses: retire with me into a Quakers' meeting.

For a man to refrain even from good words, and to hold his peace, it is commendable; but, for a multitude, it is great mastery.

What is the stillness of the desert compared with this place? what the uncommunicating muteness of fishes? Here the goddess reigns and revels. "Boreas and Cesias and Argestes loud" do not with their inter-confounding uproars more augment the brawl — nor the waves of the blown Baltic with their clubbed sounds — than their opposite (Silence her sacred self) is multiplied and rendered more intense by numbers and by sympathy. She, too, hath her deeps that call unto deeps. Negation itself hath a positive more and less; and closed eyes would seem to obscure the great obscurity of midnight.

There are wounds which an imperfect solitude can not heal. By imperfect, I mean that which a man enjoyeth by himself. The perfect is that which he can sometimes attain in crowds, but nowhere so absolutely as in a Quakers' meeting. Those first hermits did certainly understand this principle when they retired into Egyptian solitudes, not singly, but in shoals, to enjoy one another's want of conversation. The Carthusian is bound to his brethren by this agreeing spirit of incommunicativeness. In secular occasions, what so pleasant as to be reading a book through a long winter evening with a friend sitting by, — say, a wife, — he or she, too (if that be probable), reading another, without interruption or oral communication? Can there be no sympathy without the gabble of words? Away with this inhuman, shy, single, shade-and-cavern-hunting solitariness! Give me, Master Zimmerman, a sympathetic solitude!

To pace alone in the cloisters or side-aisles of some cathedral, time-stricken,

> "Or under hanging mountains,
> Or by the fall of fountains,"

is but a vulgar luxury compared with that which those enjoy who come together for the purposes of more complete, abstracted solitude. This is the loneliness "to be felt." The Abbey Church of Westminster hath nothing so solemn, so spirit-soothing, as the

naked walls and benches of a Quakers' meeting. Here are no tombs, no inscriptions,

> "Sands, ignoble things,
> Dropped from the ruined sides of kings;"

but here is something which throws Antiquity herself into the foreground, — SILENCE, eldest of things, language of old Night, primitive Discourser, to which the insolent decays of moldering grandeur have but arrived by a violent, and, as we may say, unnatural progression.

> "How reverend is the view of these hushed heads,
> Looking tranquillity!"

Nothing-plotting, naught-caballing, unmischievous synod! convocation without intrigue! parliament without debate! what a lesson dost thou read to council and to consistory! If my pen treat of you lightly (as, haply, it will wander), yet my spirit hath gravely felt the wisdom of your custom, when, sitting among you in deepest peace, which some out-welling tears would rather confirm than disturb, I have reverted to the times of your beginnings, and the sowing of the seed by Fox and Dewesbury. I have witnessed that which brought before my eyes your heroic tranquillity, inflexible to the rude jests and serious violences of the insolent soldiery (Republican or Royalist) sent to molest you; for ye sat betwixt the fires of two persecutions, — the outcast and offscouring of church and presbytery. I have seen the reeling sea-ruffian, who had wandered into your receptacle with the avowed intention of disturbing your quiet, from the very spirit of the place receive in a moment a new heart, and presently sit among ye as a lamb amid lambs. And I remember Penn before his accusers, and Fox in the bail-dock, where he was lifted up in spirit, as he tells us, and "the judge and the jury became as dead men under his feet."

Reader, if you are not acquainted with it, I would recommend to you, above all church-narratives, to read Sewel's "History of the Quakers." It is in folio, and is the abstract of the journals of Fox and the primitive Friends. It is far more edifying and affecting than any thing you will read of Wesley and his colleagues. Here is nothing to stagger you, nothing to make you mistrust, no suspicion of alloy, no drop or dreg of the worldly or ambitious spirit. You will here read the true story of that much-injured, ridiculed man (who perhaps hath been a by-word in your mouth), James Naylor. What dreadful sufferings, with what patience, he endured, even to the boring-through of his tongue with red-hot irons, without a murmur! and with what strength of mind, when the delusion he had fallen into, which

they stigmatized for blasphemy, had given way to clearer thoughts, he could renounce his error in a strain of the beautifulest humility, yet keep his first grounds, and be a Quaker still! — so different from the practice of your common converts from enthusiasm, who, when they apostatize, *apostatize all*, and think they can never get far enough from the society of their former errors, even to the renunciation of some saving truths with which they had been mingled, not implicated.

Get the writings of John Woolman by heart, and love the early Quakers.

How far the followers of these good men in our days have kept to the primitive spirit, or in what proportion they have substituted formality for it, the Judge of spirits can alone determine. I have seen faces in their assemblies upon which the Dove sat visibly brooding; others, again, I have watched, when my thoughts should have been better engaged, in which I could possibly detect nothing but a blank inanity: but quiet was in all, and the disposition to unanimity, and the absence of the fierce controversial workings. If the spiritual pretensions of the Quakers have abated, at least they make few pretenses. Hypocrites they certainly are not in their preaching. It is seldom, indeed, that you shall see one get up among them to hold forth. Only now and then a trembling female (generally *ancient*) voice is heard, — you can not guess from what part of the meeting it proceeds, — with a low, buzzing, musical sound, laying out a few words which "she thought might suit the condition of some present," with a quaking diffidence, which leaves no possibility of supposing that any thing of female vanity was mixed up where the tones were so full of tenderness and a restraining modesty. The men, for what I have observed, speak seldomer.

More frequently, the meeting is broken up without a word having been spoken: but the mind has been fed; you go away with a sermon not made with hands. You have been in the milder caverns of Trophonius, or as in some den where that fiercest and savagest of all wild creatures, the TONGUE, that unruly member, has strangely lain tied up and captive. You have bathed with stillness. Oh, when the spirit is sore fretted, even tired to sickness of the janglings and nonsense-noises of the world, what a balm and a solace it is to go and seat yourself for a quiet half-hour, upon some undisputed corner of a bench, among the gentle Quakers!

Their garb and stillness conjoined present a uniformity, tranquil and herdlike, as in the pasture, — "forty feeding like one."

The very garments of the Quaker seem incapable of receiving a soil, and cleanliness in them to be something more than the absence

of its contrary. Every Quakeress is a lily; and when they come up in bands to their Whitsun-conferences, whitening the easterly streets of the metropolis, from all parts of the United Kingdom, they show like troops of the Shining Ones.

THE TWO RACES OF MEN.

THE human species, according to the best theory I can form of it, is composed of two distinct races, — *the men who borrow*, and *the men who lend*. To these two original diversities may be reduced all those impertinent classifications of Gothic and Celtic tribes, white men, black men, red men. All the dwellers upon earth — "Parthians and Medes and Elamites" — flock hither, and do naturally fall in with one or other of these primary distinctions. The infinite superiority of the former, which I choose to designate as the *great race*, is discernible in their figure, port, and a certain instinctive sovereignty. The latter are born degraded: "He shall serve his brethren." There is something in the air of one of this cast, lean and suspicious, contrasting with the open, trusting, generous manners of the other.

Observe who have been the greatest borrowers of all ages, — Alcibiades, Falstaff, Sir Richard Steele, our late incomparable Brinsley, — what a family likeness in all four!

What a careless, even deportment hath your borrower! What rosy gills! what a beautiful reliance on Providence doth he manifest! — taking no more thought than lilies. What contempt for money, accounting it (yours and mine especially) no better than dross! What a liberal confounding of those pedantic distinctions of *meum* and *tuum!* or, rather, what a noble simplification of language (beyond Tooke), resolving these supposed opposites into one clear, intelligible pronoun-adjective! What near approaches doth he make to the primitive *community!* — to the extent of one-half of the principle at least.

He is the true taxer who "calleth all the world up to be taxed;" and the distance is as vast between him and *one of us* as subsisted between the Augustan Majesty and the poorest obolary Jew that paid it tribute-pittance at Jerusalem. His exactions, too, have such a cheerful, voluntary air! so far removed from your sour parochial or state-gatherers, — those ink-horn varlets who carry their want of welcome in their faces! He cometh to you with a smile, and troubleth you with no receipt; confining himself to no set season. Every day is his Candlemas, or his feast of holy Michael. He applieth the *lene tormentum* of a pleasant look to your purse, which to that gentle warmth expands her silken leaves as naturally as the cloak of the traveler,

for which sun and wind contended. He is the true Propontis, which never ebbeth; the sea, which taketh handsomely at each man's hand. In vain the victim whom he delighteth to honor struggles with destiny: he is in the net. Lend, therefore, cheerfully, O man! ordained to lend, that thou lose not in the end, with thy worldly penny, the reversion promised. Combine not preposterously in thine own person the penalties of Lazarus and of Dives, but, when thou seest the proper authority coming, meet it smilingly, as it were half way. Come, a handsome sacrifice! See how light *he* makes of it! Strain not courtesies with a noble enemy.

Reflections like the foregoing were forced upon my mind by the death of my old friend, Ralph Bigod, Esq., who parted this life on Wednesday evening, dying as he had lived, without much trouble. He boasted himself a descendant from mighty ancestors of that name, who heretofore held ducal dignities in this realm. In his actions and sentiments, he belied not the stock to which he pretended. Early in life, he found himself invested with ample revenues, which, with that noble disinterestedness which I have noticed as inherent in men of the *great race*, he took almost immediate measures entirely to dissipate, and bring to nothing: for there is something revolting in the idea of a king holding a private purse; and the thoughts of Bigod were all regal. Thus furnished by the very act of disfurnishment; getting rid of the cumbersome luggage of riches; more apt (as one sings)

> "To slacken Virtue, and abate her edge,
> Than prompt her to do aught may merit praise," —

he set forth, like some Alexander, upon his great enterprise, — "borrowing and to borrow."

In his periegesis, or triumphant progress, throughout this island, it has been calculated that he laid a tithe part of the inhabitants under contribution. I reject this estimate as greatly exaggerated; but, having had the honor of accompanying my friend divers times in his perambulations about this vast city, I own I was greatly struck at first with the prodigious number of faces we met who claimed a sort of respectful acquaintance with us. He was one day so obliging as to explain the phenomenon. It seems these were his tributaries, feeders of his exchequer, gentlemen, his good friends (as he was pleased to express himself), to whom he had occasionally been beholden for a loan. Their multitudes did no way disconcert him: he rather took a pride in numbering them; and, with Comus, seemed pleased to be "stocked with so fair a herd."

With such sources, it was a wonder how he contrived to keep his treasury always empty. He did it by force of an aphorism,

which he had often in his mouth, — that "money kept longer than three days stinks:" so he made use of it while it was fresh. A good part he drank away (for he was an excellent toss-pot); some he gave away; the rest he threw away, literally tossing and hurling it violently from him — as boys do burrs, or as if it had been infectious — into ponds or ditches or deep holes, inscrutable cavities of the earth; or he would bury it (where he would never see it again) by a river's side, under some bank, which (he would facetiously observe) paid no interest: but out away from him it must go peremptorily, as Hagar's offspring into the wilderness, while it was sweet: he never missed it; the streams were perennial which fed his fisc. When new supplies became necessary, the first person that had the felicity to fall in with him, friend or stranger, was sure to contribute to the deficiency; for Bigod had an *undeniable* way with him. He had a cheerful, open exterior; a quick, jovial eye; a bald forehead, just touched with gray (*cana fides*). He anticipated no excuse, and found none. And, waiving for a while my theory as to the *great race*, I would put it to the most untheorizing reader who may at times have disposable coin in his pocket, whether it is not more repugnant to the kindliness of his nature to refuse such a one as I am describing than to say *no* to a poor petitionary rogue (your bastard borrower), who by his mumping visnomy tells you that he expects nothing better, and therefore whose preconceived notions and expectations you do in reality so much less shock in the refusal.

When I think of this man, his fiery glow of heart, his swell of feeling; how magnificent, how *ideal*, he was; how great at the midnight hour; and when I compare with him the companions with whom I have associated since, — I grudge the saving of a few idle ducats, and think that I am fallen into the society of *lenders* and *little* men.

MODERN GALLANTRY.

In comparing modern with ancient manners, we are pleased to compliment ourselves upon the point of gallantry, — a certain obsequiousness or deferential respect which we are supposed to pay to females as females.

I shall believe that this principle actuates our conduct when I can forget, that, in the nineteenth century of the era from which we date our civility, we are but just beginning to leave off the very frequent practice of whipping females in public in common with the coarsest male offenders.

I shall believe it to be influential when I can shut my eyes to the fact, that, in England, women are still occasionally hanged.

I shall believe in it when actresses are no longer subject to be hissed off a stage by gentlemen. I shall believe in it when Dorimant hands a fishwife across the kennel, or assists the apple-woman to pick up her wandering fruit which some unlucky dray has just dissipated. I shall believe in it when the Dorimants in humbler life, who would be thought in their way notable adepts in this refinement, shall act upon it in places where they are not known, or think themselves not observed; when I shall see the traveler for some rich tradesman part with his admired box-coat to spread it over the defenseless shoulders of the poor woman who is passing to her parish on the roof of the same stage-coach with him, drenched in the rain; when I shall no longer see a woman standing up in the pit of a London theater till she is sick and faint with the exertion, with men about her seated at their ease, and jeering at her distress, till one that seems to have more manners or conscience than the rest significantly declares "she should be welcome to his seat if she were a little younger and handsomer." Place this dapper warehouseman, or that rider, in a circle of their own female acquaintance, and you shall confess you have not seen a politer-bred man in Lothbury.

Lastly, I shall begin to believe there is some such principle influencing our conduct when more than one-half of the drudgery and coarse servitude of the world shall cease to be performed by women. Until that day comes, I shall never believe this boasted point to be any thing more than a conventional fiction, — a pageant got up between the sexes in a certain rank, and at a certain time of life, in which both find their account equally.

I shall be even disposed to rank it among the salutary fictions of life, when, in polite circles, I shall see the same attentions paid to age as to youth, to homely features as to handsome, to coarse complexions as to clear; to the woman as she is a woman, not as she is a beauty, a fortune, or a title. I shall believe it to be something more than a name when a well-dressed gentleman in a well-dressed company can advert to the topic of *female old age* without exciting, and intending to excite, a sneer; when the phrases, "antiquated virginity," and such a one has "overstood her market," pronounced in good company, shall raise immediate offense in man or woman that shall hear them spoken.

Joseph Paice of Bread-street Hill, merchant, and one of the directors of the South Sea Company, — the same to whom Edwards, the Shakspeare commentator, has addressed a fine sonnet, — was the only pattern of consistent gallantry I have met with. He took me under his shelter at an early age, and bestowed some pains upon me. I owe to his precepts and example whatever there is of the man of business (and that is not much) in my composition. It was not his fault that I did not profit more.

Though bred a Presbyterian, and brought up a merchant, he was the finest gentleman of his time. He had not *one* system of attention to females in the drawing-room, and *another* in the shop or at the stall. I do not mean that he made no distinction; but he never lost sight of sex, or overlooked it in the casualties of a disadvantageous situation. I have seen him stand bare-headed — smile if you please — to a poor servant-girl while she has been inquiring of him the way to some street, in such a posture of unforced civility as neither to embarrass her in the acceptance, nor himself in the offer of it. He was no dangler, in the common acceptation of the word, after women; but he reverenced and upheld, in every form in which it came before him, *womanhood*. I have seen him — nay, smile not — tenderly escorting a market-woman whom he had encountered in a shower, exalting his umbrella over her poor basket of fruit, that it might receive no damage, with as much carefulness as if she had been a countess. To the reverend form of Female Eld he would yield the wall (though it were to an ancient beggar-woman) with more ceremony than we can afford to show our grandams. He was the Preux Chevalier of Age; the Sir Calidore or Sir Tristan to those who have no Calidores or Tristans to defend them. The roses that had long faded thence still bloomed for him in those withered and yellow cheeks.

He was never married; but in his youth he paid his addresses to the beautiful Susan Winstanley, — old Winstanley's daughter, of Clapton, — who, dying in the early days of their courtship, confirmed in him the resolution of perpetual bachelorship. It was during their short courtship, he told me, that he had been one day treating his mistress with a profusion of civil speeches, — the common gallantries, to which kind of thing she had hitherto manifested no repugnance; but in this instance with no effect. He could not obtain from her a decent acknowledgment in return: she rather seemed to resent his compliments. He could not set it down to caprice; for the lady had always shown herself above that littleness. When he ventured on the following day, finding her a little better humored, to expostulate with her on her coldness of yesterday, she confessed, with her usual frankness, that she had no sort of dislike to his attentions; that she could even endure some high-flown compliments; that a young woman placed in her situation had a right to expect all sort of civil things said to her; that she hoped that she could digest a dose of adulation, short of insincerity, with as little injury to her humility as most young women: but that — a little before he had commenced his compliments — she had overheard him, by accident, in rather rough language, r'ting a young woman who had not brought home his cravats quite to the appointed time; and she thought to

herself, "As I am Miss Susan Winstanley, and a young lady, — a reputed beauty, and known to be a fortune, — I can have the choice of the finest speeches from the mouth of this very fine gentleman who is courting me; but if I had been poor Mary Such-a-one (naming the milliner), and had failed of bringing home the cravats at the appointed hour, though perhaps I had sat up half the night to forward them, what sort of compliments should I have received then? And my woman's pride came to my assistance, and I thought, that, if it were only to do *me* honor, a female like myself might have received handsomer usage; and I was determined not to accept any fine speeches to the compromise of that sex, the belonging to which was, after all, my strongest claim and title to them."

I think the lady discovered both generosity and a just way of thinking in this rebuke which she gave her lover; and I have sometimes imagined that the uncommon strain of courtesy which through life regulated the actions and behavior of my friend toward all of womankind indiscriminately, owed its happy origin to this seasonable lesson from the lips of his lamented mistress.

I wish the whole female world would entertain the same notion of these things that Miss Winstanley showed: then we should see something of the spirit of consistent gallantry, and no longer witness the anomaly of the same man a pattern of true politeness to a wife, of cold contempt or rudeness to a sister, the idolater of his female mistress, the disparager and despiser of his no less female aunt, or unfortunate (still female) maiden cousin. Just so much respect as a woman derogates from her own sex, in whatever condition placed, — her handmaid or dependant, — she deserves to have diminished from herself on that score, and probably will feel the diminution when youth and beauty, and advantages not inseparable from sex, shall lose of their attraction. What a woman should demand of a man in courtship, or after it, is, first, respect for her as she is a woman; and, next to that, to be respected by him above all other women. But let her stand upon her female character as upon a foundation; and let the attentions incident to individual preference be so many additaments and ornaments — as many and as fanciful as you please — to that main structure. Let her first lesson be with sweet Susan Winstanley, — to reverence her sex.

ESSAYISTS AND CRITICS.

WILLIAM COBBETT. — 1762–1835. "Rural Rides," "Cottage Economy," and works on America.

JOHN FOSTER. — 1770–1843. "Decision of Character," and other able essays.

WILLIAM HAZLITT. — 1778–1830. Author of "The Characters of Shakspeare's Plays," "Table-Talk," "Lectures upon the English Poets," and "Life of Napoleon."

SYDNEY SMITH. — 1771–1845. First editor of "The Edinburgh Review." The most brilliant wit of his time. Author of "Letters on the Subject of the Catholics, by Peter Plymley," "Letters to Archdeacon Singleton," and "Letters on the Pennsylvania Bonds."

FRANCIS, Lord JEFFREY. — 1773–1850. The distinguished critic of "The Edinburgh Review." The article on "Beauty," at the beginning of this book, was taken from his volume of "Essays and Criticisms."

WALTER S. LANDOR. — 1775–1864. Author of "Imaginary Conversations," "Gebir," "Count Julian," and other shorter poems.

JOHN HORNE TOOKE. — 1736–1812. "The Diversions of Purley."

WILLIAM COMBE. — 1741–1823. "Letters of the late Lord Lyttleton," "Tour of Dr. Syntax."

ARCHIBALD ALISON. — 1757–1838. Celebrated "Essay on Taste."

ISAAC DISRAELI. — 1766–1848. "Curiosities of Literature," "Quarrels of Authors," "Calamities of Authors."

HENRY, Lord BROUGHAM. — 1778–1868. "Observations on Light," "Statesmen of George III.," "England under the House of Lancaster."

Sir EGERTON BRYDGES. — 1762–1837. "Censuria Literaria," "Letters on the Genius of Byron."

JOHN WILSON CROKER. — 1780–1857. "Lord Hervey's Memoirs of the Court of George II."

SCIENTIFIC WRITERS AND SCHOLARS.

DISTINGUISHED CHEMISTS.

Sir HUMPHRY DAVY. — 1778–1829. Many valuable papers in "Transactions of the Royal Society," "Salmonia," and "The Last Days of a Philosopher."

Sir JOHN HERSCHEL. — 1790. Distinguished astronomer. "Treatises on Sound and Light," "Outlines of Astronomy."

JEREMY BENTHAM. — 1748–1832. Celebrated writer on law and politics. "Fragments on Government," "Introduction to the Principles of Morals and Legislation," and others. A utilitarian, his motto was, "The greatest happiness to the greatest number."

DUGALD STEWART. — 1753–1828. Metaphysician. "The Philosophy of the Human Mind," "Outlines of Moral Philosophy."

DAVID RICARDO. — 1772–1823. "The High Price of Bullion," "The Principles of Political Economy and Taxation."

THOMAS BROWN. — 1778–1820. "Lectures on the Philosophy of the Human Mind."

GEORGE COMBE. — 1788–1858. "Essays on Phrenology;" "The Constitution of Man," a celebrated text-book.

JOHN ABERCROMBIE. 1781–1844. "The Intellectual Powers and the Investigation of Truth," "Philosophy of the Moral Feelings."

ALEXANDER WILSON. — 1766–1813. "American Ornithology."

J. RAMSAY M'CULLOCH. — 1790–1864. "Elements of Political Economy," "Dictionary of Commerce," "Statistical Account of the British Empire."

ADAM CLARKE. — 1760–1832. Eminent divine; Wesleyan Methodist. "A Commentary on the Bible," "Bibliographical Dictionary."

ROBERT HALL. — 1764–1831. Distinguished Baptist preacher. "An Apology for the Freedom of the Press," "A Sermon on Modern Infidelity," and other eloquent sermons.

EDWARD IRVING. — 1792–1834. Sermons and lectures.

RICHARD PORSON. — 1759–1808. Classical scholar. "Euripides," "Homer," "Æschylus," and "Herodotus;" "Notes on Greek Poets."

GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON.

1788–1824.

The most distinguished poet of his time. His famous retort upon the Edinburgh critics, "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," shows how elegantly invective, inspired by contempt and hate, speaks English. His best known works are "Childe Harold," "The Giaour," "The Bride of Abydos," "The Corsair," "Don Juan," and many shorter poems, "The Prisoner of Chillon," "The Lament of Tasso," "The Prophecy of Dante," "The Vision of Judgment," and others well known.

THE DYING GLADIATOR.

THE seal is set. Now welcome, thou dread power,
Nameless, yet thus omnipotent, which here
Walk'st in the shadow of the midnight-hour
With a deep awe, yet all distinct from fear!
Thy haunts are ever where the dead walls rear
Their ivy mantles; and the solemn scene
Derives from thee a sense so deep and clear,
That we become a part of what has been,
And grow unto the spot, all-seeing, but unseen.

And here the buzz of eager nations ran
In murmured pity or loud-roared applause,
As man was slaughtered by his fellow-man.
And wherefore slaughtered? — wherefore, but because
Such were the bloody circus' genial laws,
And the imperial pleasure? Wherefore not?
What matters where we fall to fill the maws
Of worms, — on the battle-plains, or listed spot?
Both are but theaters where the chief actors rot.

I see before me the gladiator lie:
He leans upon his hand; his manly brow
Consents to death, but conquers agony;
And his drooped head sinks gradually low;
And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow
From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,
Like the first of a thunder-shower. And now
The arena swims around him: he is gone
Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hailed the wretch who won.

He heard it; but he heeded not: his eyes
Were with his heart, and that was far away:
He recked not of the life he lost, nor prize;
But where his rude hut by the Danube lay,
There were his young barbarians all at play;
There was their Dacian mother: he, their sire,
Butchered to make a Roman holiday!
All this rushed with his blood. Shall he expire,
And unavenged? Arise, ye Goths, and glut your ire!

APOSTROPHE TO THE OCEAN.

THERE is a pleasure in the pathless woods;
There is a rapture on the lonely shore;
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar:
I love not man the less, but Nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet can not all conceal.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean, roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain:
Man marks the earth with ruin; his control
Stops with the shore: upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed; nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.

His steps are not upon thy paths; thy fields
Are not a spoil for him; thou dost arise
And shake him from thee; the vile strength he wields
For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,
Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
And send'st him, shivering in thy playful spray,
And howling, to his gods, where haply lies
His petty hope in some near port or bay;
And dashest him again to earth, — there let him lay!

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
And monarchs tremble in their capitals;
The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
Their clay creator the vain title take
Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war, —
These are thy toys; and, as the snowy flake,
They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee.
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, — what are they?
Thy waters wasted them while they were free,
And many a tyrant since; their shores obey
The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts: not so thou;
Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play,
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow:
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests; in all time, —
Calm or convulsed, in breeze or gale or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark-heaving; boundless, endless, and sublime, —
The image of Eternity, the throne
Of the Invisible: even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward: from a boy
I wantoned with thy breakers; they to me
Were a delight; and, if the freshening sea
Made them a terror, 'twas a pleasing fear;
For I was, as it were, a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane, as I do here.

LAKE GENEVA.

Clear, placid Leman! thy contrasted lake,
With the wild world I dwelt in, is a thing
Which warns me, with its stillness, to forsake
Earth's troubled waters for a purer spring.
This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing
To waft me from distraction: once I loved
Torn ocean's roar; but thy soft murmuring
Sounds sweet as if a sister's voice reproved,
That I with stern delights should e'er have been so moved.

It is the hush of night; and all between
Thy margin and the mountains, dusk, yet clear,
Mellowed and mingling, yet distinctly seen,
Save darkened Jura, whose capt hights appear
Precipitously steep: and, drawing near,
There breathes a living fragrance from the shore
Of flowers yet fresh with childhood; on the ear
Drops the light drip of the suspended oar;
Or chirps the grasshopper one good-night carol more;

He is an evening reveler, who makes
His life and infancy, and sings his fill.
At intervals, some bird from out the brakes
Starts into voice a moment, then is still.
There seems a floating whisper on the hill:
But that is fancy; for the starlight dews
All silently their tears of love instill,
Weeping themselves away, till they infuse
Deep into Nature's breast the spirit of her hues.

. . . . . .

The sky is changed; and such a change! O night
And storm and darkness! ye are wondrous strong,
Yet lovely in your strength as is the light
Of a dark eye in woman! Far along,
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,
Leaps the live thunder! Not from one lone cloud,
But every mountain now hath found a tongue;
And Jura answers through her misty shroud
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud!

And this is in the night! Most glorious night!
Thou wert not sent for slumber: let me be
A sharer in thy fierce and far delight,
A portion of the tempest and of thee!
How the lit lake shines, a phosphoric sea!
And the big rain comes dancing to the earth!
And now again 'tis black; and now the glee
Of the loud hills shakes with its mountain-mirth,
As if they did rejoice o'er a young earthquake's birth.

DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB.

The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen;
Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed on the face of the foe as he passed;
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill;
And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever grew still.

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there rolled not the breath of his pride;
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail;
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail;
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!

DARKNESS.

I HAD a dream which was not all a dream.
The bright sun was extinguished; and the stars
Did wander darkling in the eternal space,
Rayless and pathless; and the icy earth
Swung blind and blackening in the moonless air.
Morn came and went and came, and brought no day;
And men forgot their passions in the dread
Of this their desolation; and all hearts
Were chilled into a selfish prayer for light.
And they did live by watch-fires; and the thrones,
The palaces of crownèd kings, the huts,
The habitations of all things which dwell,
Were burnt for beacons. Cities were consumed;
And men were gathered round their blazing homes
To look once more into each other's face:
Happy were those who dwelt within the eye
Of the volcanoes and their mountain-torch!
A fearful hope was all the world contained.
Forests were set on fire; but hour by hour
They fell and faded, and the crackling trunks
Extinguished with a crash, and all was black.
The brows of men by the despairing light
Wore an unearthly aspect, as by fits
The flashes fell upon them: some lay down,
And hid their eyes, and wept; and some did rest
Their chins upon their clinchèd hands, and smiled;
And others hurried to and fro, and fed
Their funeral piles with fuel, and looked up
With mad disquietude on the dull sky,
The pall of a past world, and then again

With curses cast them down upon the dust,
And gnashed their teeth, and howled. The wild birds shrieked,
And, terrified, did flutter on the ground,
And flap their useless wings; the wildest brutes
Came tame and tremulous; and vipers crawled
And twined themselves among the multitude,
Hissing, but stingless, — they were slain for food;
And War, which for a moment was no more,
Did glut himself again. A meal was bought
With blood; and each sate sullenly apart,
Gorging himself in gloom. No love was left:
All earth was but one thought, and that was death,
Immediate and inglorious; and the pang
Of famine fed upon all entrails. Men
Died, and their bones were tombless as their flesh;
The meager by the meager were devoured:
Even dogs assailed their masters, — all save one,
And he was faithful to a corse, and kept
The birds and beasts and famished men at bay,
Till hunger clung them, or the dropping dead
Lured their lank jaws: himself sought out no food,
But with a piteous and perpetual moan,
And a quick, desolate cry, licking the hand
Which answered not with a caress, he died.
The crowd was famished by degrees: but two
Of an enormous city did survive;
And they were enemies. They met beside
The dying embers of an altar-place,
Where had been heaped a mass of holy things
For an unholy usage: they raked up,
And, shivering, scraped with their cold skeleton hands,
The feeble ashes; and their feeble breath
Blew for a little life, and made a flame
Which was a mockery: then they lifted up
Their eyes as it grew lighter, and beheld
Each other's aspects, — saw and shrieked and died, —
Even of their mutual hideousness they died,
Unknowing who he was upon whose brow
Famine had written fiend. The world was void;
The populous and the powerful was a lump, —
Seasonless, herbless, treeless, manless, lifeless, —
A lump of death, — a chaos of hard clay.
The rivers, lakes, and ocean, all stood still;
And nothing stirred within their silent depth.
Ships, sailorless, lay rotting on the sea;
And their masts fell down piecemeal: as they dropped,
They slept on the abyss without a surge.
The waves were dead; the tides were in their grave;
The moon, their mistress, had expired before;
The winds were withered in the stagnant air;
And the clouds perished. Darkness had no need
Of aid from them: she was the universe.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

1771–1832. Born in Edinburgh.

The celebrated author of "The Waverley Novels," "Lay of the Last Minstrel," "Marmion," and "Lady of the Lake," all having an historical groundwork. His "Life of Napoleon" was written too near the time and place of the events commemorated, and by too much of an Englishman, to do justice to the subject. A prodigy of industry, and the soul of honor as a man.

THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

THE GUARD-ROOM.

The sun, awakening, through the smoky air
Of the dark city casts a sullen glance,
Rousing each caitiff to his task of care, —
Of sinful man the sad inheritance;
Summoning revelers from the lagging dance;
Scaring the prowling robber to his den;
Gilding on battled tower the warder's lance;
And warning student pale to leave his pen,
And yield his drowsy eyes to the kind nurse of men.

What various scenes, and, oh! what scenes of woe,
Are witnessed by that red and struggling beam!
The fevered patient, from his pallet low,
Through crowded hospital beholds it stream;
The ruined maiden trembles at its gleam;
The debtor wakes to thoughts of gyve and jail;
The lovelorn wretch starts from tormenting dream;
The wakeful mother, by the glimmering pale,
Trims her sick infant's couch, and soothes his feeble wail.

At dawn, the towers of Stirling rang
With soldier-step and weapon-clang;
While drums, with rolling note, foretell
Relief to weary sentinel.
Through narrow loop, and casement barred,
The sunbeams sought the Court of Guard,
And, struggling with the smoky air,
Deadened the torches' yellow glare.
In comfortless alliance shone
The lights through arch of blackened stone,
And showed wild shapes in garb of war, —
Faces deformed with beard and scar,
All haggard from the midnight watch,
And fevered with the stern debauch;
For the oak table's massive board,
Flooded with wine, with fragments stored,

And beakers drained, and cups o'erthrown,
Showed in what sport the night had flown.
Some, weary, snored on floor and bench;
Some labored still their thirst to quench;
Some, chilled with watching, spread their hands
O'er the huge chimney's dying brands,
While, round them or beside them flung,
At every step their harness rung.

These drew not for their fields the sword
Like tenants of a feudal lord,
Nor owned the patriarchal claim
Of chieftain in their leader's name:
Adventurers they from far, who roved
To live by battle, which they loved.
There the Italian's clouded face;
The swarthy Spaniard's there you trace;
The mountain-loving Switzer there
More freely breathed in mountain-air;
The Fleming there despised the soil
That paid so ill the laborer's toil.
Their rolls showed French and German name;
And merry England's exiles came
To share with ill-concealed disdain
Of Scotland's pay the scanty gain, —
All brave in arms, well trained to wield
The heavy halbert, brand, and shield:
In camps, licentious, wild, and bold;
In pillage, fierce and uncontrolled;
And now, by holytide and feast,
From rules of discipline released.

They held debate of bloody fray
Fought 'twixt Loch Katrine and Achray.
Fierce was their speech; and, 'mid their words,
Their hands oft grappled to their swords;
Nor sank their tone to spare the ear
Of wounded comrades groaning near,
Whose mangled limbs and bodies gored
Bore token of the mountain sword,
Though, neighboring to the Court of Guard,
Their prayers and feverish wails were heard;
Sad burdened to the ruffian joke,
And savage oath by fury spoke.
At length upstarted John of Brent,
A yeoman from the banks of Trent,
A stranger to respect or fear,
In peace a chaser of the deer,
In host a hardy mutineer,
But still the boldest of the crew
When deed of danger was to do.

He grieved, that day, their games cut short,
And marred the dicers' brawling sport;
And shouted loud, "Renew the bowl!
And, while a merry catch I troll,
Let each the buxom chorus bear,
Like brethren of the brand and spear."

SOLDIER'S SONG.

Our vicar still preaches that Peter and Poule
Laid a swinging long curse on the bonny brown bowl;
That there's wrath and despair in the jolly black jack,
And seven deadly sins in a flagon of sack.
Yet whoop, Barnaby! off with thy liquor,
Drink upsees out, and a fig for the vicar!

Our vicar he calls it damnation to sip
The ripe, ruddy dew of a woman's dear lip;
Says that Beelzebub lurks in her kerchief so sly,
And Apollyon shoots darts from her merry black eye.
Yet whoop, Jack! kiss Gillian the quicker,
Till she bloom like a rose; and a fig for the vicar!

Our vicar thus preaches; and why should he not?
For the dues of his cure are the placket and pot;
And 'tis right of his office poor laymen to lurch
Who infringe the domains of our good mother-church.
Yet whoop, bully-boys! off with your liquor;
Sweet Marjorie's the word, and a fig for the vicar!

The warder's challenge heard without
Stayed in mid roar the merry shout.
A soldier to the portal went: —
"Here is old Bertram, sirs, of Ghent;
And — beat for jubilee the drum! —
A maid and minstrel with him come."
Bertram, a Fleming, gray and scarred,
Was entering now the Court of Guard;
A harper with him; and, in plaid
All muffled close, a mountain-maid,
Who backward shrank to 'scape the view
Of the loose scene and boisterous crew.
"What news?" they roared. "I only know
From noon till eve we fought with foe
As wild and as untamable
As the rude mountains where they dwell.
On both sides, store of blood is lost:
Not much success can either boast."
"But whence thy captives, friend? such spoil
As theirs must need reward thy toil.
Old dost thou wax, and wars grow sharp:
Thou now hast glee-maiden and harp;
Get thee an ape, and trudge the land,
The leader of a juggler-band."

"No, comrade; no such fortune mine.
After the fight, these sought our line, —
That aged harper and the girl;
And, having audience of the earl,
Mar bade I should purvey them steed,
And bring them hitherward with speed.
Forbear your mirth and rude alarm;
For none shall do them shame or harm."
"Hear ye his boast," cried John of Brent,
Ever to strife and jangling bent:
"Shall he strike doe beside our lodge,
And yet the jealous niggard grudge
To pay the forester his fee?
I'll have my share, howe'er it be,
Despite of Moray, Mar, or thee!"
Bertram his forward step withstood;
And, burning in his vengeful mood,
Old Allan, though unfit for strife,
Laid hand upon his dagger-knife:
But Ellen boldly stepped between,
And dropped at once the tartan screen.
So from his morning cloud appears
The sun of May through summer tears.
The savage soldiery, amazed,
As on descended angel gazed:
Even hardy Brent, abashed and tamed,
Stood half admiring, half ashamed.

Boldly she spoke: "Soldiers, attend!
My father was the soldier's friend;
Cheered him in camps, in marches led,
And with him in the battle bled.
Not from the valiant or the strong
Should exile's daughter suffer wrong."
Answered De Brent, most forward still
In every feat of good or ill:
"I shame me of the part I played;
And thou an outlaw's child, poor maid!
An outlaw I by forest laws;
And merry Needwood knows the cause.
Poor Rose, if Rose be living now, —
He wiped his iron eye and brow, —
"Must bear such age, I think, as thou.
Hear ye, my mates! I go to call
The captain of our watch to hall:
There lies my halbert on the floor;
And he that steps my halbert o'er
To do the maid injurious part,
My shaft shall quiver in his heart!
Beware loose speech, or jesting rough.
Ye all know John de Brent. Enough."
Their captain came, — a gallant young,
(Of Tullibardine's house he sprung,)

Nor wore he yet the spur of knight;
Gay was his mien, his humor light;
And, though by courtesy controlled,
Forward his speech, his bearing bold.
The high-born maiden ill could brook
The scanning of his curious look
And dauntless eye; and yet, in sooth,
Young Lewis was a generous youth:
But Ellen's lovely face and mien,
Ill suited to the guard and scene,
Must lightly bear construction strange,
And give loose fancy scope to range.
"Welcome to Stirling towers, fair maid!
Come ye to seek a champion's aid
On palfrey white with harper hoar,
Like errant damosel of yore?
Does thy high quest a knight require?
Or may the venture suit a squire?"
Her dark eye flashed: she paused and sighed,
"Oh! what have I to do with pride?
Through scenes of sorrow, shame, and strife,
A suppliant for a father's life,
I crave an audience of the king.
Behold, to back my suit, a ring,
The royal pledge of grateful claims
Given by the monarch to Fitz-James!"

The signet-ring young Lewis took
With deep respect and altered look,
And said, "This ring our duties own;
And pardon, if to worth unknown,
In semblance mean, obscurely veiled,
Lady, in aught my folly failed.
Soon as the day flings wide the gates,
The king shall know what suitor waits.
Please you, meanwhile, in fitting bower
Repose you till his waking hour:
Female attendance shall obey
Your hest for service or array:
Permit, I marshal you the way."
But, ere she followed, with the grace
And open bounty of her race
She bade her slender purse be shared
Among the soldiers of the guard.
The rest with thanks their guerdon took.
But Brent, with shy and awkward look,
On the reluctant maiden's hold
Forced bluntly back the proffered gold:
"Forgive a haughty English heart;
And, oh! forget its ruder part.
The vacant purse shall be my share,
Which in my barret-cap I'll bear.

Perchance, in jeopardy of war,
Where gayer crests may keep afar."
With thanks — 'twas all she could — the maid
His rugged courtesy repaid.

When Ellen forth with Lewis went,
Allan made suit to John of Brent:
"My lady safe, oh! let your grace
Give me to see my master's face:
His minstrel I, to share his doom
Bound from the cradle to the tomb.
Tenth in descent, since first my sires
Waked for his noble house their lyres;
Nor one of all the race was known
But prized its weal above their own.
With the chief's birth begins our care:
Our harp must soothe the infant heir,
Teach the youth tales of fight, and grace
His earliest feat of field or chase.
In peace, in war, our rank we keep:
We cheer his board; we soothe his sleep;
Nor leave him till we pour our verse,
A doleful tribute, o'er his hearse.
Then let me share his captive lot:
It is my right; deny it not!"
"Little we reck," said John of Brent,
"We southern men, of long descent;
Nor wot we how a name, a word,
Makes clansmen vassals to a lord:
Yet kind my noble landlord's part;
(God bless the house of Beaudesert!)
And, but I loved to drive the deer
More than to guide the laboring steer,
I had not dwelt an outcast here.
Come, good old minstrel, follow me:
Thy lord and chieftain shalt thou see."

Then from a rusted iron hook
A bunch of ponderous keys he took,
Lighted a torch, and Allan led
Through grated arch and passage dread.
Portals they passed, where, deep within,
Spoke prisoner's moan and fetters dim;
Through rugged vaults, where, loosely stored,
Lay wheel and ax, and headsman's sword,
And many a hideous engine grim
For wrenching joint and crushing limb,
By artists formed who deemed it shame
And sin to give their work a name.
They halted at a low-browed porch;
And Brent to Allan gave the torch,
While bolt and chain he backward rolled,
And made the bar unhasp its hold.

They entered. 'Twas a prison-room
Of stern security and gloom;
Yet not a dungeon, for the day
Through lofty gratings found its way;
And rude and antique garniture
Decked the sad walls and oaken floor,—
Such as the rugged days of old
Deemed fit for captive noble's hold.
"Here," said De Brent, "thou mayst remain
Till the Leach visit him again.
Strict is his charge, the warders tell,—
To tend the noble prisoner well."
Retiring then, the bolt he drew;
And the lock's murmurs growled anew.
Roused at the sound, from lowly bed
A captive feebly raised his head:
The wondering minstrel looked, and knew,
Not his dear lord, but Roderick Dhu;
For, come from where Clan-Alpine fought,
They, erring, deemed the chief he sought.

As the tall ship, whose lofty prore
Shall never stem the billows more,
Deserted by her gallant band,
Amid the breakers lies astrand:
So on his couch lay Roderick Dhu;
And oft his fevered limbs he threw
In toss abrupt, as when her sides
Lie rocking in the advancing tides
That shake her frame with ceaseless beat,
Yet can not heave her from her seat.
Oh! how unlike her course on sea,
Or his free step on hill and lea!
Soon as the minstrel he could scan,
"What of thy lady? of my clan?
My mother? Douglas?—tell me all.
Have they been ruined in my fall?
Ah, yes! or wherefore art thou here?
Yet speak, speak boldly! do not fear."
(For Allan, who his mood well knew,
Was choked with grief and terror too.)
"Who fought? who fled? Old man, be brief.
Some might; for they had lost their chief.
Who basely live? who bravely died?"—
"Oh, calm thee, chief!" the minstrel cried:
"Ellen is safe."—"For that, thank Heaven!"—
"And hopes are for the Douglas given;
The Lady Margaret, too, is well;
And for thy clan, on field or fell,
Has never harp of minstrel told
Of combat fought so true and bold.
Thy stately pine is still unbent,
Though many a goodly bough is rent."

The chieftain reared his form on high,
And fever's fire was in his eye;
But ghastly, pale, and livid streaks
Checkered his swarthy brow and cheeks.
"Hark, minstrel! I have heard thee play
With measure bold on festal day
In yon lone isle, . . . again where ne'er
Shall harper play or warrior hear, . . .
That stirring air that peals on high,
O'er Dermid's race our victory.
Strike it! and then (for well thou canst)
Free from thy minstrel-spirit glanced,
Fling me the picture of the fight
When met my clan the Saxon might.
I'll listen till my fancy hears
The clang of swords, the crash of spears;
These grates, these walls, shall vanish then
For the fair field of fighting-men,
And my free spirit burst away
As if it soared from battle fray."
The trembling bard with awe obeyed:
Slow on the harp his hand he laid;
But soon remembrance of the sight
He witnessed from the mountain's hight,
With what old Bertram told at night,
Awakened the full power of song,
And bore him in career along,
As shallop launched on river's tide,
That slow and fearful leaves the side,
But, when it feels the middle stream,
Drives downward swift as lightning's beam.

BATTLE OF BEAL' AN DUINE.

"The minstrel came once more to view
The eastern ridge of Ben-venue;
For, ere he parted, he would say
Farewell to lovely Loch-Achray:
Where shall he find in foreign land
So pure a lake, so sweet a strand?
There is no breeze upon the fern,
No ripple on the lake;
Upon her eyrie nods the erne;
The deer has sought the brake;
The small birds will not sing aloud;
The springing trout lies still;
So darkly glooms yon thunder-cloud,
That swathes as with a purple shroud
Benledi's distant hill.
Is it the thunder's solemn sound
That mutters deep and dread?
Or echoes from the groaning ground
The warrior's measured tread?

Is it the lightning's quivering glance
That on the thicket streams?
Or do they flash on spear and lance, —
The sun's retiring beams?
I see the dagger-crest of Mar,
I see the Moray's silver star,
Wave o'er the cloud of Saxon war,
That up the lake comes winding far:
To hero bound for battle-strife,
Or bard of martial lay,
'Twere worth ten years of peaceful life, —
One glance at their array!

"Their light-armed archers far and near
Surveyed the tangled ground;
Their center ranks, with pike and spear,
A twilight forest frowned;
Their barbèd horsemen, in the rear,
The stern battalia crowned.
No cymbal clashed, no clarion rang;
Still were the pipe and drum;
Save heavy tread, and armor's clang,
The sullen march was dumb.
There breathed no wind their crests to shake,
Or wave their flags abroad;
Scarce the frail aspen seemed to quake,
That shadowed o'er their road.
Their vaward scouts no tidings bring
Can rouse no lurking foe,
Nor spy a trace of living thing,
Save when they stirred the roe;
The host moves like a deep sea-wave
Where rise no rocks its pride to brave, —
High-swelling, dark, and slow.
The lake is passed; and now they gain
A narrow and a broken plain,
Before the Trosachs' rugged jaws:
And here the horse and spearmen pause;
While, to explore the dangerous glen,
Dive through the pass the archer-men.

"At once there rose so wild a yell
Within that dark and narrow dell,
As all the fiends from heaven that fell
Had pealed the banner-cry of hell.
Forth from the pass in tumult driven,
Like chaff before the wind of heaven,
The archery appear.
For life, for life, their flight they ply;
And shriek and shout and battle-cry,
And plaids and bonnets waving high,
And broadswords flashing to the sky,
Are maddening in their rear.

Onward they drive in dreadful race,
Pursuers and pursued;
Before that tide of flight and chase,
How shall it keep its rooted place,
The spearmen's twilight wood?
'Down, down!' cried Mar, 'your lances down!
Bear back both friend and foe!'
Like reeds before the tempest's frown,
That serried grove of lances brown
At once lay leveled low;
And, closely shouldering side to side,
The bristling ranks the onset bide.
'We'll quell the savage mountaineer,
As their Tinchel cows the game:
They come as fleet as forest deer;
We'll drive them back as tame.'

"Bearing before them in their course
The relics of the archer force,
Like wave with crest of sparkling foam,
Right onward did Clan-Alpine come.
Above the tide, each broadsword bright
Was brandishing like beam of light;
Each targe was dark below;
And, with the ocean's mighty swing
When heaving to the tempest's wing,
They hurled them on the foe.
I heard the lance's shivering crash
As when the whirlwind rends the ash;
I heard the broadsword's deadly clang
As if a hundred anvils rang:
But Moray wheeled his rearward rank
Of horsemen on Clan-Alpine's flank.
'My banner-man, advance!
I see,' he cried, 'their column shake!
Now, gallants, for your ladies' sake,
Upon them with the lance!'
The horsemen dashed among the rout
As deer break through the broom:
Their steeds are stout, their swords are out;
They soon make lightsome room.
Clan-Alpine's best are backward borne,
(Where, where, was Roderick then?
One blast upon his bugle-horn
Were worth a thousand men;)
And refluent through the pass of fear
The battle's tide was poured:
Vanished the Saxon's struggling spear,
Vanished the mountain sword.
As Bracklinn's chasm, so black and steep,
Receives her roaring linn;
As the dark caverns of the deep
Suck the wild whirlpool in:

So did the deep and darksome pass
Devour the battle's mingled mass;
None linger now upon the plain
Save those who ne'er shall fight again.

"Now westward rolls the battle's din
That deep and doubling pass within.
Minstrel, away! the work of fate
Is bearing on: its issue wait
Where the rude Trosachs' dread defile
Opens on Katrine's lake and isle.
Gray Ben-venue I soon repassed;
Loch Katrine lay beneath me cast.
The sun is set, the clouds are met;
The lowering scowl of heaven
An inky hue of livid blue
To the deep lake has given;
Strange gusts of wind from mountain-glen
Swept o'er the lake, then sunk again.
I heeded not the eddying surge;
Mine eye but saw the Trosachs' gorge;
Mine ear but heard that sullen sound
Which like an earthquake shook the ground,
And spoke the stern and desperate strife
That parts not but with parting life,
Seeming, to minstrel-ear, to toll
The dirge of many a passing soul.
Nearer it comes; the dim wood-glen
The martial flood disgorged again,
But not in mingled tide:
The plaided warriors of the north
High on the mountain thunder forth,
And overhang its side;
While by the lake below appears
The darkening cloud of Saxon spears.
At weary bay each shattered band,
Eying their foemen, sternly stand;
Their banners stream like tattered sail
That flings its fragment to the gale;
And broken arms and disarray
Marked the fell havoc of the day.

"Viewing the mountain's ridge askance,
The Saxons stood in sullen trance
Till Moray pointed with his lance,
And cried, 'Behold yon isle!
See! none are left to guard its strand,
But women weak, that wring the hand.
'Tis there of yore the robber-band
Their booty wont to pile;
My purse, with bonnet-pieces store,
To him will swim a bow-shot o'er,
And loose a shallop from the shore.

Lightly we'll tame the war-wolf then,
Lords of his mate, and brood and den.'
Forth from the ranks a spearman sprung;
On earth his casque and corselet rung:
He plunged him in the wave.
All saw the deed, the purpose knew;
And to their clamors Ben-venue
A mingled echo gave:
The Saxons shout their mate to cheer;
The helpless females scream for fear;
And yells for rage the mountaineer.
'Twas then, as by the outcry riven,
Poured down at once the lowering heaven:
A whirlwind swept Loch Katrine's breast;
Her billows reared their snowy crest.
Well for the swimmer swelled they high
To mar the Highland marksman's eye;
For round him showered, 'mid rain and hail,
The vengeful arrows of the Gael.
In vain. He nears the isle; and, lo!
His hand is on a shallop's bow.
Just then, a flash of lightning came;
It tinged the waves and strand with flame.
I marked Duncraggan's widowed dame:
Behind an oak I saw her stand,
A naked dirk gleamed in her hand.
It darkened; but amid the moan
Of waves I heard a dying groan:
Another flash; the spearman floats
A weltering corse beside the boats;
And the stern matron o'er him stood,
Her hand and dagger streaming blood.

"'Revenge, revenge!' the Saxons cried;
The Gaels' exulting shout replied.
Despite the elemental rage,
Again they hurried to engage;
But, ere they closed in desperate fight,
Bloody with spurring came a knight,
Sprang from his horse, and from a crag
Waved 'twixt the hosts a milk-white flag.
Clarion and trumpet by his side
Rang forth a truce-note high and wide;
While in the monarch's name afar
A herald's voice forbade the war;
For Bothwell's lord and Roderick bold
Were both, he said, in captive hold."

But here the lay made sudden stand;
The harp escaped the minstrel's hand.
Oft had he stolen a glance to spy
How Roderick brooked his minstrelsy.

At first, the chieftain to the chime
With lifted hand kept feeble time;
That motion ceased, yet feeling strong
Varied his look as changed the song.
At length, no more his deafened ear
The minstrel melody can hear;
His face grows sharp; his hands are clinched
As if some pang his heart-strings wrenched;
Set are his teeth; his fading eye
Is sternly fixed on vacancy:
Thus, motionless and moanless, drew
His parting-breath stout Roderick Dhu.
Old Allan-bane looked on aghast
While grim and still his spirit passed;
But, when he saw that life was fled,
He poured his wailing o'er the dead.

HISTORY AND TRAVEL.

EDWARD GIBBON. — 1737–1794. The stately historian of "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire."

JOHN LINGARD. — 1771–1851. The Roman-Catholic author of a learned and valuable "History of England," thirteen vols.

HENRY HALLAM. — 1778–1859. Author of three invaluable historical works, — "View of Europe during the Middle Ages," "The Constitutional History of England," and "An Introduction to the Literature of Europe."

WILLIAM NAPIER. — 1785–1860. "The Peninsular War," "The Conquest of Scinde," and "The Life of Sir Charles Napier."

WILLIAM ROSCOE. — 1753–1831. "The Life of Lorenzo de Medici," and "The Life and Pontificate of Leo X."

Sir JAMES MCINTOSH. — 1765–1832. Short "Life of Sir Thomas More," "Dissertation on Ethical Philosophy," and other essays.

THOMAS MCCRIE. — 1772–1835. "Life of John Knox," and "Life of Andrew Melville."

JAMES MILL. — 1773–1836. "History of British India."

DAVID DALRYMPLE. — 1726–1792. "Annals of Scotland, from Malcolm III. to the Accession of the Stuarts."

GEORGE CHALMERS. — 1742–1825. "Caledonia" (antiquities and early history of Scotland), "Life of Queen Mary," "Life of Sir David Lyndsay."

WILLIAM MITFORD. — 1744–1827. "History of Greece."

WILLAM COXE. — 1747–1828. "History of Austria," "Memoirs of Walpole and Marlborough."

JOHN PINKERTON. — 1758–1825. "History of Scotland before the Reign of Malcolm III., and under the Stuarts;" "The Scythians, or Goths."

MALCOLM LAING. — 1762–1818. "History of Scotland from 1603 to 1707," "Dissertations on the Gowrie Plot and the Murder of Darnley."

SHARON TURNER. — 1768–1847. "History of the Anglo-Saxons," "History of England during the Middle Ages."

PATRICK FRASER TYTLER. — 1791–1849. "Universal History," "History of Scotland from Alexander III. to 1603," "Lives of Scottish Worthies," "Life of Raleigh."

James Bruce, Mungo Park, Hugh Clapperton, Richard Lander, John L. Burckhart, and G. Belzoni, travels in Africa. Edward Clarke, J. Silk Buckingham, Sir John Malcolm, James Morier, Oursly, Sir R. Ker Porter, James B. Frazer, Staunton, Barrow, and Ellis, travels in Asia. Forsyth, Eustace, Mathews, Lady Morgan, Inglis, and others, in Europe. Parry, Ross, Franklin, and Scoresby, polar regions.

NOVELISTS.

MARIA EDGEWORTH. — 1767–1849. "Belinda," "Popular Tales," "Tales of Fashionable Life," and a long list of popular works.

HENRY MACKENZIE. — 1745–1831. "The Man of Feeling," and "The Man of the World."

FRANCES BURNEY. — 1752–1840. "Eveline," "Cecilia," and "Diary and Letters."

JOHN GALT. — 1779–1839. "The Ayrshire Legatees," "The Annals of the Parish," "Sir Andrew Wylie," "The Entail," "The Last of the Lairds," and "Laurie Todd."

FRANCES TROLLOPE. 1790. "The Domestic Manners of the Americans," "The Abbess," "The Vicar of Wrexhill," "The Widow Barnaby," and "The Ward of Thorpe Combe." The mother of Anthony and Thomas.

JOHN MOORE. — 1729–1802. "Zeluco," "Edward."

CHARLOTTE SMITH. — 1749–1806. "The Old English Manor-House," "Emmeline."

SOPHIA LEE. — 1750–1824, and her sister HARRIET LEE. — 1766–1851. "The Canterbury Tales and Dramas."

ELIZABETH INCHBALD. — 1753–1821. "A Simple Story," "Nature and Art."

WILLIAM GODWIN. — 1756–1836. "Caleb Williams," "St. Leon."

ELIZABETH HAMILTON. — 1758–1816. "Cottagers of Glenburnie."

WILLIAM BECKFORD. — 1759–1844. "Vathek, an Arabian Tale."

ANNE RADCLIFFE. — 1764–1823. "Romance of the Forest," "Mysteries of Udolpho," "The Italian."

R. PLUMER WARD. — 1762–1846. "Tremaine, or the Man of Refinement," "De Vere," "De Clifford."

AMELIA OPIE. — 1769–1853. "Father and Daughter," "Tales of the Heart," "Temper."

MATTHEW GREGORY LEWIS. — 1773–1818. "The Monk," "Bravo of Venice," "Tales of Wonder," "The Castle Specter."

JANE AUSTEN. — 1775–1817. "Pride and Prejudice," "Mansfield Park," "Persuasion."

MARY BRUNTON. — 1778–1818. "Self-Control," "Discipline."

JAMES MORIER. — 1780–1849. "Hajji Baba," "Zohrab," "The Mirza."

THOMAS HOPE. — Died 1831. "Anastasius, or Memoirs of a Modern Greek."

MARY FERRIER. — 1782–1854. "Marriage," "The Inheritance," "Destiny."

LADY MORGAN. — 1786–1859. "The Wild Irish Girl," "O'Donnell."

THEODORE HOOK. — 1788–1842. "Gilbert Gurney," "Sayings and Doings," "Jack Brag."

MARY MITFORD. — 1789–1855. "Our Village," "Belford Regis."

COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON. — 1790–1849. "The Repealers," "Belle of a Season," "Victims of Society," "Idler in Italy," "Idler in France."

ANNA PORTER. — 1780–1832. "Don Sebastian."

JANE PORTER. — 1776–1850. "Thaddeus of Warsaw," "Scottish Chiefs."

THOMAS C. GRATTAN. — Born 1796. "Highways and Byways," "Heiress of Bruges," "History of the Netherlands."

MARY SHELLEY. — 1797–1851. "Frankenstein."

Of elevation, down into the abyss,
His wrath is busy, and his frown is felt.
The rocks fall headlong, and the valleys rise;
The rivers die into offensive pools,
And, charged with putrid verdure, breathe a gross
And mortal nuisance into all the air.
What solid was, by transformation strange
Grows fluid; and the fixed and rooted earth,
Tormented into billows, heaves and swells,
Or with vortiginous and hideous whirl
Sucks down its prey insatiable. Immense
The tumult and the overthrow, the pangs
And agonies of human and of brute
Multitudes, fugitive on every side,
And fugitive in vain. The sylvan scene
Migrates uplifted; and, with all its soil
Alighting in far-distant fields, finds out
A new possessor, and survives the change.
Ocean has caught the frenzy, and, upwrought
To an enormous and o'erbearing hight, —
Not by a mighty wind, but by that Voice
Which winds and waves obey, — invades the shore
Resistless. Never such a sudden flood,
Upridged so high, and sent on such a charge,
Possessed an inland scene. Where now the throng
That pressed the beach, and, hasty to depart,
Looked to the sea for safety? They are gone, —
Gone with the refluent wave into the deep, —
A prince with half his people! Ancient towers,
And roofs embattled high, the gloomy scenes
Where beauty oft and lettered worth consume
Life in the unproductive shades of death,
Fall prone: the pale inhabitants come forth,
And, happy in their unforeseen release
From all the rigors of restraint, enjoy
The terrors of the day that sets them free.
Who then, that has thee, would not hold thee fast,
Freedom! whom they that lose thee so regret,
That e'en a judgment, making way for thee,
Seems in their eyes a mercy for thy sake?
Such evil sin hath wrought; and such a flame
Kindled in heaven, that it burns down to earth,
And, in the furious inquest that it makes
On God's behalf, lays waste his fairest works.
The very elements, though each be meant
The minister of man to serve his wants,
Conspire against him. With his breath he draws
A plague into his blood, and can not use
Life's necessary means, but he must die.
Storms rise to o'erwhelm him; or, if stormy winds
Rise not, the waters of the deep shall rise,
And, needing none assistance of the storm,

Shall roll themselves ashore, and reach him there.
The earth shall shake him out of all his holds,
Or make his house his grave; nor, so content,
Shall counterfeit the motions of the flood,
And drown him in her dry and dusty gulfs.
What then? Were they the wicked above all,
And we the righteous, whose fast-anchored isle
Moved not, while theirs was rocked, like a light skiff,
The sport of every wave? No: none are clear,
And none than we more guilty. But where all
Stand chargeable with guilt, and to the shafts
Of wrath obnoxious, God may choose his mark;
May punish, if he please, the less, to warn
The more malignant. If he spared not them,
Tremble and be amazed at thine escape,
Far guiltier England, lest he spare not thee!
Happy the man who sees a God employed
In all the good and ill that checker life,
Resolving all events, with their effects
And manifold results, into the will
And arbitration wise of the Supreme!
Did not his eye rule all things, and intend
The least of our concerns (since from the least
The greatest oft originate); could chance
Find place in his dominion, or dispose
One lawless particle to thwart his plan,—
Then God might be surprised, and unforeseen
Contingence might alarm him, and disturb
The smooth and equal course of his affairs.
This truth, Philosophy, though eagle-eyed
In Nature's tendencies, oft overlooks;
And, having found his instrument, forgets,
Or disregards, or, more presumptuous still,
Denies, the power that wields it. God proclaims
His hot displeasure against foolish men
That live an atheist life; involves the heavens
In tempests; quits his grasp upon the winds,
And gives them all their fury; bids a plague
Kindle a fiery bile upon the skin,
And putrefy the breath of blooming Health.
He calls for Famine; and the meager fiend
Blows mildew from beneath his shriveled lips,
And taints the golden ear. He springs his mines,
And desolates a nation at a blast.
Forth steps the spruce philosopher, and tells
Of homogeneal and discordant springs
And principles; of causes, how they work,
By necessary laws, their sure effects
Of action and re-action: he has found
The source of the disease that Nature feels,
And bids the world take heart, and banish fear.
Thou fool! will thy discovery of the cause

Suspend the effect, or heal it? Has not God
Still wrought by means since first he made the world?
And did he not of old employ his means
To drown it? What is his creation less
Than a capacious reservoir of means,
Formed for his use, and ready at his will?
Go dress thine eyes with eye-salve; ask of him,
Or ask of whomsoever he has taught,
And learn, though late, the genuine cause of all.
England, with all thy faults, I love thee still,
My country! and, while yet a nook is left
Where English minds and manners may be found,
Shall be constrained to love thee. Though thy clime
Be fickle, and thy year, most part, deformed
With dripping rains, or withered by a frost,
I would not yet exchange thy sullen skies,
And fields without a flower, for warmer France
With all her vines; nor for Ausonia's groves
Of golden fruitage, and her myrtle-bowers.
To shake thy senate, and from hights sublime
Of patriot eloquence to flash down fire
Upon thy foes, was never meant my task;
But I can feel thy fortunes, and partake
Thy joys and sorrows with as true a heart
As any thunderer there. And I can feel
Thy follies too, and with a just disdain
Frown at effeminates, whose very looks
Reflect dishonor on the land I love.
How, in the name of soldiership and sense,
Should England prosper, when such things, as smooth
And tender as a girl, all essenced o'er
With odors, and as profligate as sweet,
Who sell their laurel for a myrtle-wreath,
And love when they should fight, — when such as these
Presume to lay their hand upon the ark
Of her magnificent and awful cause?
Time was when it was praise and boast enough
In every clime, and travel where we might,
That we were born her children; praise enough
To fill the ambition of a private man,
That Chatham's language was his mother-tongue,
And Wolfe's great name compatriot with his own.
Farewell, those honors! and farewell with them
The hope of such hereafter! They have fallen
Each in his field of glory, — one in arms,
And one in council; Wolfe upon the lap
Of smiling Victory that moment won,
And Chatham heart-sick of his country's shame.
They made us many soldiers. Chatham, still
Consulting England's happiness at home,
Secured it by an unforgiving frown
If any wronged her. Wolfe, where'er he fought,

Put so much of his heart into his act,
That his example had a magnet's force;
And all were swift to follow whom all loved.
Those suns are set. Oh! rise some other such,
Or all that we have left is empty talk
Of old achievements, and despair of new.
Now hoist the sail, and let the streamers float
Upon the wanton breezes. Strew the deck
With lavender, and sprinkle liquid sweets,
That no rude savor maritime invade
The nose of nice nobility! Breathe soft,
Ye clarionets! and softer still, ye flutes!
That winds and waters, lulled by magic sounds,
May bear us smoothly to the Gallic shore.
True, we have lost an empire; let it pass.
True, we may thank the perfidy of France
That picked the jewel out of England's crown
With all the cunning of an envious shrew;
And let that pass ('twas but a trick of state):
A brave man knows no malice, but at once
Forgets in peace the injuries of war,
And gives his direst foe a friend's embrace.
And shamed as we have been, to the very beard
Braved and defied, and in our own sea proved
Too weak for those decisive blows that once
Insured us mastery there, we yet retain
Some small pre-eminence; we justly boast
At least superior jockeyship, and claim
The honors of the turf as all our own.
Go, then, well worthy of the praise ye seek,
And show the shame ye might conceal at home
In foreign eyes! Be grooms, and win the plate
Where once your nobler fathers won a crown!
'Tis generous to communicate your skill
To those that need it. Folly is soon learned;
And, under such preceptors, who can fail?
There is a pleasure in poetic pains
Which only poets know. The shifts and turns,
The expedients and inventions multiform,
To which the mind resorts in chase of terms
(Though apt, yet coy, and difficult to win)
To arrest the fleeting images that fill
The mirror of the mind, and hold them fast,
And force them sit till he has penciled off
A faithful likeness of the forms he views;
Then to dispose his copies with such art
That each may find its most propitious light,
And shine by situation hardly less
Than by the labor and the skill it cost, —
Are occupations of the poet's mind
So pleasing, and that steal away the thought
With such address from themes of sad import,

That, lost in his own musings, happy man!
He feels the anxieties of life, denied
Their wonted entertainment, all retire.
Such joys has he that sings. But, ah! not such,
Or seldom such, the hearers of his song.
Fastidious, or else listless, or perhaps
Aware of nothing arduous in a task
They never undertook, they little note
His dangers or escapes, and, haply, find
Their least amusement where he found the most.
But is amusement all? Studious of song,
And yet ambitious not to sing in vain,
I would not trifle merely, though the world
Be loudest in their praise who do no more.
Yet what can satire, whether grave or gay?
It may correct a foible, may chastise
The freaks of fashion, regulate the dress,
Retrench a sword-blade, or displace a patch.
But where are its sublimer trophies found?
What vice has it subdued? whose heart reclaimed
By rigor, or whom laughed into reform?
Alas! Leviathan is not so tamed:
Laughed at, he laughs again, and, stricken hard,
Turns to the stroke his adamantine scales,
That fear no discipline of human hands.
The pulpit, therefore (and I name it filled
With solemn awe, that bids me well beware
With what intent I touch that holy thing),—
The pulpit (when the satirist has at last,
Strutting and vaporing in an empty school,
Spent all his force, and made no proselyte),—
I say, the pulpit (in the sober use
Of its legitimate peculiar powers)
Must stand acknowledged, while the world shall stand,
The most important and effectual guard,
Support, and ornament of Virtue's cause.
There stands the messenger of truth, there stands
The legate of the skies, his theme divine,
His office sacred, his credentials clear.
By him the violated law speaks out
Its thunders; and by him, in strains as sweet
As angels use, the gospel whispers peace.
He stablishes the strong, restores the weak,
Reclaims the wanderer, binds the broken heart,
And, armed himself in panoply complete
Of heavenly temper, furnishes with arms
Bright as his own, and trains, by every rule
Of holy discipline, to glorious war,
The sacramental host of God's elect.
Are all such teachers? Would to Heaven all were!
But, hark! the doctor's voice! Fast wedged between
Two empirics he stands, and with swoln cheeks

Inspires the news, his trumpet. Keener far
Than all invective is his bold harangue
While through that public organ of report
He hails the clergy, and, defying shame,
Announces to the world his own and theirs.
He teaches those to read whom schools dismissed,
And colleges untaught; sells accent, tone,
And emphasis in score; and gives to prayer
The *adagio* and *andante* it demands.
He grinds divinity of other days
Down into modern use, transforms old print
To zigzag manuscript, and cheats the eyes
Of gallery critics by a thousand arts.
Are there who purchase of the doctor's ware?
Oh, name it not in Gath! it can not be
That grave and learned clerks should need such aid.
He doubtless is in sport, and does but droll,
Assuming thus a rank unknown before, —
Grand caterer and dry-nurse of the Church!
I venerate the man whose heart is warm,
Whose hands are pure, whose doctrine and whose life,
Co-incident, exhibit lucid proof
That he is honest in the sacred cause:
To such I render more than mere respect,
Whose actions say that they respect themselves.
But loose in morals, and in manners vain;
In conversation frivolous; in dress
Extreme, at once rapacious and profuse;
Frequent in park with lady at his side,
Ambling, and prattling scandal as he goes;
But rare at home, and never at his books,
Or with his pen, save when he scrawls a card;
Constant at routs; familiar with a round
Of ladyships; a stranger to the poor;
Ambitious of preferment for its gold,
And well prepared by ignorance and sloth,
By infidelity, and love of world,
To make God's work a sinecure; a slave
To his own pleasures, and his patrons' pride, —
From such apostles, O ye mitered heads!
Preserve the Church, and lay not careless hands
On skulls that can not teach, and will not learn.
Would I describe a preacher such as Paul,
Were he on earth, would hear, approve, and own,
Paul should himself direct me. I would trace
His master-strokes, and draw from his design.
I would express him simple, grave, sincere;
In doctrine uncorrupt; in language plain,
And plain in manner; decent, solemn, chaste,
And natural in gesture; much impressed
Himself, as conscious of his awful charge,
And anxious mainly that the flock he feeds

May feel it too; affectionate in look,
And tender in address, as well becomes
A messenger of grace to guilty men.
Behold the picture! Is it like?—like whom?
The things that mount the rostrum with a skip,
And then skip down again; pronounce a text;
Cry "Hem!" and, reading what they never wrote
Just fifteen minutes, huddle up their work,
And with a well-bred whisper close the scene.

ROBERT BURNS.

1759–1796.

Chiefly renowned for his pathetic and spirit-stirring songs. Other proofs of his high rank as a poet are "The Cotter's Saturday Night," "Elegy on Captain Matthew Henderson," "The Jolly Beggars," "Tam O'Shanter," and others.

THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

INSCRIBED TO ROBERT AIKEN, ESQ.

MY loved, my honored, much-respected friend,
No mercenary bard his homage pays:
With honest pride I scorn each selfish end;
My dearest meed a friend's esteem and praise.
To you I sing in simple Scottish lays
The lowly train in Life's sequestered scene,
The native feelings strong, the guileless ways,—
What Aiken in a cottage would have been:
Ah! though his worth unknown, far happier there, I ween.

November chill blaws loud wi' angry sugh;
The shortening winter-day is near a close;
The miry beasts retreating frae[1] the pleugh;
The blackening trains o' craws to their repose;
The toil-worn cotter frae his labor goes,
(This night his weekly moil[2] is at an end,)
Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,
Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend;
And, weary, o'er the moor his course does hameward bend.

At length his lonely cot appears in view,
Beneath the shelter of an aged tree:
The expectant wee[3] things, toddlin'[4], stacher[5] through
To meet their dad wi' flicterin'[6] noise and glee.

[1] From. [2] Labor. [3] Little. [4] Tottering in their walk. [5] Stagger. [6] Fluttering.

His wee bit ingle[1] blinkin'[2] bonnily,
His clean hearth-stane, his thrifty wifie's smile,
The lisping infant prattling on his knee,
Does a'[3] his weary, carking[4] cares beguile,
An' makes him quite forget his labor and his toil.

Belyve[5] the elder bairns come drappin' in,
At service out amang the farmers roun':
Some ca'[6] the pleugh, some herd, some tentie[7] rin
A cannie[8] errand to a neebor-town.
Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman grown,
In youthfu' bloom, love sparkling in her e'e,
Comes hame, perhaps, to show a braw[9]-new gown,
Or deposit her sair-won[10] penny-fee[11]
To help her parents dear if they in hardship be.

Wi' joy unfeigned brothers and sisters meet,
An' each for other's weelfare kindly spiers:[12]
The social hours, swift-winged, unnoticed fleet;
Each tells the uncos[13] that he sees or hears.
The parents, partial, eye their hopeful years;
Anticipation forward points the view:
The mother, wi' her needle an' her shears,
Gars[14] auld claes look amaist as weel's the new;
The father mixes a' wi' admonition due.

Their master's and their mistress's command
The younkers a' are warnèd to obey;
An' mind their labors wi' an eydent[15] hand;
An' ne'er, though out o' sight, to jauk or play:
"An', oh! be sure to fear the Lord alway,
An' mind your duty duly, morn an' night.
Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,
Implore His counsel and assisting might:
They never sought in vain that sought the Lord aright."

But, hark! a rap comes gently to the door:
Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same,
Tells how a neebor-lad cam' o'er the moor
To do some errands, and convoy her hame.
The wily mother sees the conscious flame
Sparkle in Jenny's e'e, and flush her cheek;
With heart-struck anxious care inquires his name;
While Jenny hafflins[16] is afraid to speak:
Weel pleased, the mother hears it's nae wild, worthless rake.

Wi' kindly welcome, Jenny brings him ben;[17]
A strappan[18] youth, he taks the mother's eye:
Blythe Jenny sees the visit's no ill ta'en;
The father cracks[19] of horses, pleughs, and kye.[20]

[1] Fire. [2] Shining at intervals. [3] All. [4] Consuming. [5] By and by. [6] Drive.
[7] Cautious. [8] Kindly dexterous. [9] Fine, handsome. [10] Sorely-won. [11] Wages.
[12] Asks. [13] News. [14] Makes. [15] Diligent. [16] Partly. [17] Into the parlor.
[18] Tall and handsome. [19] Converses. [20] Kine, cows.

The youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy,
But, blate[1] an' laithfu',[2] scarce can weel behave:
The mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy
What makes the youth sae bashfu' an' sae grave;
Weel pleased to think her bairn's respected like the lave.[3]

O happy love, where love like this is found!
O heartfelt raptures! bliss beyond compare!
I've pacèd much this weary mortal round,
And sage experience bids me this declare, —
"If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,
One cordial in this melancholy vale,
'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair
In other's arms breathe out the tender tale
Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the evening gale."

Is there in human form that bears a heart,
A wretch, a villain, lost to love and truth,
That can, with studied, sly, insnaring art,
Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth?
Curse on his perjured arts! dissembling smooth!
Are honor, virtue, conscience, all exiled?
Is there no pity, no relenting ruth,[4]
Points to the parents fondling o'er their child,
Then paints the ruined maid, and their distraction wild?

But now the supper crowns their simple board, —
The healsome parritch,[5] chief o' Scotia's food:
The soupe[6] their only hawkie[7] does afford,
That 'yont[8] the hallan[9] snugly chows her cood.
The dame brings forth in complimental mood,
To grace the lad, her weel-hained[10] kebbuck,[11] fell;[12]
An' aft he's pressed, an' aft he ca's it good:
The frugal wifie, garrulous, will tell
How 'twas a towmond[13] auld[14] sin[15] lint was i' the bell.[16]

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face
They round the ingle form a circle wide.
The sire turns o'er wi' patriarchal grace
The big ha' Bible,[17] ance his father's pride.
His bonnet reverently is laid aside,
His lyart[18] haffets[19] wearin' thin an' bare:
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide
He wales[20] a portion with judicious care;
And "Let us worship God" he says wi' solemn air.

[1] Bashful. [2] Reluctant [3] The rest, the others. [4] Mercy, kind feeling.
[5] Oatmeal-puddi ig. [6] Sauce, milk. [7] A pet name for a cow. [8] Beyond.
[9] A partition-wall in a cottage. [10] Carefully-preserved. [11] A cheese.
[12] Biting to the taste. [13] Twelve-month. [14] Old. [15] Since. [16] Flax was in blossom.
[17] The great Bible kept in the hall. [18] Gray. [19] The temples, the sides of the head.
[20] Chooses.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise;
They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim:
Perhaps Dundee's[1] wild, warbling measures rise;
Or plaintive Martyrs,[1] worthy of the name;
Or noble Elgin[1] beats the heavenward flame,—
The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays:
Compared with these, Italian trills are tame;
The tickled ear no heartfelt raptures raise;
Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page,—
How Abram was the friend of God on high;
Or Moses bade eternal warfare wage
With Amalek's ungracious progeny;
Or how the royal bard did groaning lie
Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire;
Or Job's pathetic plaint and wailing cry;
Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire;
Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.

Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme,—
How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed;
How He who bore in heaven the second name
Had not on earth whereon to lay his head;
How his first followers and servants sped,
The precepts sage they wrote to many a land;
How he, who, lone in Patmos banishèd,
Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand,
And heard great Babylon's doom pronounced by Heaven's command.

Then, kneeling down, to heaven's Eternal King
The saint, the father, and the husband prays:
Hope "springs exulting on triumphant wing"
That thus they all shall meet in future days,
There ever bask in uncreated rays,
No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,
Together hymning their Creator's praise
In such society, yet still more dear,
While circling Time moves round in an eternal sphere.

Compared with this, how poor Religion's pride,
In all the pomp of method and of art,
When men display to congregations wide
Devotion's every grace except the heart!
The Power, incensed, the pageant will desert,
The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole;
But haply, in some cottage far apart,
May hear, well pleased, the language of the soul,
And in his book of life the inmates poor enroll.

[1] The names of Scottish psalm-tunes.

Then homeward all take off their several way;
The youngling cottagers retire to rest;
The parent-pair their secret homage pay,
And proffer up to Heaven the warm request,
That He who stills the raven's clamorous nest,
And decks the lily fair in flowery pride,
Would, in the way his wisdom sees the best,
For them and for their little ones provide;
But chiefly in their hearts with grace divine preside.

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,
That makes her loved at home, revered abroad.
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings:
"An honest man's the noblest work of God."
And certes, in fair Virtue's heavenly road,
The cottage leaves the palace far behind:
What is a lordling's pomp? — a cumbrous load,
Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,
Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refined!

O Scotia, my dear, my native soil,
For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent!
Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
Be blessed with health and peace, and sweet content!
And, oh, may Heaven their simple lives prevent
From luxury's contagion, weak and vile!
Then, howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,
A virtuous populace may rise the while,
And stand, a wall of fire, around their much-loved isle.

O Thou who poured the patriotic tide
That streamed through Wallace's undaunted heart,
Who dared to nobly stem tyrannic pride,
Or nobly die, the second glorious part!
(The patriot's God peculiarly thou art,
His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward:)
Oh! never, never, Scotia's realm desert;
But still the patriot and the patriot-bard
In bright succession raise, her ornament and guard!

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY,

ON TURNING ONE DOWN WITH THE PLOW IN APRIL, 1786.

Wee, modest, crimson-tippèd flower,
Thou's met me in an evil hour;
For I maun crush amang the stoure
Thy slender stem:
To spare thee now is past my power,
Thou bonnie gem.

Alas! it's no thy neebor sweet,
The bonnie lark, companion meet,
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet,
Wi' speckled breast,
When upward springing, blythe, to greet
The purpling east.

Cauld blew the bitter-biting north
Upon thy early, humble birth:
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
Amid the storm;
Scarce reared above the parent-earth
Thy tender form.

The flaunting flowers our gardens yield,
High sheltering woods and wa's maun shield;
But thou, beneath the random bield
O' clod or stane,
Adorns the histie stibble-field,
Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snawie bosom sunward spread,
Thou lifts thy unasuming head
In humble guise;
But now the share uptears thy bed,
And low thou lies!

Such is the fate of artless maid,
Sweet floweret of the rural shade,
By love's simplicity betrayed,
And guileless trust;
Till she, like thee, all soiled, is laid
Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple bard
On Life's rough ocean luckless starred:
Unskillful he to note the card
Of prudent lore,
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
And whelm him o'er.

Such fate to suffering worth is given,
Who long with wants and woes has striven,
By human pride or cunning driven
To misery's brink;
Till, wrenched of every stay but Heaven,
He, ruined, sink.

E'en thou who mourn'st the daisy's fate,
That fate is thine, — no distant date:
Stern Ruin's plowshare drives, elate,
Full on thy bloom,
Till crushed beneath the furrow's weight
Shall be thy doom!

TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

THOU lingering star with lessening ray,
That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usher'st in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.
O Mary, dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget,
Can I forget the hallowed grove,
Where by the winding Ayr we met
To live one day of parting love?
Eternity can not efface
Those records dear of transports past:
Thy image at our last embrace! —
Ah, little thought we 'twas our last!

Ayr, gurgling, kissed his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild woods, thickening green;
The fragrant birch and hawthorn hoar
Twined amorous round the raptured scene;
The flowers sprang wanton to be prest;
The birds sang love on every spray;
Till too, too soon, the glowing west
Proclaimed the speed of wingèd day.

Still o'er these scenes my memory wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care:
Time but the impression deeper makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.
My Mary, dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

DISTINGUISHED POETS AND DRAMATISTS.

GEORGE CRABBE. — 1754–1832. "The Library," "The Village," "The Newspaper," "The Parish Register," "The Borough," "Tales of the Hall."

THOMAS MOORE. — 1779–1852. Celebrated for his "Irish Melodies," "Lalla Rookh," "The Fudge Family in Paris," and "The Epicurean."

SAMUEL ROGERS. — 1763–1855. The benevolent London banker and poet. "The Pleasures of Memory," "Columbus," "Human Life," and "Italy."

JAMES HOGG (the Ettrick Shepherd). — 1770–1835. "The Queen's Wake," "Madoc of the Moor," "The Pilgrims of the Sun;" other poems, and several novels.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. — 1771–1854. "Greenland," "The Pelican Island," "The Wanderer in Switzerland," "The West Indies," "Prison Amusements," "The World before the Flood," and other poems.

FELICIA HEMANS. — 1793–1835. "The Forest Sanctuary," "The Voice of Spring," "The Graves of a Household," "The Palm-Tree," "The Sunbeam," and many popular pieces; "The Vespers of Palermo," a tragedy.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY. — 1792–1822. "Queen Mab," "Alastor," "The Revolt of Islam," "Prometheus Unbound," "The Cenci," "The Cloud," "The Skylark," and "The Sensitive Plant," are full of beauty of thought and expression.

JOHN KEATS. — 1795–1820. "Endymion," "Hyperion," "Lamia," "Isabella," and "The Eve of St. Agnes." A young poet of high promise.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE. — 1785–1806. A volume of poems.

LEIGH HUNT. — 1784–1859. Genial and graceful poet and critic. "A Story of Rimini," "The Palfrey," "A Legend of Florence;" essays, sketches, and memoirs.

REGINALD HEBER. — 1783–1826. "Palestine;" "Europe, or Lines on the Present War;" hymn, "From Greenland's Icy Mountains."

ROBERT TANNAHILL. — 1774–1810. Some Scottish songs.

HANNAH MORE. — 1745–1833. "The Inflexible Captive," "Percy," and "The Fatal Falsehood," tragedies; "Cœlebs in Search of a Wife;" and many other popular tales and prose works.

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN. — 1751–1816. Dramatist, orator, and statesman. "The School for Scandal;" "The Critic," a farce; "Speech in Trial of Warren Hastings."

JOANNA BAILLIE. — 1762–1851. Several volumes of plays, minor poems, and songs, among which are "De Montfort" and "Count Basil."

MICHAEL BRUCE. — 1746–1767. "Lochleven," "An Elegy written in Spring."

Sir WILLIAM JONES. — 1746–1794. "Song of Hafiz," "Hindoo Wife."

JOHN LOGAN. — 1748–1788. "The Cuckoo," "The Country in Autumn," "Runnymede."

ROBERT FERGUSON. — 1751–1774. "Guid Braid Claith," "To the Tron Kirk Bell."

WILLIAM GIFFORD. — 1756–1826. "The Bæviad," "The Mæviad;" editor of "The Quarterly."

WILLIAM SOTHEBY. — 1757–1833. "Orestes," "Saul," "Italy;" translations from Wieland, Virgil, Homer.

WILLIAM L. BOWLES. — 1762–1850. "Sonnets," "Sorrows of Switzerland," "Missionary of the Andes."

JAMES GRAHAME. — 1765–1811. "The Sabbath;" "Mary, Queen of Scots."

ROBERT BLOOMFIELD. — 1766–1823. "The Farmer's Boy," "Rural Tales," "Mayday with the Muses."

J. HOOKHAM FRERE. — 1769–1846. "Most Interesting Particulars relating to King Arthur, by the Brothers Whistlecraft."

Hon. WILLIAM R. SPENCER. — 1770–1834. "Beth Gelert," and minor poems; translator of "Lenore."

MARY TIGHE. — 1773–1810. "Psyche, in six cantos."

JOHN LEYDEN. — 1775–1811. "Scenes of Infancy," "The Mermaid," "Ode to a Gold Chain."

JAMES and HORACE SMITH. — 1775–1839. "Rejected Addresses."

GEORGE CROLY. — 1780–1860. "Paris in 1815," "Angel of the World," "Catiline," "Salathiel."

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM. — 1784–1842. "Scottish Songs," "Sir Marmaduke Maxwell," "The Maid of Elvan," "Life of Wilkie."

WILLIAM TENNANT. — 1785–1848. "Anster Fair," "Thane of Fife," "Dinging Down of the Cathedral."

EBENEZER ELLIOTT. — 1781–1749. "Corn-law Rhymes."

RICHARD BARHAM. — 1788–1845. "Ingoldsby Legends," "My Cousin Nicholas."

JOHN KEBLE. — 1790. "The Christian Year."

CHARLES WOLFE. — 1791–1823. "Burial of Sir John Moore," "Jugurtha in Prison."

ROBERT POLLOK. — 1799–1827. "The Course of Time."

RICHARD CUMBERLAND. — 1732–1811. "The West-Indian," "The Wheel of Fortune."

GEORGE COLMAN. — 1733–1794. "The Jealous Wife," "The Clandestine Marriage."

THOMAS HOLCROFT. — 1745–1809. "The Road to Ruin," "The Deserted Daughter."

GEORGE COLMAN the Younger. — 1762–1836. "John Bull," "Heir-at-Law," "Poor Gentleman," "Newcastle Apothecary," "Lodgings for Single Gentlemen."

CHARLES R. MATURIN. — Died in 1824. "Bertram," a tragedy; "Women."

EDMUND BURKE.

1730–1797.

One of the first of English orators and statesmen, author of the celebrated "Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful," "Reflections on the Revolution in France," and other essays and orations.

CHARACTER OF JUNIUS.

WHERE, Mr. Speaker, shall we look for the origin of this relaxation of the laws and of all government? How comes this Junius to have broken through the cobwebs of the law, and to range uncontrolled, unpunished, through the land? The myrmidons of the court have been long, and are still, pursuing him in vain. They will not spend their time upon me or you: no! they disdain such vermin when the mighty boar of the forest, that has broken through all their toils, is before them. But what will all their efforts avail? No sooner has he wounded one than he lays down another dead at his feet. For my part, when I saw his attack upon the king, I own my blood ran cold. I thought he had ventured too far, and that there was an end of his triumphs. Not that he had not asserted many truths: yes, sir, there are in that composition many bold truths by which a wise prince might profit. But, while I expected from this daring flight his final ruin and fall, behold him rising still higher, and coming down souse upon both Houses of Parliament! Yes, he did make you his

quarry, and you still bleed from the wounds of his talons. You crouched, and still crouch, beneath his rage. Nor has he dreaded the terror of your brow, sir: he has attacked even you, — he has; and I believe you have no reason to triumph in the encounter. In short, after carrying away our royal eagle in his pounces, and dashing him against a rock, he has laid you prostrate. Kings, Lords, and Commons are but the sport of his fury. Were he a member of this house, what might not be expected from his knowledge, his firmness, and integrity! He would be easily known by his contempt of all danger, by his penetration, by his vigor. Nothing would escape his vigilance and activity: bad ministers could conceal nothing from his sagacity; nor could promises or threats induce him to conceal any thing from the public.

PERORATION IN THE IMPEACHMENT OF WARREN HASTINGS.

My lords, we have now laid before you the whole conduct of Warren Hastings, — foul, wicked, nefarious, and cruel as it has been; and we ask, What is it that we want here to a great act of national justice? Do we want a cause, my lords? You have the cause of oppressed princes, of undone women of the first rank, of desolated provinces, and of wasted kingdoms.

Do you want a criminal, my lords? When was there so much iniquity ever laid to the charge of any one? No, my lords: you must not look to punish any other such delinquent from India. Warren Hastings has not left substance enough in India to nourish such another delinquent.

My lords, is it a prosecutor you want? You have before you the Commons of Great Britain as prosecutors; and I believe, my lords, that the sun, in his beneficent progress round the world, does not behold a more glorious sight than that of men, separated from a remote people by the material bonds and barriers of Nature, united by the bond of a social and moral community, — all the Commons of England resenting as their own the indignities and cruelties that are offered to all the people of India.

Do you want a tribunal? My lords, no example of antiquity, nothing in the modern world, nothing in the range of human imagination, can supply us with a tribunal like this. My lords, here we see virtually, in the mind's eye, that sacred majesty of the crown, under whose authority you sit, and whose power you exercise. We have here the heir-apparent to the crown. We have here all the branches of the royal family in a situation between majesty and subjection. My lords, we have a great hereditary peerage here, — those who have their own honor, the honor of their ancestors and of their posterity, to guard. We have here a new

nobility, who have risen, and exalted themselves by various merits, by great military services, which have extended the fame of this country from the rising to the setting sun. We have persons exalted from the practice of the law, from the place in which they administered high though subordinate justice, to a seat here, to enlighten with their knowledge and to strengthen with their votes those principles which have distinguished the courts in which they have presided. My lords, you have here, also, the lights of our religion: you have the bishops of England. You have the representatives of that religion, which says that their God is love, that the very vital spirit of their institution is charity.

My lords, these are the securities which we have in all the constituent parts of this house. We know them, we reckon, we rest upon them, and commit safely the interests of India and of humanity into your hands. Therefore it is with confidence, that, ordered by the Commons,

I impeach Warren Hastings, Esq., of high crimes and misdemeanors.

I impeach him in the name of the Commons of Great Britain in Parliament assembled, whose parliamentary trust he has betrayed.

I impeach him in the name of all the Commons of Great Britain, whose national character he has dishonored.

I impeach him in the name of the people of India, whose laws, rights, and liberties he has subverted; whose properties he has destroyed; whose country he has laid waste and desolate.

I impeach him in the name and by virtue of those eternal laws of justice which he has violated.

I impeach him in the name of human nature itself, which he has cruelly outraged, injured, and oppressed in both sexes, in every age, rank, situation, and condition of life.

TERROR A SOURCE OF THE SUBLIME.

No passion so effectually robs the mind of all its powers of acting and reasoning as fear; for, fear being an apprehension of pain or death, it operates in a manner that resembles actual pain. Whatever, therefore, is terrible with regard to sight, is sublime too, whether this cause of terror be endued with greatness of dimensions, or not; for it is impossible to look on any thing as trifling or contemptible that may be dangerous. There are many animals, who, though far from being large, are yet capable of raising ideas of the sublime, because they are considered as objects of terror; as serpents, and poisonous animals of almost all kinds. Even to things of great dimensions, if we annex any adventitious

idea of terror, they become, without comparison, greater. An even plain of a vast extent of land is certainly no mean idea: the prospect of such a plain may be as extensive as a prospect of the ocean; but can it ever fill the mind with any thing so great as the ocean itself? This is owing to several causes; but it is owing to none more than to this,—that the ocean is an object of no small terror.

SYMPATHY A SOURCE OF THE SUBLIME.

It is by the passion of sympathy that we enter into the concerns of others; that we are moved as they are moved, and are never suffered to be indifferent spectators of almost any thing which men can do or suffer. For sympathy must be considered as a sort of substitution, by which we are put into the place of another man, and affected in a good measure as he is affected: so that this passion may either partake of the nature of those which regard self-preservation, and, turning upon pain, may be a source of the sublime; or it may turn upon ideas of pleasure, and then whatever has been said of the social affections, whether they regard society in general, or only some particular modes of it, may be applicable here.

It is by this principle chiefly that poetry, painting, and other affecting arts, transfuse their passions from one breast to another, and are often capable of grafting a delight on wretchedness, misery, and death itself. It is a common observation, that objects which in the reality would shock, are, in tragical and such like representations, the source of a very high species of pleasure. This, taken as a fact, has been the cause of much reasoning. This satisfaction has been commonly attributed, first to the comfort we receive in considering that so melancholy a story is no more than a fiction, and next to the contemplation of our own freedom from the evils we see represented. I am afraid it is a practice much too common in inquiries of this nature to attribute the cause of feelings which merely arise from the mechanical structure of our bodies, or from the natural frame and constitution of our minds, to certain conclusions of the reasoning faculty on the objects presented to us; for I have some reason to apprehend that the influence of reason in producing our passions is nothing near so extensive as is commonly believed.

UNCERTAINTY A SOURCE OF THE SUBLIME.

A low, tremulous, intermitting sound is productive of the sublime. It is worth while to examine this a little. The fact itself must be determined by every man's own experience and reflec-

tion. I have always observed that night increases our terror more, perhaps, than any thing else. It is our nature, when we do not know what may happen to us, to fear the worst that can happen; and hence it is that uncertainty is so terrible, that we often seek to be rid of it at the hazard of a certain mischief. Now, some low, confused, uncertain sounds leave us in the same fearful anxiety concerning their causes, that no light, or an uncertain light, does concerning the objects that surround us: —

> "A faint shadow of uncertain light,
> Like as a lamp whose life doth fade away;
> Or as the moon, clothed with cloudy night,
> Doth show to him who walks in fear and great affright."

But light now appearing, and now leaving us, and so off and on, is even more terrible than total darkness; and sorts of uncertain sounds are, when the necessary dispositions concur, more alarming than a total silence.

OF WORDS.

NATURAL objects affect us by the laws of that connection which Providence has established between certain motions and configurations of bodies and certain consequent feelings in our minds. Painting affects in the same manner, but with the superadded pleasure of imitation. Architecture affects by the laws of nature and the law of reason; from which latter result the rules of proportion, which make a work to be praised or censured, in the whole or in some part, when the end for which it was designed is or is not properly answered. But, as to words, they seem to me to affect us in a manner very different from that in which we are affected by natural objects, or by painting or architecture. Yet words have as considerable a share in exciting ideas of beauty and of the sublime as any of those, and sometimes a much greater than any of them: therefore an inquiry into the manner by which they excite such emotions is far from being unnecessary in a discourse of this kind.

THE COMMON EFFECT OF POETRY, NOT BY RAISING IDEAS OF THINGS.

THE common notion of the power of poetry and eloquence, as well as that of words in ordinary conversation, is, that they affect the mind by raising in it ideas of those things for which custom has appointed them to stand. To examine the truth of this notion, it may be requisite to observe, that words may be divided into three sorts. The first are such as represent many simple

ideas, *united by nature* to form some one determinate composition; as man, horse, tree, castle, &c. These I call *aggregate* words. The second are those that stand for one simple idea of such compositions, and no more; as red, blue, round, square, and the like. These I call *simple abstract* words. The third are those which are formed by a union, an *arbitrary* union, of both the others, and of the various relations between them in greater or lesser degrees of complexity; as virtue, honor, persuasion, magistrate, and the like. These I call *compound abstract* words. Words, I am sensible, are capable of being classed into more curious distinctions: but these seem to be natural, and enough for our purpose; and they are disposed in that order in which they are commonly taught, and in which the mind gets the ideas for which they are substituted. I shall begin with the third sort of words, — compound abstracts, — such as virtue, honor, persuasion, docility. Of these I am convinced, that, whatever power they may have on the passions, they do not derive it from any representation raised in the mind of the things for which they stand. As compositions, they are not real essences, and hardly cause, I think, any real ideas. Nobody, I believe, immediately on hearing the sounds virtue, liberty, or honor, conceives any precise notions of the particular modes of action and thinking, together with the mixed and simple ideas, and the several relations of them, for which these words are substituted: neither has he any general idea compounded of them; for, if he had, then some of those particular ones, though indistinct perhaps, and confused, might come soon to be perceived. But this, I take it, is hardly ever the case: for put yourself upon analyzing one of these words, and you must reduce it from one set of general words to another, and then into the simple abstracts and aggregates, in a much longer series than may be at first imagined, before any real idea emerges to light, before you come to discover any thing like the first principles of such compositions; and, when you have made such a discovery of the original ideas, the effect of the composition is utterly lost. A train of thinking of this sort is much too long to be pursued in the ordinary ways of conversation; nor is it at all necessary that it should. Such words are, in reality, but mere sounds; but they are sounds, which, being used on particular occasions, wherein we receive some good, or suffer some evil, or see others affected with good or evil, or which we hear applied to other interesting things or events, and being applied in such a variety of cases that we know readily by habit to what things they belong, they produce in the mind, whenever they are afterward mentioned, effects similar to those of their occasions. The sounds being often used without reference to any particular occasion, and carrying still their first impressions, they at last utterly lose their connection

with the particular occasions that gave rise to them; yet the sound, without any annexed notion, continues to operate as before.

GENERAL WORDS BEFORE IDEAS.

Mr. Locke has somewhere observed with his usual sagacity, that most general words, those belonging to virtue and vice, good and evil, especially, are taught before the particular modes of action to which they belong are presented to the mind, and with them the love of the one, and the abhorrence of the other; for the minds of children are so ductile, that a nurse, or any person about a child, by seeming pleased or displeased with any thing, or even any word, may give the dispositions of the child a similar turn. When, afterward, the several occurrences in life come to be applied to these words, and that which is pleasant often appears under the name of the evil, and what is disagreeable to nature is called good and virtuous, a strange confusion of ideas and affections arises in the minds of many, and an appearance of no small contradiction between their notions and their actions. There are many who love virtue, and who detest vice, — and this not from hypocrisy or affectation, — who, notwithstanding, very frequently act ill and wickedly in particulars without the least remorse, because these particular occasions never come into view when the passions on the side of virtue were so warmly affected by certain words heated originally by the breath of others: and for this reason it is hard to repeat certain sets of words, though owned by themselves unoperative, without being in some degree affected, especially if a warm and affecting tone of voice accompanies them; as, suppose,

"Wise, valiant, generous, good, and great."

These words, by having no application, ought to be inoperative; but, when words commonly sacred to great occasions are used, we are affected by them even without the occasions. When words which have been generally so applied are put together without any rational view, or in such a manner that they do not rightly agree with each other, the style is called bombast: and it requires, in several cases, much good sense and experience to be guarded against the force of such language; for, when propriety is neglected, a greater number of these affecting words may be taken into the service, and a greater variety may be indulged in combining them.

THE EFFECTS OF WORDS.

If words have all their possible extent of power, three effects arise in the mind of the hearer. The first is the sound; the second, the *picture*, or representation, of the thing signified by the sound; the third is the *affection* of the soul produced by one or by both of the foregoing. *Compounded abstract* words, of which we have been speaking (honor, justice, liberty, and the like), produce the first and the last of these effects, but not the second. *Simple abstracts* are used to signify some one simple idea, without much adverting to others which may chance to attend it; as blue, green, hot, cold, and the like: these are capable of affecting all three of the purposes of words; as the *aggregate* words, man, castle, horse, &c., are in a yet higher degree. But I am of opinion that the most general effect, even of these words, does not arise from their forming pictures of the several things they would represent in the imagination, because, on a very diligent examination of my own mind, and getting others to consider theirs, I do not find that once in twenty times any such picture is formed; and, when it is, there is most commonly a particular effort of the imagination for that purpose. But the aggregate words operate, as I said of the compound abstracts, not by presenting any image to the mind, but by having, from use, the same effect on being mentioned that their original has when it is seen. Suppose we were to read a passage to this effect: "The River Danube rises in a moist and mountainous soil in the heart of Germany, where, winding to and fro, it waters several principalities, until, turning into Austria, and leaving the walls of Vienna, it passes into Hungary: there, with a vast flood, augmented by the Saave and the Drave, it quits Christendom; and, rolling through the barbarous countries which border on Tartary, it enters by many mouths into the Black Sea." In this description, many things are mentioned; as mountains, rivers, cities, the sea, &c. But let anybody examine himself, and see whether he has had impressed on his imagination any pictures of a river, mountain, watery soil, Germany, &c. Indeed, it is impossible, in the rapidity and quick succession of words in conversation, to have ideas both of the sound of the word and of the thing represented: besides, some words expressing real essences are so mixed with others of a general and nominal import, that it is impracticable to jump from sense to thought, from particulars to generals, from things to words, in such a manner as to answer the purposes of life; nor is it necessary that we should.

JUNIUS.

Author of a series of Letters, commencing Jan. 21, 1769. No compositions better illustrate the flexibility and power of the English language. For fierce invective and terrible sarcasm in elegant dress and appropriate ornament, "The Letters of Junius" are unsurpassed. They have been attributed, among others, to Burke and Sir Philip Francis; but the weight of evidence is in favor of the latter.

FROM THE DEDICATION TO THE ENGLISH NATION.

I DEDICATE to you a collection of Letters written by one of yourselves for the common benefit of us all. They would never have grown to this size without your continued encouragement and applause. To me they originally owe nothing but a healthy, sanguine constitution. Under *your* care, they have thriven: to *you* they are indebted for whatever strength or beauty they possess. When kings and ministers are forgotten, when the force and direction of personal satire is no longer understood, and when measures are only felt in their remotest consequences, this book will, I believe, be found to contain principles worthy to be transmitted to posterity. When you leave the unimpaired, hereditary freehold to your children, you do but half your duty. Both liberty and property are precarious unless the possessors have sense and spirit enough to defend them. This is not the language of vanity. If I am a vain man, my gratification lies within a narrow circle. I am the sole depositary of my own secret; and it shall perish with me.

I can not doubt that you will unanimously assert the freedom of election, and vindicate your exclusive right to choose your representatives; but other questions have been started on which your determination should be equally clear and unanimous. Let it be impressed upon your minds, let it be instilled into your children, that the liberty of the press is the *palladium* of all the civil, political, and religious rights of an Englishman; and that the right of juries to return a general verdict in all cases whatsoever is an essential part of our constitution, not to be controlled or limited by the judges, nor in any shape questionable by the legislature. The power of King, Lords, and Commons, is not an arbitrary power. They are the trustees, not the owners, of the estate. The fee-simple is in US. They can not alienate; they can not waste. When we say that the legislature is *supreme*, we mean that it is the highest power known to the constitution; that it is the highest in comparison with the other subordinate powers established by the laws. In this sense, the word "supreme" is relative, not abso-

lute. The power of the legislature is limited, not only by the general rules of natural justice and the welfare of the community, but by the forms and principles of our particular constitution. If this doctrine be not true, we must admit that King, Lords, and Commons have no rule to direct their resolutions but merely their own will and pleasure. They might unite the legislative and executive power in the same hands, and dissolve the constitution by an act of Parliament. But I am persuaded you will not leave it to the choice of seven hundred persons, notoriously corrupted by the crown, whether seven millions of their equals shall be freemen or slaves.

These are truths unquestionable. If they make no impression, it is because they are too vulgar and notorious. But the inattention or indifference of the nation has continued too long. You are roused at last to a sense of your danger. The remedy will soon be in your power. If Junius lives, you shall often be reminded of it. If, when the opportunity presents itself, you neglect to do your duty to yourselves and to posterity, to God and to your country, I shall have one consolation left in common with the meanest and basest of mankind, — civil liberty may still last the life of JUNIUS.

TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF BEDFORD.

My Lord, — You are so little accustomed to receive any marks of respect or esteem from the public, that if, in the following lines, a compliment, or expression of applause, should escape me, I fear you would consider it as a mockery of your established character, and perhaps an insult to your understanding. You have nice feelings, my lord, if we may judge from your resentments. Cautious, therefore, of giving offense where you have so little deserved it, I shall leave the illustration of your virtues to other hands. Your friends have a privilege to play upon the easiness of your temper; or, possibly, they are better acquainted with your good qualities than I am. You have done good by stealth. The rest is upon record. You have still left ample room for speculation when panegyric is exhausted.

You are, indeed, a very considerable man. The highest rank, a splendid fortune, and a name glorious till it was yours, were sufficient to have supported you with meaner abilities than I think you possess. From the first, you derived a constitutional claim to respect; from the second, a natural extensive authority: the last created a partial expectation of hereditary virtues. The use you have made of these uncommon advantages might have been more honorable to yourself, but could not be more instructive to man-

kind. We may trace it in the veneration of your country, the choice of your friends, and in the accomplishment of every sanguine hope which the public might have conceived from the illustrious name of Russell.

The eminence of your station gave you a commanding prospect of your duty. The road which led to honor was open to your view. You could not lose it by mistake; and you had no temptation to depart from it by design. Compare the natural dignity and importance of the richest peer of England, the noble independence which he might have maintained in Parliament, and the real interest and respect which he might have acquired, not only in Parliament, but through the whole kingdom, — compare these glorious distinctions with the ambition of holding a share in government, the emoluments of a place, the sale of a borough, or the purchase of a corporation; and, though you may not regret the virtues which create respect, you may see with anguish how much real importance and authority you have lost. Consider the character of an independent, virtuous Duke of Bedford; imagine what he might be in this country; then reflect one moment upon what you are. If it be possible for me to withdraw my attention from the fact, I will tell you in theory what such a man might be.

Conscious of his own weight and importance, his conduct in Parliament would be directed by nothing but the constitutional duty of a peer. He would consider himself as a guardian of the laws. Willing to support the just measures of government, but determined to observe the conduct of the minister with suspicion, he would oppose the violence of faction with as much firmness as the encroachments of prerogative. He would be as little capable of bargaining with the minister for places for himself or his dependants as of descending to mix himself in the intrigues of opposition. Whenever an important question called for his opinion in Parliament, he would be heard by the most profligate minister with deference and respect. His authority would either sanctify or disgrace the measures of government. The people would look up to him as to their protector; and a virtuous prince would have one honest man in his dominions in whose integrity and judgment he might safely confide. If it should be the will of Providence to afflict him with a domestic misfortune, he would submit to the stroke with feeling, but not without dignity. He would consider the people as his children, and receive a generous, heartfelt consolation in the sympathizing tears and blessings of his country.

Your Grace may, probably, discover something more intelligible in the negative part of this illustrious character. The man I have described would never prostitute his dignity in Parliament by an indecent violence, either in opposing or defending a minister. He

would not at one moment rancorously persecute, at another basely cringe to, the favorite of his sovereign. After outraging the royal dignity with peremptory conditions little short of menace and hostility, he would never descend to the humility of soliciting an interview with the favorite, and of offering to recover at any price the honor of his friendship. Though deceived, perhaps, in his youth, he would not, through the course of a long life, have invariably chosen his friends from among the most profligate of mankind. His own honor would have forbidden him from mixing his private pleasures or conversation with jockeys, gamesters, blasphemers, gladiators, or buffoons. He would then have never felt, much less would he have submitted to, the humiliating, dishonest necessity of engaging in the interest and intrigues of his dependants, of supplying their vices, or relieving their beggary, at the expense of his country. He would not have betrayed such ignorance or such contempt of the constitution as openly to avow in a court of justice the purchase and sale of a borough. He would not have thought it consistent with his rank in the state, or even with his personal importance, to be the little tyrant of a little corporation. He would never have been insulted with virtues which he had labored to extinguish, nor suffered the disgrace of a mortifying defeat which has made him ridiculous and contemptible even to the few by whom he was not detested. I reverence the afflictions of a good man; his sorrows are sacred: but how can we take part in the distresses of a man whom we can neither love nor esteem, or feel for a calamity of which he himself is insensible? Where was the father's heart, when he could look for or find an immediate consolation for the loss of an only son in consultations and bargains for a place at court, and even in the misery of balloting at the India House?

ENCOMIUM ON LORD CHATHAM.

It seems I am a partisan of the great leader of the opposition. If the charge had been a reproach, it should have been better supported. I did not intend to make a public declaration of the respect I bear Lord Chatham. I well knew what unworthy conclusions would be drawn from it. But I am called upon to deliver my opinion; and surely it is not in the little censure of Mr. Horne to deter me from doing signal justice to a man, who, I confess, has grown upon my esteem. As for the common, sordid views of avarice, or any purpose of vulgar ambition, I question whether the applause of Junius would be of service to Lord Chatham. My vote will hardly recommend him to an increase of his pension, or to a seat in the cabinet: but if his ambition be upon a level with

his understanding; if he judges of what is truly honorable for himself with the same superior genius which animates and directs him to eloquence in debate, to wisdom in decision, — even the pen of Junius shall contribute to reward him. Recorded honors shall gather round his monument, and thicken over him. It is a solid fabric, and will support the laurels that adorn it. I am not conversant in the language of panegyric; these praises are extorted from me: but they will wear well; for they have been dearly earned.

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE LORD CAMDEN.

My Lord, — I turn with pleasure from that barren waste in which no salutary plant takes root, no verdure quickens, to a character fertile, as I willingly believe, in every great and good qualification. I call upon you, in the name of the English nation, to stand forth in defense of the laws of your country, and to exert in the cause of truth and justice those great abilities with which you were intrusted for the benefit of mankind. Your lordship's character assures me that you will assume that principal part which belongs to you, in supporting the laws of England against a wicked judge, who makes it the occupation of his life to misinterpret and pervert them. If you decline this honorable office, I fear it will be said, that, for some months past, you have kept too much company with the Duke of Grafton. When the contest turns upon the interpretation of the laws, you can not, without a formal surrender of all your reputation, yield the post of honor even to Lord Chatham. Considering the situation and abilities of Lord Mansfield, I do not scruple to affirm, with the most solemn appeal to God for my sincerity, that, in *my* judgment, he is the very worst and most dangerous man in the kingdom. Thus far I have done my duty in endeavoring to bring him to punishment. But mine is an inferior, ministerial office in the temple of justice. I have bound the victim, and dragged him to the altar.

. . . . . .

The man who fairly and completely answers my arguments shall have my thanks and my applause. My heart is already with him. I am ready to be converted. I admire his morality, and would gladly subscribe to the articles of his faith. Grateful as I am to the Good Being whose bounty has imparted to me this reasoning intellect, whatever it is, I hold myself proportionably indebted to him from whose enlightened understanding another ray of knowledge communicates to mine. But neither should I think the most exalted faculties of the human mind a gift worthy of the Divinity, nor any assistance in the improvement of them

a subject of gratitude to my fellow-creature, if I were not satisfied that really to inform the understanding corrects and enlarges the heart.

FROM HIS LETTER TO THE KING.

To the Printer of "The Public Advertiser," — When the complaints of a brave and powerful people are observed to increase in proportion to the wrongs they have suffered; when, instead of sinking into submission, they are roused to resistance, — the time will soon arrive at which every inferior consideration must yield to the security of the sovereign, and to the general safety of the state. There is a moment of difficulty and danger at which flattery and falsehood can no longer deceive, and simplicity itself can no longer be misled. Let us suppose it arrived. Let us suppose a gracious, well-intentioned prince made sensible at last of the great duty he owes to his people, and of his own disgraceful situation; that he looks round him for assistance, and asks for no advice but how to gratify the wishes and secure the happiness of his subjects. In these circumstances, it may be matter of curious *speculation* to consider, if an honest man were permitted to approach a king, in what terms he would address himself to his sovereign. Let it be imagined, no matter how improbable, that the first prejudice against his character is removed; that the ceremonious difficulties of an audience are surmounted; that he feels himself animated by the purest and most honorable affections to his king and country; and that the great person whom he addresses has spirit enough to bid him speak freely, and understanding enough to listen to him with attention. Unacquainted with the vain impertinence of forms, he would deliver his sentiments with dignity and firmness, but not without respect.

Sir, — It is the misfortune of your life, and originally the cause of every reproach and distress which has attended your government, that you should never have been acquainted with the language of truth until you heard it in the complaints of your people. It is not, however, too late to correct the error of your education. We are still inclined to make an indulgent allowance for the pernicious lessons you received in your youth, and to form the most sanguine hopes from the natural benevolence of your disposition. We are far from thinking you capable of a direct, deliberate purpose to invade those original rights of your subjects on which all their civil and political liberties depend. Had it been possible for us to entertain a suspicion so dishonorable to your character, we should long since have adopted a style of remonstrance very distant from the humility of complaint. The

doctrine inculcated by our laws, *that the king can do no wrong,* is admitted without reluctance. We separate the amiable, good-natured prince from the folly and treachery of his servants, and the private virtues of the man from the vices of his government. Were it not for this just distinction, I know not whether your Majesty's condition, or that of the English nation, would deserve most to be lamented. I would prepare your mind for a favorable reception of truth by removing every painful, offensive idea of personal reproach. Your subjects, sir, wish for nothing but that: as *they* are reasonable and affectionate enough to separate your person from your government, so *you,* in your turn, should distinguish between the conduct which becomes the permanent dignity of a king and that which serves only to promote the temporary interest and miserable ambition of a minister.

You ascended the throne with a declared, and, I doubt not, a sincere resolution of giving universal satisfaction to your subjects. You found them pleased with the novelty of a young prince whose countenance promised even more than his words, and loyal to you, not only from principle, but passion. It was not a cold profession of allegiance to the first magistrate, but a partial, animated attachment to a favorite prince, the native of their country. They did not wait to examine your conduct, nor to be determined by experience, but gave you a generous credit for the future blessings of your reign, and paid you in advance the dearest tribute of their affections. Such, sir, was once the disposition of a people who now surround your throne with reproaches and complaints. Do justice to yourself. Banish from your mind those unworthy opinions with which some interested persons have labored to possess you. Distrust the men who tell you that the English are naturally light and inconstant; that they complain without a cause. Withdraw your confidence equally from all parties, — from ministers, favorites, and relations; and let there be one moment in your life in which you have consulted your own understanding.

You have still an honorable part to act. The affections of your subjects may still be recovered. But, before you subdue *their* hearts, you must gain a noble victory over your own. Discard those little personal resentments which have too long directed your public conduct. Pardon this man the remainder of his punishment; and, if resentment still prevails, make it, what it should have been long since, an act, not of mercy, but contempt. He will soon fall back into his natural station, — a silent senator, and hardly supporting the weekly eloquence of a newspaper. The gentle breath of peace would leave him on the surface, neglected and unremoved: it is only the tempest that lifts him from his place.

Without consulting your minister, call together your whole council. Let it appear to the public that you can determine and act for yourself. Come forward to your people. Lay aside the wretched formalities of a king, and speak to your subjects with the spirit of a man, and in the language of a gentleman. Tell them you have been fatally deceived. The acknowledgment will be no disgrace, but rather an honor to your understanding. Tell them you are determined to remove every cause of complaint against your government; that you will give your confidence to no man who does not possess the confidence of your subjects; and leave it to themselves to determine, by their conduct at a future election, whether or no it be in reality the general sense of the nation that their rights have been arbitrarily invaded by the present House of Commons, and the constitution betrayed. They will then do justice to their representatives and to themselves.

These sentiments, sir, and the style they are conveyed in, may be offensive, perhaps, because they are new to you. Accustomed to the language of courtiers, you measure their affections by the vehemence of their expressions; and, when they only praise you indirectly, you admire their sincerity. But this is not a time to trifle with your fortune. They deceive you, sir, who tell you that you have many friends whose affections are founded upon a principle of personal attachment. The first foundation of friendship is, not the power of conferring benefits, but the equality with which they are received, and *may* be returned. The fortune which made you a king forbade you to have a friend: it is a law of nature which can not be violated with impunity. The mistaken prince who looks for friendship will find a favorite, and in that favorite the ruin of his affairs.

The people of England are loyal to the house of Hanover, not from a vain preference of one family to another, but from a conviction that the establishment of that family was necessary to the support of their civil and religious liberties. This, sir, is a principle of allegiance equally solid and rational, fit for Englishmen to adopt, and well worthy of your Majesty's encouragement. We can not long be deluded by nominal distinctions. The name of Stuart, of itself, is only contemptible: armed with the sovereign authority, their principles are formidable. The prince who imitates their conduct should be warned by their example, and, while he plumes himself upon the security of his title to the crown, should remember, that, as it was acquired by one revolution, it may be lost by another.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

1709–1784.

Distinguished compiler of an English dictionary; author of "Rasselas, a Tale of Abyssinia;" many poems and satires; moral essays in the "Rambler" and "Idler," periodicals; "Lives of the Poets." His influence on the literature of the day was very great; and his heavy, classical style is admirably characterized by Goldsmith, who said to him, "*If you were to write a fable about little fishes, doctor, you would make the little fishes talk like whales.*"

LETTER TO LORD CHESTERFIELD.

My Lord, — I have been lately informed by the proprietor of "The World," that two papers, in which my Dictionary is recommended to the public, were written by your lordship. To be so distinguished is an honor, which, being very little accustomed to favors from the great, I know not well how to receive, or in what terms to acknowledge.

When, upon some slight encouragement, I first visited your lordship, I was overpowered, like the rest of mankind, by the enchantment of your address, and could not forbear to wish that I might boast myself *le vainqueur du vainqueur de la terre,* — that I might obtain that regard for which I saw the world contending; but I found my attendance so little encouraged, that neither pride nor modesty would suffer me to continue it. When I had once addressed your lordship in public, I had exhausted all the art of pleasing which a retired and uncourtly scholar can possess. I had done all that I could; and no man is well pleased to have his all neglected, be it ever so little.

Seven years, my lord, have now passed since I waited in your outward rooms, or was repulsed from your door; during which time I have been pushing on my work through difficulties of which it is useless to complain; and have brought it, at last, to the verge of publication, without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favor. Such treatment I did not expect; for I never had a patron before.

The shepherd in "Virgil" grew at last acquainted with Love, and found him a native of the rocks.

Is not a patron, my lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and, when he has reached the ground, encumbers him with help? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labors, had it been early, had been kind: but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and can

not enjoy it; till I am solitary, and can not impart it; till I am known, and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity not to confess obligations where no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the public should consider me as owing that to a patron which Providence has enabled me to do for myself.

Having carried on my work thus far with so little obligation to any favorer of learning, I shall not be disappointed though I should conclude it, if less be possible, with less; for I have been long wakened from that dream of hope in which I once boasted myself with so much exultation,

My lord,

Your lordship's most humble,

Most obedient servant,

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

EXTRACT FROM THE PREFACE TO THE DICTIONARY.

IN hope of giving longevity to that which its own nature forbids to be immortal, I have devoted this book, the labor of years, to the honor of my country, that we may no longer yield the palm of philology, without a contest, to the nations of the Continent. The chief glory of every people arises from its authors: whether I shall add any thing by my own writings to the reputation of English literature must be left to time. Much of my life has been lost under the pressures of disease; much has been trifled away; and much has always been spent in provision for the day that was passing over me: but I shall not think my employment useless or ignoble, if, by my assistance, foreign nations and distant ages gain access to the propagators of knowledge, and understand the teachers of truth; if my labors afford light to the repositories of science, and add celebrity to Bacon, to Hooker, to Milton, and to Boyle.

When I am animated by this wish, I look with pleasure on my book, however defective, and deliver it to the world with the spirit of a man that has endeavored well. That it will immediately become popular, I have not promised to myself. A few wild blunders and risible absurdities, from which no work of such multiplicity was ever free, may for a time furnish folly with laughter, and harden ignorance into contempt. But useful diligence will at last prevail: and there can never be wanting some who distinguish desert, who will consider that no dictionary of a living tongue ever can be perfect, since, while it is hastening to publication, some words are budding, and some falling away; that a whole life can not be spent upon syntax and etymology, and that even a whole life would not be sufficient; that he whose design

includes whatever language can express must often speak of what he does not understand; that a writer will sometimes be hurried by eagerness to the end, and sometimes faint with weariness under a task which Scaliger compares to the labors of the anvil and the mine; that what is obvious is not always known, and what is known is not always present; that sudden fits of inadvertency will surprise vigilance, slight avocations will seduce attention, and casual eclipses of the mind will darken learning; and that the writer shall often in vain trace his memory at the moment of need for that which yesterday he knew with intuitive readiness, and which will come uncalled into his thoughts to-morrow.

In this work, when it shall be found that much is omitted, let it not be forgotten that much, likewise, is performed; and though no book was ever spared out of tenderness to the author, and the world is little solicitous to know whence proceeded the faults of that which it condemns, yet it may gratify curiosity to inform it, that "The English Dictionary" was written with little assistance of the learned, and without any patronage of the great; not in the soft obscurities of retirement, or under the shelter of academic bowers, but amid inconvenience and distraction, in sickness and in sorrow. It may repress the triumph of malignant criticism to observe, that, if our language is not here fully displayed, I have only failed in an attempt which no human powers have hitherto completed. If the lexicons of ancient tongues, now immutably fixed, and comprised in a few volumes, be yet, after the toil of successive ages, inadequate and delusive; if the aggregated knowledge and co-operating diligence of the Italian academicians did not secure them from the censure of Beni; if the embodied critics of France, when fifty years had been spent upon their work, were obliged to change its economy, and give their second edition another form, — I may surely be contented without the praise of perfection, which if I could obtain in this gloom of solitude, what would it avail me? I have protracted my work till most of those whom I wished to please have sunk into the grave; and success and miscarriage are empty sounds. I therefore dismiss it with frigid tranquillity, having little to fear or hope from censure or from praise.

THE VOYAGE OF LIFE.

"LIFE," says Seneca, "is a voyage, in the progress of which we are perpetually changing our scenes: we first leave childhood behind us, then youth, then the years of ripened manhood, then the better and more pleasing part of old age." The perusal of this passage having incited in me a train of reflections on the state of man, the incessant fluctuation of his wishes, the gradual

change of his disposition to all external objects, and the thoughtlessness with which he floats along the Stream of Time, I sank into a slumber amidst my meditations, and on a sudden found my ears filled with the tumult of labor, the shouts of alacrity, the shrieks of alarm, the whistle of winds, and the dash of waters.

My astonishment for a time repressed my curiosity; but soon recovering myself so far as to inquire whither we were going, and what was the cause of such clamor and confusion, I was told that they were launching out into the *Ocean of Life;* that we had already passed the Straits of Infancy, in which multitudes had perished, some by the weakness and fragility of their vessels, and more by the folly, perverseness, or negligence of those who undertook to steer them; and that we were now on the main sea, abandoned to the winds and billows, without any other means of security than the care of the pilot, whom it was always in our power to choose among great numbers that offered their direction and assistance.

I then looked round with anxious eagerness, and, first turning my eyes behind me, saw a stream flowing through flowery islands, which every one that sailed along seemed to behold with pleasure, but no sooner touched, than the current, which, though not noisy or turbulent, was yet irresistible, bore him away. Beyond these islands, all was darkness; nor could any of the passengers describe the shore at which he first embarked.

Before me, and on each side, was an expanse of waters violently agitated, and covered with so thick a mist, that the most perspicacious eye could see but a little way. It appeared to be full of rocks and whirlpools; for many sank unexpectedly while they were courting the gale with full sails, and insulting those whom they had left behind. So numerous, indeed, were the dangers, and so thick the darkness, that no caution could confer security. Yet there were many, who, by false intelligence, betrayed their followers into whirlpools, or, by violence, pushed those whom they found in their way against the rocks.

The current was invariable and insurmountable; but though it was impossible to sail against it, or to return to the place that was once passed, yet it was not so violent as to allow no opportunities for dexterity or courage, since, though none could retreat back from danger, yet they might often avoid it by oblique direction.

It was, however, not very common to steer with much care or prudence; for, by some universal infatuation, every man appeared to think himself safe, though he saw his consorts every moment sinking round him: and no sooner had the waves closed over them than their fate and misconduct were forgotten; the voyage

was pursued with the same jocund confidence; every man congratulated himself upon the soundness of his vessel, and believed himself able to stem the whirlpool in which his friend was swallowed, or glide over the rocks on which he was dashed. Nor was it often observed that the sight of a wreck made any man change his course: if he turned aside for a moment, he soon forgot the rudder, and left himself again to the disposal of chance.

This negligence did not proceed from indifference, or from weariness of their present condition: for not one of those who thus rushed upon destruction failed, when he was sinking, to call loudly upon his associates for that help which could not now be given him; and many spent their last moments in cautioning others against the folly by which they were intercepted in the midst of their course. Their benevolence was sometimes praised; but their admonitions were unregarded.

The vessels in which we had embarked, being confessedly unequal to the turbulence of the Stream of Life, were visibly impaired in the course of the voyage; so that every passenger was certain, that how long soever he might, by favorable accidents or by incessant vigilance, be preserved, he must sink at last.

This necessity of perishing might have been expected to sadden the gay, and intimidate the daring, at least to keep the melancholy and timorous in perpetual torments, and hinder them from any enjoyment of the varieties and gratifications which Nature offered them as the solace of their labor. Yet, in effect, none seemed less to expect destruction than those to whom it was most dreadful: they all had the art of concealing their dangers from themselves; and those who knew their inability to bear the sight of the terrors that embarrassed their way took care never to look forward, but found some amusement for the present moment, and generally entertained themselves by playing with Hope, who was the constant associate of the Voyage of Life.

Yet all that Hope ventured to promise, even to those whom she favored most, was, not that they should escape, but that they should sink last; and with this promise every one was satisfied, though he laughed at the rest for seeming to believe it. Hope, indeed, apparently mocked the credulity of her companions; for, in proportion as their vessels grew leaky, she redoubled her assurances of safety: and none were more busy in making provisions for a long voyage than they whom all but themselves saw likely to perish soon by irreparable decay.

In the midst of the Current of Life was the Gulf of Intemperance, — a dreadful whirlpool, interspersed with rocks, of which the pointed crags were concealed under water, and the tops covered

with herbage on which Ease spread couches of repose, and with shades where Pleasure warbled the song of invitation. Within sight of these rocks all who sailed on the Ocean of Life must necessarily pass. Reason, indeed, was always at hand to steer the passengers through a narrow outlet by which they might escape: but very few could, by her entreaties or remonstrances, be induced to put the rudder into her hand without stipulating that she should approach so near unto the rocks of Pleasure, that they might solace themselves with a short enjoyment of that delicious region; after which they always determined to pursue their course without any other deviation.

Reason was too often prevailed upon so far by these promises as to venture her charge within the eddy of the Gulf of Intemperance, where, indeed, the circumvolution was weak, but yet interrupted the course of the vessel, and drew it by insensible rotations towards the center. She then repented her temerity, and, with all her force, endeavored to retreat: but the draught of the gulf was generally too strong to be overcome; and the passenger, having danced in circles with a pleasing and giddy velocity, was at last overwhelmed and lost. Those few whom Reason was able to extricate, generally suffered so many shocks upon the points which shot out from the rocks of Pleasure, that they were unable to continue their course with the same strength and facility as before, but floated along timorously and feebly, endangered by every breeze, and shattered by every ruffle of the water, till they sank by slow degrees, after long struggles and innumerable expedients, always repining at their own folly, and warning others against the first approach to the Gulf of Intemperance.

There were artists who professed to repair the breaches and stop the leaks of the vessels which had been shattered on the rocks of Pleasure. Many appeared to have great confidence in their skill; and some, indeed, were preserved by it from sinking, who had received only a single blow: but I remarked that few vessels lasted long which had been much repaired; nor was it found that the artists themselves continued afloat longer than those who had least of their assistance.

The only advantage, which, in the Voyage of Life, the cautious had above the negligent, was that they sank later and more suddenly; for they passed forward till they had sometimes seen all those in whose company they had issued from the Straits of Infancy perish in the way, and at last were overset by a cross-breeze, without the toil of resistance or the anguish of expectation. But such as had often fallen against the rocks of Pleasure commonly subsided by sensible degrees, contended long with the encroaching waters, and harassed themselves by labors that scarce Hope herself could flatter with success.

As I was looking upon the various fate of the multitude about me, I was suddenly alarmed with an admonition from some unknown Power: "Gaze not idly upon others when thou thyself art sinking. Whence is this thoughtless tranquillity, when thou and they are equally endangered?" I looked, and, seeing the Gulf of Intemperance before me, started and awaked.

Rambler.

THE RIGHT IMPROVEMENT OF TIME.

It is usual for those who are advised to the attainment of any new qualification to look upon themselves as required to change the general course of their conduct, to dismiss business and exclude pleasure, and to devote their days and nights to a particular attention. But all common degrees of excellence are attainable at a lower price. He that should steadily and resolutely assign to any science or language those interstitial vacancies which intervene in the most crowded variety of diversion or employment would find every day new irradiations of knowledge, and discover how much more is to be hoped from frequency and perseverance than from violent efforts and sudden desires, — efforts which are soon remitted when they encounter difficulty, and desires, which, if they are indulged too often, will shake off the authority of reason, and range capriciously from one object to another.

The disposition to defer every important design to a time of leisure and a state of settled uniformity, proceeds, generally, from a false estimate of the human power. If we except those gigantic and stupendous intelligences who are said to grasp a system by intuition, and bound forward from one series of conclusions to another, without regular steps through intermediate propositions, the most successful students make their advances in knowledge by short flights, between each of which the mind may lie at rest. For every single act of progression, a short time is sufficient; and it is only necessary, that, whenever that time is afforded, it be well employed.

Few minds will be long confined to severe and laborious meditation; and, when a successful attack on knowledge has been made, the student recreates himself with the contemplation of his conquest, and forbears another incursion till the new-acquired truth has become familiar, and his curiosity calls upon him for fresh gratifications. Whether the time of intermission is spent in company or in solitude, in necessary business or in voluntary levities, the understanding is equally abstracted from the object of inquiry; but perhaps, if it be detained by occupations less

pleasing, it returns again to study with greater alacrity than when it is glutted with ideal pleasures and surfeited with intemperance of application. He that will not suffer himself to be discouraged by fancied impossibilities may sometimes find his abilities invigorated by the necessity of exerting them in short intervals, as the force of a current is increased by the contraction of its channel.

From some cause like this, it has probably proceeded, that, among those who have contributed to the advancement of learning, many have risen to eminence in opposition to all the obstacles which external circumstances could place in their way, — amidst the tumult of business, the distresses of poverty, or the dissipations of a wandering and unsettled state. A great part of the life of Erasmus was one continual peregrination: ill supplied with the gifts of fortune, and led from city to city, and from kingdom to kingdom, by the hopes of patrons and preferment, — hopes which always flattered and always deceived him, — he yet found means, by unshaken constancy, and a vigilant improvement of those hours, which, in the midst of the most restless activity, will remain unengaged, to write more than another in the same condition would have hoped to read. Compelled by want to attendance and solicitation, and so much versed in common life that he has transmitted to us the most perfect delineation of the manners of his age, he joined to his knowledge of the world such application to books, that he will stand for ever in the first rank of literary heroes. How this proficiency was obtained, he sufficiently discovers by informing us that "The Praise of Folly," one of his most celebrated performances, was composed by him on the road to Italy, lest the hours which he was obliged to spend on horseback should be tattled away without regard to literature.

An Italian philosopher expressed in his motto, that TIME WAS HIS ESTATE, — an estate, indeed, which will produce nothing without cultivation, but will always abundantly repay the labors of industry, and satisfy the most extensive desires, if no part of it be suffered to lie waste by negligence, to be overrun with noxious plants, or laid out for show rather than for use.

Rambler.

THE DUTY OF FORGIVENESS.

A WISE man will make haste to forgive, because he knows the true value of time, and will not suffer it to pass away in unnecessary pain. He that willingly suffers the corrosions of inveterate hatred, and gives up his days and nights to the gloom of malice and perturbations of stratagem, can not surely be said to consult his

ease. Resentment is a union of sorrow with malignity, — a combination of a passion which all endeavor to avoid with a passion which all concur to detest. The man who retires to meditate mischief, and to exasperate his own rage; whose thoughts are employed only on means of distress, and contrivances of ruin; whose mind never pauses from the remembrance of his own sufferings but to indulge some hope of enjoying the calamities of another, — may justly be numbered among the most miserable of human beings; among those who are guilty without reward, who have neither the gladness of prosperity nor the calm of innocence.

Whoever considers the weakness both of himself and others will not long want persuasives to forgiveness. We know not to what degree of malignity any injury is to be imputed; or how much its guilt, if we were to inspect the mind of him that committed it, would be extenuated by mistake, precipitance, or negligence: we can not be certain how much more we feel than was intended to be inflicted, or how much we increase the mischief to ourselves by voluntary aggravations. We may charge to design the effects of accident; we may think the blow violent only because we have made ourselves delicate and tender: we are on every side in danger of error and of guilt, which we are certain to avoid only by speedy forgiveness.

From this pacific and harmless temper, thus propitious to others and ourselves, to domestic tranquillity and to social happiness, no man is withheld but by pride, — by the fear of being insulted by his adversary, or despised by the world.

It may be laid down as an unfailing and universal axiom, that "all pride is abject and mean." It is always an ignorant, lazy, or cowardly acquiescence in a false appearance of excellence, and proceeds, not from consciousness of our attainments, but insensibility of our wants.

Nothing can be great which is not right. Nothing which reason condemns can be suitable to the dignity of the human mind. To be driven by external motives from the path which our own heart approves, to give way to any thing but conviction, to suffer the opinion of others to rule our choice or overpower our resolves, is to submit tamely to the lowest and most ignominious slavery, and to resign the right of directing our own lives.

The utmost excellence at which humanity can arrive is a constant and determined pursuit of virtue without regard to present dangers or advantages, a continual reference of every action to the Divine Will, an habitual appeal to everlasting justice, and an unvaried elevation of the intellectual eye to the reward which perseverance only can obtain. But that pride which many who

presume to boast of generous sentiments allow to regulate their measures has nothing nobler in view than the approbation of men, — of beings whose superiority we are under no obligation to acknowledge, and who, when we have courted them with the utmost assiduity, can confer no valuable or permanent reward; of beings who ignorantly judge of what they do not understand, or partially determine what they never have examined, and whose sentence is, therefore, of no weight till it has received the ratification of our own conscience.

He that can descend to bribe suffrages like these at the price of his innocence, he that can suffer the delight of such acclamations to withhold his attention from the commands of the universal Sovereign, has little reason to congratulate himself upon the greatness of his mind: whenever he awakes to seriousness and reflection, he must become despicable in his own eyes, and shrink with shame from the remembrance of his cowardice and folly.

Of him that hopes to be forgiven, it is indispensably required that he forgive: it is, therefore, superfluous to urge any other motive. On this great duty, eternity is suspended; and to him that refuses to practice it the throne of mercy is inaccessible, and the Saviour of the world has been born in vain. *Rambler.*

PARALLEL BETWEEN DRYDEN AND POPE.

INTEGRITY of understanding, and nicety of discernment, were not allotted in a less proportion to Dryden than to Pope. The rectitude of Dryden's mind was sufficiently shown by the dismission of his poetical prejudices, and the rejection of unnatural thoughts and rugged numbers. But Dryden never desired to apply all the judgment that he had. He wrote, and professed to write, merely for the people; and when he pleased others he contented himself. He spent no time in struggles to rouse latent powers; he never attempted to make that better which was already good, nor often to mend what he must have known to be faulty. He wrote, as he tells us, with very little consideration: when occasion or necessity called upon him, he poured out what the present moment happened to supply, and, when once it had passed the press, ejected it from his mind; for, when he had no pecuniary interest, he had no further solicitude.

Pope was not content to satisfy: he desired to excel, and therefore always endeavored to do his best. He did not court the candor, but dared the judgment, of his reader; and, expecting no indulgence from others, he showed none to himself. He examined lines and words with minute and punctilious observation, and re-

touched every part with indefatigable diligence, till he had left nothing to be forgiven.

For this reason, he kept his pieces very long in his hands while he considered and reconsidered them. The only poems which can be supposed to have been written with such regard to the times as might hasten their publication were the two satires of "Thirty-eight;" of which Dodsley told me, that they were brought to him by the author that they might be fairly copied. "Almost every line," he said, "was then written twice over. I gave him a clean transcript, which he sent some time afterwards to me for the press, with almost every line written twice over a second time."

His declaration that his care for his works ceased at their publication was not strictly true. His parental attention never abandoned them: what he found amiss in the first edition, he silently corrected in those that followed. He appears to have revised "The Iliad," and freed it from some of its imperfections; and "The Essay on Criticism" received many improvements after its first appearance. It will seldom be found that he altered without adding clearness, elegance, or vigor. Pope had, perhaps, the judgment of Dryden; but Dryden certainly wanted the diligence of Pope.

In acquired knowledge, the superiority must be allowed to Dryden, whose education was more scholastic, and who, before he became an author, had been allowed more time for study, with better means of information. His mind has a larger range, and he collects his images and illustrations from a more extensive circumference of science. Dryden knew more of man in his general nature; and Pope, in his local manners. The notions of Dryden were formed by comprehensive speculation, and those of Pope by minute attention. There is more dignity in the knowledge of Dryden, and more certainty in that of Pope.

Poetry was not the sole praise of either; for both excelled likewise in prose: but Pope did not borrow his prose from his predecessor. The style of Dryden is capricious and varied: that of Pope is cautious and uniform. Dryden observes the motions of his own mind: Pope constrains his mind to his own rules of composition. Dryden is sometimes vehement and rapid: Pope is always smooth, uniform, and gentle. Dryden's page is a natural field, rising into inequalities, and diversified by the varied exuberance of abundant vegetation: Pope's is a velvet lawn, shaven by the scythe, and leveled by the roller.

Of genius, — that power which constitutes a poet; that quality without which judgment is cold, and knowledge is inert; that energy which collects, combines, amplifies, and animates, — the superiority must, with some hesitation, be allowed to Dryden.

It is not to be inferred that of this poetical vigor Pope had only a little because Dryden had more; for every other writer since Milton must give place to Pope: and even of Dryden it must be said, that, if he has brighter paragraphs, he has not better poems. Dryden's performances were always hasty, either excited by some external occasion, or extorted by domestic necessity: he composed without consideration, and published without correction. What his mind could supply at call, or gather in one excursion, was all that he sought, and all that he gave. The dilatory caution of Pope enabled him to condense his sentiments, to multiply his images, and to accumulate all that study might produce, or chance might supply. If the flights of Dryden, therefore, are higher, Pope continues longer on the wing. If of Dryden's fire the blaze is brighter, of Pope's the heat is more regular and constant. Dryden often surpasses expectation, and Pope never falls below it. Dryden is read with frequent astonishment, and Pope with perpetual delight. *Life of Pope.*

SHAKSPEARE.

SHAKSPEARE is, above all writers, — at least, above all modern writers, — the poet of Nature; the poet that holds up to his readers a faithful mirror of manners and of life. His characters are not modified by the customs of particular places, unpracticed by the rest of the world, by the peculiarities of studies or professions which can operate but upon small numbers, or by the accidents of transient fashions or temporary opinions: they are the genuine progeny of common humanity, such as the world will always supply, and observation will always find. His persons act and speak by the influence of those general passions and principles by which all minds are agitated, and the whole system of life is continued in motion. In the writings of other poets, a character is too often an individual: in those of Shakspeare, it is commonly a species.

It is from this wide extension of design that so much instruction is derived. It is this which fills the plays of Shakspeare with practical axioms and domestic wisdom. It was said of Euripides, that every verse was a precept; and it may be said of Shakspeare, that from his works may be collected a system of civil and economical prudence. Yet his real power is not shown in the splendor of particular passages, but by the progress of his fable and the tenor of his dialogue; and he that tries to recommend him by select quotations will succeed like the pedant in Hierocles, who, when he offered his house to sale, carried a brick in his pocket as a specimen.

It will not easily be imagined how much Shakspeare excels in accommodating his sentiments to real life but by comparing him with other authors. It was observed of the ancient schools of declamation, that, the more diligently they were frequented, the more was the student disqualified for the world, because he found nothing there which he should ever meet in any other place. The same remark may be applied to every stage but that of Shakspeare. The theater, when it is under any other direction, is peopled by such characters as were never seen, conversing in a language which was never heard, upon topics which will never arise in the commerce of mankind. But the dialogue of this author is often so evidently determined by the incident which produces it, and is pursued with so much ease and simplicity, that it seems scarcely to claim the merit of fiction, but to have been gleaned by diligent selection out of common conversation and common occurrences.

Upon every other stage, the universal agent is love, by whose power all good and evil is distributed, and every action quickened or retarded. To bring a lover, a lady, and a rival, into the fable; to entangle them in contradictory obligations, perplex them with oppositions of interest, and harass them with violence of desires inconsistent with each other; to make them meet in rapture, and part in agony; to fill their mouths with hyperbolical joy and outrageous sorrow; to distress them as nothing human ever was distressed, to deliver them as nothing human was ever delivered, — is the business of a modern dramatist. For this, probability is violated, life is misrepresented, and language is depraved. But love is only one of many passions; and, as it has no great influence upon the sum of life, it has little operation in the dramas of a poet who caught his ideas from the living world, and exhibited only what he saw before him. He knew that any other passion, as it was regular or exorbitant, was a cause of happiness or calamity.

This, therefore, is the praise of Shakspeare, — that his drama is the mirror of life; that he who has mazed his imagination in following the phantoms which other writers raise up before him may here be cured of his delirious ecstasies by reading human sentiments in human language, by scenes from which a hermit may estimate the transactions of the world, and a confessor predict the progress of the passions.

Shakspeare's plays are not, in the rigorous and critical sense, either tragedies or comedies, but compositions of a distinct kind, exhibiting the real state of sublunary nature, which partakes of good and evil, joy and sorrow, mingled with endless variety of proportion and innumerable modes of combination, and expressing the course of the world, in which the loss of one is the gain

of another; in which, at the same time, the reveler is hasting to his wine, and the mourner burying his friend; in which the malignity of one is sometimes defeated by the frolic of another; and many mischiefs and many benefits are done and hindered without design.

Shakspeare has united the powers of exciting laughter and sorrow, not only in one mind, but in one composition. Almost all his plays are divided between serious and ludicrous characters, and, in the successive evolutions of the design, sometimes produce seriousness and sorrow, and sometimes levity and laughter.

That this is a practice contrary to the rules of criticism will be readily allowed; but there is always an appeal open from criticism to nature. The end of writing is to instruct; the end of poetry is to instruct by pleasing. That the mingled drama may convey all the instruction of tragedy or comedy can not be denied, because it includes both in its alternations of exhibition, and approaches nearer than either to the appearance of life by showing how great machinations and slender designs may promote or obviate one another, and the high and the low co-operate in the general system by unavoidable concatenation.

The force of his comic scenes has suffered little diminution from the changes made by a century and a half in manners or in words. As his personages act upon principles arising from genuine passion very little modified by particular forms, their pleasures and vexations are communicable to all times and to all places: they are natural, and therefore durable. The adventitious peculiarities of personal habits are only superficial dyes, bright and pleasing for a little while, yet soon fading to a dim tint, without any remains of former luster: but the discriminations of true passion are the colors of Nature; they pervade the whole mass, and can only perish with the body that exhibits them. The accidental compositions of heterogeneous modes are dissolved by the chance which combined them; but the uniform simplicity of primitive qualities neither admits increase, nor suffers decay. The sand heaped by one flood is scattered by another; but the rock always continues in its place. *The stream of time, which is continually washing the dissoluble fabrics of other poets, passes without injury by the adamant of Shakspeare.*

Preface to Shakspeare.

DAVID HUME.

1711-1776.

Famous author of "History of England;" Moral and Political Essays. Style remarkable for simplicity of expression and logical clearness. We select from his writings a topic, not best illustrating his power and style, but as one deserving the pupil's attention.

OF THE STANDARD OF TASTE.

ONE obvious cause why many feel not the proper sentiment of beauty is the want of that delicacy of imagination which is requisite to convey a sensibility of those finer emotions. This delicacy every one pretends to: every one talks of it, and would reduce every kind of taste or sentiment to its standard. But, as our intention in this essay is to mingle some light of the understanding with the feelings of sentiment, it will be proper to give a more accurate definition of delicacy than has hitherto been attempted. And, not to draw our philosophy from too profound a source, we shall have recourse to a noted story in "Don Quixote."

"It is with good reason," says Sancho to the squire with the great nose, "that I pretend to have a judgment in wine: this is a quality hereditary in our family. Two of my kinsmen were once called to give their opinion of a hogshead which was supposed to be excellent, being old and of a good vintage. One of them tastes it, considers it, and, after mature reflection, pronounces the wine to be good, were it not for a small taste of leather which he perceived in it. The other, after using the same precautions, gives also his verdict in favor of the wine, but with the reserve of a taste of iron which he could easily distinguish. You can not imagine how much they were both ridiculed for their judgment. But who laughed in the end? On emptying the hogshead, there was found at the bottom an old key with a leathern thong tied to it."

The great resemblance between mental and bodily taste will easily teach us to apply this story. Though it be certain that beauty and deformity, more than sweet and bitter, are not qualities in objects, but belong entirely to the sentiment, internal or external, it must be allowed that there are certain qualities in objects, which are fitted by nature to produce those particular feelings. Now, as these qualities may be found in a small degree, or may be mixed and confounded with each other, it often happens that the taste is not affected with such minute qualities, or is not able to distinguish all the particular flavors amidst the disorder in which they are presented. Where the organs are so

fine as to allow nothing to escape them, and at the same time so exact as to perceive every ingredient in the composition, — this we call delicacy of taste, whether we employ these terms in the literal or metaphorical sense. Here, then, the general rules of beauty are of use, being drawn from established morals, and from the observation of what pleases or displeases when presented singly and in a high degree; and if the same qualities, in a continued composition and in a smaller degree, affect not the organs with a sensible delight or uneasiness, we exclude the person from all pretensions to this delicacy. To produce these general rules or avowed patterns of composition is like finding the key with the leathern thong, which justified the verdict of Sancho's kinsmen, and confounded those pretended judges who had condemned them. Though the hogshead had never been emptied, the taste of the one was still equally delicate, and that of the other still equally dull and languid; but it would have been more difficult to have proved the superiority of the former to the conviction of every bystander. In like manner, though the beauties of writing had never been methodized, or reduced to general principles, though no excellent models had ever been acknowledged, the different degrees of taste would still have subsisted, and the judgment of one man been preferable to that of another; but it would not have been so easy to silence the bad critic, who might always insist upon his particular sentiment, and refuse to submit to his antagonist. But when we show him an avowed principle of art; when we illustrate this principle by examples whose operation, from his own particular taste, he acknowledges to be conformable to the principle; when we prove that the same principle may be applied to the present case, where he did not perceive or feel its influence, — he must conclude, upon the whole, that the fault lies in himself, and that he wants the delicacy which is requisite to make him sensible of every beauty and every blemish in any composition or discourse.

It is acknowledged to be the perfection of every sense or faculty, to perceive with exactness its most minute objects, and allow nothing to escape its notice and observation. The smaller the objects are which become sensible to the eye, the finer is that organ, and the more elaborate its make and composition. A good palate is not tried by strong flavors, but by a mixture of small ingredients, where we are still sensible of each part, notwithstanding its minuteness, and its confusion with the rest. In like manner, a quick and acute perception of beauty and deformity must be the perfection of our mental taste; nor can a man be satisfied with himself while he suspects that any excellence or blemish in a discourse has passed him unobserved. In this case, the perfection of the man, and the perfection of the sense or feeling, are

found to be united. A very delicate palate, on many occasions, may be a great inconvenience both to a man himself and to his friends; but a delicate taste of wit or beauty must always be a desirable quality, because it is the source of all the finest and most innocent enjoyments of which human nature is susceptible. In this decision, the sentiments of all mankind are agreed. Wherever you can ascertain a delicacy of taste, it is sure to meet with approbation; and the best way of ascertaining it is to appeal to those models and principles which have been established by the uniform consent and experience of nations and ages.

But, though there be naturally a wide difference in point of delicacy between one person and another, nothing tends further to increase and improve this talent than practice in a particular art, and the frequent survey or contemplation of a particular species of beauty. When objects of any kind are first presented to the eye or imagination, the sentiment which attends them is obscure and confused, and the mind is, in a great measure, incapable of pronouncing concerning their merits or defects. The taste can not perceive the several excellences of the performance; much less distinguish the particular character of each excellency, and ascertain its quality and degree. If it pronounce the whole in general to be beautiful or deformed, it is the utmost that can be expected; and even this judgment a person so unpracticed will be apt to deliver with great hesitation and reserve. But allow him to acquire experience in those objects, his feeling becomes more exact and nice. He not only perceives the beauties and defects of each part, but marks the distinguishing species of each quality, and assigns it suitable praise or blame. A clear and distinct sentiment attends him through the whole survey of the objects; and he discerns that very degree and kind of approbation or displeasure which each part is naturally fitted to produce. The mist dissipates which seemed formerly to hang over the object. The organ acquires greater perfection in its operations, and can pronounce, without danger of mistake, concerning the merits of every performance. In a word, the same address and dexterity which practice gives to the execution of any work is acquired by the same means in the judging of it.

So advantageous is practice to the discernment of beauty, that, before we can give judgment on any work of importance, it will even be requisite that that very individual performance be more than once perused by us, and be surveyed in different lights with attention and deliberation. There is a flutter or hurry of thought which attends the first perusal of any piece, and which confounds the genuine sentiment of beauty. The relation of the parts is not discerned; the true characters of style are little distinguished; the several perfections and defects seem wrapped up

in a species of confusion, and present themselves indistinctly to the imagination: not to mention that there is a species of beauty, which, as it is florid and superficial, pleases at first, but, being found incompatible with a just expression either of reason or passion, soon palls upon the taste, and is then rejected with disdain; at least, rated at a much lower value.

It is impossible to continue in the practice of contemplating any order of beauty without being frequently obliged to form comparisons between the several species and degrees of excellence, and estimating their proportion to each other. A man who has had no opportunity of comparing the different kinds of beauty is indeed totally unqualified to pronounce an opinion with regard to any object presented to him. By comparison alone, we fix the epithets of praise or blame, and learn how to assign the due degree of each. The coarsest daubing contains a certain luster of colors, and exactness of imitation, which are so far beauties, and would affect the mind of a peasant or Indian with the highest admiration. The most vulgar ballads are not entirely destitute of harmony or nature; and none but a person familiarized to superior beauties would pronounce their numbers harsh, or narration uninteresting. A great inferiority of beauty gives pain to a person conversant in the highest excellence of the kind, and is, for that reason, pronounced a deformity; as the most finished object with which we are acquainted is naturally supposed to have reached the pinnacle of perfection, and to be entitled to the highest applause. One accustomed to see and examine and weigh the several performances admired in different ages and nations can alone rate the merits of a work exhibited to his view, and assign its proper rank among the productions of genius.

But, to enable a critic the more fully to execute this undertaking, he must preserve his mind free from all prejudice, and allow nothing to enter into his consideration but the very object which is submitted to his examination. We may observe, that every work of art, in order to produce its due effect on the mind, must be surveyed in a certain point of view, and can not be fully relished by persons whose situation, real or imaginary, is not conformable to that which is required by the performance. An orator addresses himself to a particular audience, and must have a regard to their particular genius, interests, opinions, passions, and prejudices; otherwise he hopes in vain to govern their resolutions, and inflame their affections. Should they even have entertained some prepossessions against him, however unreasonable, he must not overlook this disadvantage, but, before he enters upon the subject, must endeavor to conciliate their affection, and acquire their good graces. A critic of a different age or nation who should peruse this discourse must have all these circumstances in

his eye, and must place himself in the same situation as the audience, in order to form a true judgment of the oration. In like manner, when any work is addressed to the public, though I should have a friendship or enmity with the author, I must depart from this situation, and, considering myself as a man in general, forget, if possible, my individual being and my peculiar circumstances. A person influenced by prejudice complies not with this condition, but obstinately maintains his natural position without placing himself in that point of view which the performance supposes. If the work be addressed to persons of a different age or nation, he makes no allowance for their peculiar views and prejudices, but, full of the manners of his own age and country, rashly condemns what seemed admirable in the eyes of those for whom alone the discourse was calculated. If the work be executed for the public, he never sufficiently enlarges his comprehension, or forgets his interest as a friend or enemy, as a rival or commentator. By this means, his sentiments are perverted; nor have the same beauties and blemishes the same influence upon him as if he had imposed a proper violence on his imagination, and had forgotten himself for a moment. So far, his taste evidently departs from the true standard, and, of consequence, loses all credit and authority.

It is well known, that, in all questions submitted to the understanding, prejudice is destructive of sound judgment, and perverts all operations of the intellectual faculties: it is no less contrary to good taste; nor has it less influence to corrupt our sentiment of beauty. It belongs to *good sense* to check its influence in both cases; and in this respect, as well as in many others, reason, if not an essential part of taste, is at least requisite to the operations of this latter faculty. In all the nobler productions of genius, there is a mutual relation and correspondence of parts; nor can either the beauties or blemishes be perceived by him whose thought is not capacious enough to comprehend all those parts, and compare them with each other, in order to perceive the consistence and uniformity of the whole. Every work of art has also a certain end or purpose for which it is calculated, and is to be deemed more or less perfect as it is more or less fitted to attain this end. The object of eloquence is to persuade; of history, to instruct; of poetry, to please by means of the passions and the imagination. These ends we must carry constantly in our view when we peruse any performance; and we must be able to judge how far the means employed are adapted to their respective purposes. Besides, every kind of composition, even the most poetical, is nothing but a chain of propositions and reasonings; not always, indeed, the justest and most exact, but still plausible and specious, however disguised by the coloring of the imagination.

The persons introduced in tragedy and epic poetry must be represented as reasoning and thinking and concluding and acting suitably to their character and circumstances: and, without judgment as well as taste and invention, a poet can never hope to succeed in so delicate an undertaking; not to mention that the same excellence of faculties which contributes to the improvement of reason, the same clearness of conception, the same exactness of distinction, the same vivacity of apprehension, are essential to the operations of true taste, and are its infallible concomitants. It seldom or never happens that a man of sense who has experience in any art can not judge of its beauty; and it is no less rare to meet with a man who has a just taste without a sound understanding.

Thus, though the principles of taste be universal, and nearly, if not entirely, the same in all men, yet few are qualified to give judgment on any work of art, or establish their own sentiments as the standard of beauty. The organs of internal sensation are seldom so perfect as to allow the general principles their full play, and produce a feeling correspondent to those principles. They either labor under some defect, or are vitiated by some disorder, and by that means excite a sentiment which may be pronounced erroneous. When the critic has no delicacy, he judges without any distinction, and is only affected by the grosser and more palpable qualities of the object: the finer touches pass unnoticed and disregarded. Where he is not aided by practice, his verdict is attended with confusion and hesitation. Where no comparison has been employed, the most frivolous beauties, such as rather merit the name of defects, are the object of his admiration. Where he lies under the influence of prejudice, all his natural sentiments are perverted. Where good sense is wanting, he is not qualified to discern the beauties of design and reasoning which are the highest and most excellent. Under some or other of these imperfections, the generality of men labor; and hence a true judge in the finer arts is observed, even during the most polished ages, to be so rare a character. Strong sense, united to delicate sentiment, improved by practice, perfected by comparison, and cleared of all prejudice, can alone entitle critics to this valuable character; and the joint verdict of such, wherever they are to be found, is the true standard of taste and beauty.

But where are such critics to be found? By what marks are they to be known? How distinguish them from pretenders? These questions are embarrassing, and seem to throw us back into the same uncertainty from which, during the course of this essay, we have endeavored to extricate ourselves.

But, if we consider the matter aright, these are questions of fact, not of sentiment. Whether any particular person be en-

dowed with good sense and a delicate imagination, free from prejudice, may often be the subject of dispute, and be liable to great discussion and inquiry; but that such a character is valuable and estimable will be agreed in by all mankind. Where these doubts occur, men can do no more than in other disputable questions which are submitted to the understanding: they must produce the best arguments that their invention suggests to them; they must acknowledge a true and decisive standard to exist somewhere, — to wit, real existence and matter of fact; and they must have indulgence to such as differ from them in their appeals to this standard. It is sufficient for our present purpose if we have proved that the taste of all individuals is not upon an equal footing, and that some men in general, however difficult to be particularly pitched upon, will be acknowledged by universal sentiment to have a preference above others.

But, in reality, the difficulty of finding, even in particulars, the standard of taste, is not so great as it is represented. Though in speculation we may readily allow a certain criterion in science, and deny it in sentiment, the matter is found, in practice, to be much more hard to ascertain in the former case than in the latter. Theories of abstract philosophy, systems of profound theology, have prevailed during one age: in a successive period, these have been universally exploded; their absurdity has been detected; other theories and systems have supplied their place, which again gave place to their successors; and nothing has been experienced more liable to the revolutions of chance and fashion than these pretended decisions of science. The case is not the same with the beauties of eloquence and poetry. Just expressions of passion and nature are sure, after a little time, to gain public applause, which they maintain for ever. Aristotle and Plato and Epicurus and Descartes may successively yield to each other; but Terence and Virgil maintain a universal, undisputed empire over the minds of men. The abstract philosophy of Cicero has lost its credit: the vehemence of his oratory is still the object of our admiration. Though men of delicate taste be rare, they are easily to be distinguished in society by the soundness of their understanding and the superiority of their faculties above the rest of mankind. The ascendant which they acquire gives a prevalence to that lively approbation with which they receive any productions of genius, and renders it generally predominant. Many men, when left to themselves, have but a faint and dubious perception of beauty, who yet are capable of relishing any fine stroke which is pointed out to them. Every convert to the admiration of the real poet or orator is the cause of some new conversion. And, though prejudices may prevail for a time, they never unite in celebrating any rival to the true genius, but yield at last to the

force and just sentiment. Thus, though a civilized nation may easily be mistaken in the choice of their admired philosopher, they never have been found long to err in their affection for a favorite epic or tragic author. But notwithstanding all our endeavors to fix a standard of taste, and reconcile the discordant apprehensions of men, there still remain two sources of variation, which are not sufficient, indeed, to confound all the boundaries of beauty and deformity, but will often serve to produce a difference in the degrees of our approbation or blame. The one is the different humors of particular men; the other, the particular manners and opinions of our age and country. The general principles of taste are uniform in human nature: where men vary in their judgments, some defect or perversion in the faculties may commonly be remarked, proceeding either from prejudice, from want of practice, or want of delicacy; and there is just reason for approving one taste, and condemning another. But where there is such a diversity in the internal frame or external situation as is entirely blameless on both sides, and leaves no room to give one the preference above the other, — in that case a certain degree of diversity in judgment is unavoidable, and we seek in vain for a standard by which we can reconcile the contrary sentiments.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

1706-1790.

Distinguished philosopher and statesman; born in Boston, Mass. He has been called, in an age of great men, "the greatest diplomatist of the eighteenth century." "He never spoke a word too soon; he never spoke a word too late; he never spoke a word too much; he never failed to speak the right word in the right place."

THE WAY TO WEALTH.

COURTEOUS reader, I have heard that nothing gives an author so great pleasure as to find his works respectfully quoted by others. Judge, then, how much I must have been gratified by an incident I am going to relate to you. I stopped my horse lately where a great number of people were collected at an auction of merchants' goods. The hour of the sale not being come, they were conversing on the badness of the times; and one of the company called to a plain, clean old man with white locks, "Pray, Father Abraham, what think you of the times? Will not these heavy taxes quite ruin the country? How shall we

ever be able to pay them? What would you advise us to?" Father Abraham stood up, and replied, "If you would have my advice, I will give it you in short; for *A word to the wise is enough*, as Poor Richard says." They joined in desiring him to speak his mind; and, gathering round him, he proceeded as follows: —

"Friends," said he, "the taxes are indeed very heavy: and, if those laid on by the government were the only ones we had to pay, we might more easily discharge them; but we have many others, and much more grievous to some of us. We are taxed twice as much by our idleness, three times as much by our pride, and four times as much by our folly; and from these taxes the commissioners can not ease or deliver us by allowing an abatement. However, let us hearken to good advice, and something may be done for us. *God helps them that help themselves*, as Poor Richard says.

"It would be thought a hard government that should tax its people one-tenth part of their time to be employed in its service; but idleness taxes many of us much more. Sloth, by bringing on diseases, absolutely shortens life. *Sloth, like rust, consumes faster than labor wears; while the used key is always bright*, as Poor Richard says. *But dost thou love life, then do not squander time; for that is the stuff life is made of*, as Poor Richard says. How much more than is necessary do we spend in sleep! forgetting that *The sleeping fox catches no poultry*, and that *There will be sleeping enough in the grave*, as Poor Richard says.

"*If time be of all things the most precious, wasting time must be*, as Poor Richard says, *the greatest prodigality:* since, as he elsewhere tells us, *Lost time is never found again; and what we call time enough always proves little enough.* Let us, then, up and be doing, and doing to the purpose: so by diligence shall we do more with less perplexity.

"But with our industry we must likewise be steady, settled, and careful, and oversee our own affairs with our own eyes, and not trust too much to others; for *Three removes are as bad as a fire.* And again: *Keep thy shop, and thy shop will keep thee.* And again: *If you would have your business done, go; if not, send.*

"So much for industry, my friends, and attention to one's own business; but to these we must add frugality if we would make our industry more certainly successful. A man may, if he knows not how to save as he gets, keep his nose all his life to the grindstone, and die not worth a groat at last. *A fat kitchen makes a lean will.*

"Away, then, with your expensive follies, and you will not then have so much cause to complain of hard times, heavy taxes, and chargeable families.

"And further: *What maintains one vice would bring up two children.* You may think, perhaps, that a little tea, or a little punch now and then, diet a little more costly, clothes a little finer, and a little entertainment now and then, can be no great matter; but remember, *Many a little makes a mickle.* Beware of little expenses: *A small leak will sink a great ship,* as Poor Richard says. And again: *Who dainties love shall beggars prove;* and, moreover, *Fools make feasts, and wise men eat them.*

"Here you are all got together at this sale of fineries and knick-knacks. You call them *goods;* but, if you do not take care, they will prove *evils* to some of you. You expect they will be sold cheap; and perhaps they may for less than they cost: but, if you have no occasion for them, they must be dear to you. Remember what Poor Richard says: *Buy what thou hast no need of, and ere long thou shalt sell thy necessaries.* And again: *At a great pennyworth pause a while.* He means that perhaps the cheapness is apparent only, and not real; or the bargain, by straitening thee in thy business, may do thee more harm than good. For in another place he says, *Many have been ruined by buying good pennyworths.* Again: *It is foolish to lay out money in a purchase of repentance;* and yet this folly is practiced every day at auctions for want of minding 'The Almanac.' Many a one, for the sake of finery on the back, have gone with a hungry belly, and half starved their families. *Silks and satins, scarlet and velvets, put out the kitchen-fire,* as Poor Richard says.

"But what madness must it be to *run in debt* for these superfluities! We are offered by the terms of this sale six months' credit; and that, perhaps, has induced some of us to attend it, because we can not spare the ready money, and hope now to be fine without it. But, ah! think what you do when you run in debt: you give to another power over your liberty. If you can not pay at the time, you will be ashamed to see your creditor; you will be in fear when you speak to him; you will make poor, pitiful, sneaking excuses, and by degrees come to lose your veracity, and sink into base, downright lying; for *The second vice is lying, the first is running in debt,* as Poor Richard says. And again, to the same purpose: *Lying rides upon debt's back;* whereas a free-born Englishman ought not to be ashamed nor afraid to see or speak to any man living. But poverty often deprives a man of all spirit and virtue. *It is hard for an empty bag to stand upright.*

"What would you think of that prince, or of that government, who should issue an edict forbidding you to dress like a gentleman or gentlewoman, on pain of imprisonment or servitude? Would you not say that you were free, have a right to dress as you please, and that such an edict would be a breach of your privileges, and

such a government tyrannical? And yet you are about to put yourself under such tyranny when you run in debt for such dress. Your creditor has authority, at his pleasure, to deprive you of your liberty, or by confining you in jail, till you shall be able to pay him. When you have got your bargain, you may perhaps think little of payment; but, as Poor Richard says, *Creditors have better memories than debtors: creditors are a superstitious sect, great observers of set days and times.* The day comes round before you are aware; and the demand is made before you are prepared to satisfy it: or, if you bear your debt in mind, the term which at first seemed so long, will, as it lessens, appear extremely short. Time will seem to have added wings to his heels as well as his shoulders. *Those have a short Lent who owe money to be paid at Easter.* At present, perhaps you may think yourselves in thriving circumstances, and that you can bear a little extravagance without injury: but

For age and want save while you may;
No morning sun lasts a whole day.

Gain may be temporary and uncertain; but ever, while you live, expense is constant and certain: and *It is easier to build two chimneys than to keep one in fuel,* as Poor Richard says; so *Rather go to bed supperless than rise in debt.*

"This doctrine, my friends, is reason and wisdom. But, after all, do not depend too much upon your own industry and frugality and prudence, though excellent things; for they may all be blasted, without the blessing of Heaven: and, therefore, ask that blessing humbly, and be not uncharitable to those that at present seem to want it, but comfort and help them. Remember, Job suffered, and was afterwards prosperous."

Thus the old gentleman ended his harangue. I resolved to be the better for it; and, though I had at first determined to buy stuff for a new coat, I went away resolved to wear my old one a little longer. Reader, if thou wilt do the same, thy profit will be as great as mine. I am, as ever, thine to serve thee,

RICHARD SAUNDERS.

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*A PARABLE AGAINST PERSECUTION.**

1. AND it came to pass, after these things, that Abraham sat in the door of his tent about the going-down of the sun.

* The substance of this beautiful parable was not original with Franklin; for Jeremy Taylor gives it as taken from the "Jews' Book," and it is traced back centuries farther. The true author is not known; but it never attracted general attention, until, in the hands of Franklin, it assumed the scriptural style. Franklin was in the habit of amusing himself by reading it to divines and others well versed in the Scriptures, and obtaining their opinions upon it, which were sometimes very diverting.

2. And, behold, a man bowed with age came from the way of the wilderness, leaning on a staff.

3. And Abraham arose and met him, and said unto him, "Turn in, I pray thee, and wash thy feet, and tarry all night; and thou shalt arise early on the morrow, and go on thy way."

4. But the man said, "Nay; for I will abide under this tree."

5. And Abraham pressed him greatly: so he turned, and they went into the tent. And Abraham baked unleavened bread; and they did eat.

6. And, when Abraham saw that the man blessed not God, he said unto him, "Wherefore dost thou not worship the most high God, Creator of heaven and earth?"

7. And the man answered, and said, "I do not worship the God thou speakest of, neither do I call upon his name; for I have made to myself a god which abideth alway in mine house, and provideth me with all things."

8. And Abraham's zeal was kindled against the man; and he arose, and fell upon him, and drove him forth with blows into the wilderness.

9. And at midnight God called unto Abraham, saying, "Abraham, where is the stranger?"

10. And Abraham answered, and said, "Lord, he would not worship thee, neither would he call upon thy name: therefore have I driven him out from before my face into the wilderness."

11. And God said, "Have I borne with him these hundred, ninety, and eight years, and nourished him and clothed him, notwithstanding his rebellion against me, and couldst not thou, that art thyself a sinner, bear with him one night?"

12. And Abraham said, "Let not the anger of the Lord wax hot against his servant. Lo, I have sinned; lo, I have sinned: forgive me, I pray thee."

13. And Abraham arose, and went forth into the wilderness, and sought diligently for the man, and found him, and returned with him to the tent; and, when he had entreated him kindly, he sent him away on the morrow with gifts.

14. And God spake again unto Abraham, saying, "For this thy sin shall thy seed be afflicted four hundred years in a strange land:

15. "But for thy repentance will I deliver them; and they shall come forth with power, and with gladness of heart, and with much substance."

THE WHISTLE.

When I was a child at seven years old, my friends on a holiday filled my little pocket with coppers. I went directly to a shop where they sold toys for children; and, being charmed with

the sound of a *whistle* that I met by the way in the hands of another boy, I voluntarily offered him all my money for one. I then came home, and went whistling all over the house, much pleased with my *whistle*, but disturbing all the family. My brothers and sisters and cousins, understanding the bargain I had made, told me I had given four times as much for it as it was worth. This put me in mind what good things I might have bought with the rest of my money: and they laughed at me so much for my folly, that I cried with vexation; and the reflection gave me more chagrin than the *whistle* gave me pleasure.

This, however, was afterwards of use to me, the impression continuing on my mind: so that often, when I was tempted to buy some unnecessary thing, I said to myself, *Don't give too much for the whistle;* and so I saved my money.

As I grew up, came into the world, and observed the actions of men, I thought I met with many, very many, *who gave too much for the whistle.*

When I saw any one too ambitious of court-favor, sacrificing his time in attendance at levees, his repose, his liberty, his virtue, and perhaps his friends, to attain it, I have said to myself, *This man gives too much for his whistle.*

When I saw another fond of popularity, constantly employing himself in political bustles, neglecting his own affairs, and ruining them by that neglect, *He pays, indeed,* says I, *too much for his whistle.*

If I knew a miser who gave up every kind of comfortable living, all the pleasure of doing good to others, all the esteem of his fellow-citizens, and the joys of benevolent friendship, for the sake of accumulating wealth, *Poor man,* says I, *you do, indeed, pay too much for your whistle.*

When I meet a man of pleasure sacrificing every laudable improvement of the mind or of his fortune to mere corporeal sensations, *Mistaken man,* says I, *you are providing pain for yourself instead of pleasure: you give too much for your whistle.*

If I see one fond of fine clothes, fine furniture, fine equipages (all above his fortune), for which he contracts debts, and ends his career in prison, *Alas!* says I, *he has paid dear, very dear, for his whistle.*

When I see a beautiful, sweet-tempered girl married to an ill-natured brute of a husband, *What a pity it is,* says I, *that she has paid so much for a whistle!*

In short, I conceived that a great part of the miseries of mankind were brought upon them by the false estimates they had made of the value of things, and by their giving too much for their *whistles.*

TURNING THE GRINDSTONE.

WHEN I was a little boy, I remember one cold winter's morning I was accosted by a smiling man with an ax on his shoulder. "My pretty boy," said he, "has your father a grindstone?"—"Yes, sir," said I. "You are a fine little fellow," said he: "will you let me grind my ax on it?" Pleased with the compliment of "Fine little fellow!" "Oh, yes, sir!" I answered: "it is down in the shop."—"And will you, my man," said he, patting me on the head, "get me a little hot water?" How could I refuse? I ran, and soon brought a kettleful. "How old are you? and what's your name?" continued he, without waiting for a reply. "I am sure you are one of the finest lads that ever I have seen: will you just turn a few minutes for me?"

Tickled with the flattery, like a little fool, I went to work; and bitterly did I rue the day. It was a new ax; and I toiled and tugged till I was almost tired to death. The school-bell rang, and I could not get away: my hands were blistered; and the ax was not half ground. At length, however, it was sharpened; and the man turned to me with, "Now, you little rascal, you've played truant: scud to the school, or you'll buy it!"—"Alas!" thought I, "it is hard enough to turn a grindstone this cold day; but now to be called a little rascal is too much."

It sank deep in my mind; and often have I thought of it since. When I see a merchant over-polite to his customers, begging them to take a little brandy, and throwing his goods on the counter, thinks I, "That man has an ax to grind." When I see a man flattering the people, making great professions of attachment to liberty, who is in private life a tyrant, methinks, "Look out, good people! that fellow would set you turning grindstones."

When I see a man hoisted into office by party-spirit, without a single qualification to render him either respectable or useful, "Alas," methinks, "deluded people! you are doomed for a season to turn the grindstone for a booby."

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

1728–1774.

The kind-hearted, genial author of "The Vicar of Wakefield," "The Deserted Village," "The Traveler," and the two comedies, "The Good-natured Man" and "She Stoops to Conquer," "Histories of England, Greece, and Rome," and "The Earth and Animated Nature." Everybody loves Goldsmith and Irving.

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

SWEET Auburn, loveliest village of the plain!
Where health and plenty cheered the laboring swain;
Where smiling Spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting Summer's lingering blooms delayed, —
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please, —
How often have I loitered o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endeared each scene!
How often have I paused on every charm! —
The sheltered cot; the cultivated farm;
The never-failing brook; the busy mill;
The decent church that topt the neighboring hill;
The hawthorn-bush, with seats beneath the shade
For talking age and whispering lovers made.
How often have I blessed the coming day
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labor free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree,
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old surveyed,
And many a gambol frolicked o'er the ground,
And sleights of art and feats of strength went round!
And still, as each repeated pleasure tired,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired, —
The dancing pair that simply sought renown
By holding out to tire each other down;
The swain, mistrustless of his smutted face,
While secret laughter tittered round the place;
The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love;
The matron's glance that would those looks reprove.
These were thy charms, sweet village! sports like these,
With sweet succession, taught even toil to please.
These round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed;
These were thy charms, — but all these charms are fled.
Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn!
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn.
Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
And desolation saddens all thy green:
One only master grasps the whole domain,
And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain.
No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
But, choked with sedges, works its weary way.
Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest;
Amidst thy desert-walks the lapwing flies,
And tires their echoes with unvaried cries;
Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all;
And the long grass o'ertops the moldering wall;
And trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
Far, far away, thy children leave the land.

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay:
Princes and lords may flourish or may fade,
(A breath can make them, as a breath has made;)
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed, can never be supplied.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintained its man:
For him light Labor spread her wholesome store,
Just gave what life required, but gave no more;
His best companions, innocence and health;
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

But times are altered: Trade's unfeeling train
Usurp the land, and dispossess the swain.
Along the lawn where scattered hamlets rose,
Unwieldy wealth and cumbrous pomp repose,
And every want to luxury allied,
And every pang that folly pays to pride.
Those gentle hours that Plenty bade to bloom;
Those calm desires that asked but little room;
Those healthful sports that graced the peaceful scene,
Lived in each look, and brightened all the green, —
These, far departing, seek a kinder shore;
And rural mirth and manners are no more.

Sweet Auburn, parent of the blissful hour!
Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power.
Here as I take my solitary rounds
Amidst thy tangling walks and ruined grounds,
And, many a year elapsed, return to view
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,
Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

In all my wanderings round this world of care,
In all my griefs, — and God has given my share, —
I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down;
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting by repose.
I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,
Amidst the swains to show my book-learned skill;
Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt and all I saw:
And as a hare, whom hounds and horns pursue,
Pants for the place from whence at first she flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return, and die at home at last.

O blest retirement, friend to life's decline,
Retreat from cares, that never must be mine!
How blest is he who crowns, in shades like these,
A youth of labor with an age of ease;
Who quits a world where strong tempations try,
And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly!

For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
Explore the mine, or tempt the dangerous deep;
No surly porter stands in guilty state
To spurn imploring Famine from the gate:
But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending Virtue's friend;
Sinks to the grave with unperceived decay,
While Resignation gently slopes the way;
And, all his prospects brightening to the last,
His heaven commences ere the world be passed.
Sweet was the sound, when oft, at evening's close,
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose!
There as I passed with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came softened from below:
The swain responsive as the milk-maid sung,
The sober herd that lowed to meet their young,
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school,
The watch-dog's voice that bayed the whispering wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind,—
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And filled each pause the nightingale had made.
But now the sounds of population fail;
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale;
No busy steps the grass-grown footway tread;
For all the blooming flush of life is fled,—
All but yon widowed, solitary thing
That feebly bends beside the plashy spring:
She, wretched matron! forced in age, for bread,
To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,
To pick her wintry fagot from the thorn,
To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn,—
She only left of all the harmless train,
The sad historian of the pensive plain!
Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden-flower grows wild,—
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year.
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change, his place:
Unpracticed he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,—
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train:
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain.
The long-remembered beggar was his guest,
Whose beard, descending, swept his aged breast;
The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed;

The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talked the night away,
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
Shouldered his crutch, and showed how fields were won.
Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe:
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride;
And e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side.
But in his duty, prompt at every call,
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt, for all;
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismayed,
The reverend champion stood. At his control,
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise;
And his last faltering accents whispered praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place:
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway;
And fools who came to scoff remained to pray.
The service passed, around the pious man,
With ready zeal, each honest rustic ran:
E'en children followed with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown to share the good man's smile.
His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed:
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distressed.
To them his heart, his love, his griefs, were given;
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way
With blossomed furze unprofitably gay, —
There, in his noisy mansion, skilled to rule,
The village master taught his little school.
A man severe he was, and stern to view:
I knew him well, and every truant knew.
Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face;
Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes (for many a joke had he);
Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned.
Yet he was kind; or if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault.

The village all declared how much he knew:
'Twas certain he could write, and cipher too;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage;
And e'en the story ran that he could gauge.
In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill;
For, e'en though vanquished, he could argue still:
While words of learned length and thundering sound
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around;
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all he knew.

But passed is all his fame; the very spot
Where many a time he triumphed is forgot.
Near yonder thorn that lifts its head on high,
Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,
Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspired;
Where gray-beard mirth and smiling toil retired;
Where village statesmen talked with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round.
Imagination fondly stoops to trace
The parlor splendors of that festive place, —
The white-washed wall; the nicely-sanded floor;
The varnished clock that clicked behind the door;
The chest, contrived a double debt to pay, —
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day;
The pictures placed for ornament and use;
The twelve good rules; the royal game of goose;
The hearth, except when winter chilled the day,
With aspen-boughs and flowers and fennel gay;
While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show,
Ranged o'er the chimney, glistened in a row.

Vain, transitory splendors! could not all
Reprieve the tottering mansion from its fall?
Obscure it sinks; nor shall it more impart
An hour's importance to the poor man's heart:
Thither no more the peasant shall repair
To sweet oblivion of his daily care;
No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
No more the woodman's ballad, shall prevail;
No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,
Relax his ponderous strength, and lean to hear;
The host himself no longer shall be found
Careful to see the mantling bliss go round;
Nor the coy maid, half willing to be pressed,
Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.

Yes! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
These simple blessings of the lowly train:
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art.
Spontaneous joys where Nature has its play,
The soul adopts, and owns their first-born sway;
Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
Unenvied, unmolested, unconfined:

But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,
With all the freaks of wanton wealth arrayed, —
In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,
The toiling pleasure sickens into pain;
And, even while Fashion's brightest arts decoy,
The heart distrusting asks if this be joy.

Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen who survey
The rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay!
'Tis yours to judge how wide the limits stand
Between a splendid and a happy land.
Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,
And shouting Folly hails them from her shore;
Hoards even beyond the miser's wish abound;
And rich men flock from all the world around.
Yet count our gains: this wealth is but a name,
That leaves our useful products still the same.
Not so the loss. The man of wealth and pride
Takes up a space that many poor supplied, —
Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds;
Space for his horses, equipage, and hounds:
The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth
Has robbed the neighboring fields of half their growth;
His seat, where solitary spots are seen,
Indignant spurns the cottage from the green;
Around the world each needful product flies
For all the luxuries the world supplies;
While thus the land, adorned for pleasure, all,
In barren splendor, feebly waits the fall.

As some fair female, unadorned and plain,
Secure to please while youth confirms her reign,
Slights every borrowed charm that dress supplies,
Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes;
But when those charms are passed, for charms are frail,
When time advances, and when lovers fail,
She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,
In all the glaring impotence of dress.
Thus fares the land by luxury betrayed:
In Nature's simplest charms at first arrayed,
But verging to decline, its splendors rise,
Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise;
While, scourged by famine, from the smiling land
The mournful peasant leads his humble band;
And while he sinks, without one arm to save,
The country blooms, — a garden and a grave.

Where, then, ah! where, shall Poverty reside,
To 'scape the pressure of contiguous pride?
If to some common's fenceless limits strayed
He drives his flocks to pick the scanty blade,
Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide;
And even the bare-worn common is denied.

If to the city sped, what waits him there?
To see profusion that he must not share;

To see ten thousand baneful arts combined
To pamper luxury and thin mankind;
To see each joy the sons of Pleasure know
Extorted from his fellow-creatures' woe.
Here while the courtier glitters in brocade,
There the pale artist plies the sickly trade;
Here while the proud their long-drawn pomps display,
There the black gibbet glooms beside the way;
The dome where Pleasure holds her midnight reign,
Here, richly decked, admits the gorgeous train;
Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing square,
The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare.
Sure scenes like these no troubles e'er annoy;
Sure these denote one universal joy!
Are these thy serious thoughts? Ah! turn thine eyes
Where the poor, houseless, shivering female lies.
She once, perhaps, in village plenty blessed,
Has wept at tales of innocence distressed:
Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn;
Now lost to all, her friends, her virtue, fled,
Near her betrayer's door she lays her head,
And pinched with cold, and shrinking from the shower,
With heavy heart deplores that luckless hour
When idly first, ambitious of the town,
She left her wheel, and robes of country brown.
Do thine, sweet Auburn! thine, the loveliest train,—
Do thy fair tribes participate her pain?
Even now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,
At proud men's doors they ask a little bread.
Ah, no! to distant climes, a dreary scene,
Where half the convex world intrudes between,
Through torrid tracks with fainting steps they go,
Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe.
Far different there from all that charmed before,
The various terrors of that horrid shore,—
Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray,
And fiercely shed intolerable day;
Those matted woods where birds forget to sing,
But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling;
Those poisonous fields with rank luxuriance crowned,
Where the dark scorpion gathers death around;
Where at each step the stranger fears to wake
The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake;
Where crouching tigers wait their hapless prey,
And savage men more murderous still than they;
While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,
Mingling the ravaged landscape with the skies.
Far different these from every former scene,—
The cooling brook, the grassy-vested green,
The breezy covert of the warbling grove,
That only sheltered thefts of harmless love.

Good Heaven! what sorrows gloomed that parting day
That called them from their native walks away,
When the poor exiles, every pleasure past,
Hung round the bowers, and fondly looked their last,
And took a long farewell, and wished in vain
For seats like these beyond the western main,
And, shuddering still to face the distant deep,
Returned and wept, and still returned to weep!
The good old sire the first prepared to go
To new-found worlds, and wept for others' woe;
But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,
He only wished for worlds beyond the grave.
His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,
The fond companion of his helpless years,
Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
And left a lover's for her father's arms.
With louder plaints the mother spoke her woes,
And blessed the cot where every pleasure rose,
And kissed her thoughtless babes with many a tear,
And clasped them close, in sorrow doubly dear;
Whilst her fond husband strove to lend relief
In all the silent manliness of grief.
O Luxury, thou curst by Heaven's decree!
How ill exchanged are things like these for thee!
How do thy potions, with insidious joy,
Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy!
Kingdoms by thee, to sickly greatness grown,
Boast of a florid vigor not their own:
At every draught, more large and large they grow,
A bloated mass of rank, unwieldy woe;
Till, sapped their strength, and every part unsound,
Down, down, they sink, and spread a ruin round.
E'en now the devastation is begun,
And half the business of destruction done;
E'en now, methinks, as pondering here I stand,
I see the rural virtues leave the land.
Down where yon anchoring vessel spreads the sail,
That, idly waiting, flaps with every gale,
Downward they move, a melancholy band,
Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand.
Contented toil, and hospitable care,
And kind connubial tenderness, are there,
And piety with wishes placed above,
And steady loyalty, and faithful love.
And thou, sweet Poetry, thou loveliest maid!
Still first to fly where sensual joys invade;
Unfit, in these degenerate times of shame,
To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame;
Dear, charming nymph! neglected and decried,
My shame in crowds, my solitary pride;
Thou source of all my bliss and all my woe,
That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so;

Thou guide, by which the noble arts excel;
Thou nurse of every virtue, — fare thee well!
Farewell! and, oh! where'er thy voice be tried,
On Torno's cliffs, or Pambamarca's side,
Whether where equinoctial fervors glow,
Or Winter wraps the polar world in snow,
Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,
Redress the rigors of the inclement clime;
Aid slighted Truth with thy persuasive strain;
Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain;
Teach him that states of native strength possessed,
Though very poor, may still be very blessed;
That Trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,
As Ocean sweeps the labored mole away;
While self-dependent power can Time defy,
As rocks resist the billows and the sky.

THOMAS GRAY.

1716–1771.

Distinguished as poet and scholar. "Ode to Spring," "The Bard," "The Progress of Poesy," and "Elegy written in a Country Churchyard." His letters are noted for their clear, elegant, and picturesque style.

*ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.**

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day;
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea;
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient, solitary reign.

* The reasons of that universal approbation with which this Elegy has been received may be learned from the comprehensive encomium of Dr. Johnson: "It abounds with images which find a mirror in every soul, and with sentiments to which every bosom returns an echo."

"Had Gray written nothing but his Elegy, high as he stands, I am not sure that he would not stand higher: it is the corner-stone of his glory." — *Lord Byron.*

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a moldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing Morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield;
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke:
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of Heraldry, the pomp of Power,
And all that Beauty, all that Wealth, e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour:
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault
If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honor's voice provoke the silent dust?
Or Flattery soothe the dull, cold ear of death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre:

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of Time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood,
Some mute inglorious Milton, here may rest;
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

The applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade: nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind,

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learned to stray:
Along the cool, sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by the unlettered Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply;
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing, anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies;
Some pious drops the closing eye requires:
E'en from the tomb the voice of Nature cries;
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of the unhonored dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate,
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
"Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

"There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies, he would rove;
Now drooping, woful wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

"One morn I missed him on the customed hill,
Along the heath, and near his favorite tree:
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood, was he:

"The next, with dirges due in sad array,
Slow through the churchway-path we saw him borne:
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown:
Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth;
And Melancholy marked him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere;
Heaven did a recompense as largely send:
He gave to misery (all he had) a tear;
He gained from Heaven ('twas all he wished) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode, —
(There they alike in trembling hope repose,) —
The bosom of his Father and his God.

OTHER DISTINGUISHED WRITERS OF POETRY AND PROSE.

WILLIAM SHENSTONE. — 1714–1763. "Schoolmistress" and "Pastoral Ballad."

WILLIAM COLLINS. — 1721–1759. "Oriental Eclogues," "The Passions," odes to "Liberty" and "Evening," and other fine lyrics.

MARK AKENSIDE. — 1721–1770. "Pleasures of Imagination."

THOMAS WARTON. — 1728–1790. "The Pleasures of Melancholy," and other poems; "History of English Poetry."

JOSEPH WARTON. — 1722–1800. Brother of Thomas, and an inferior poet.

JOHN HORNE. — 1722–1808. Dramatist. "Douglas," and other pieces.

WILLIAM MASON. — 1725–1797. "The English Garden," and "Life and Letters of Gray."

THOMAS PERCY. — 1728–1811. Collected "Reliques of English Poetry."

ERASMUS DARWIN. — 1731–1802. "The Botanic Garden," a poem.

WILLIAM FALCONER. — 1732–1769. "The Shipwreck;" and was himself shipwrecked on "The Aurora."

JAMES BEATTIE. — 1735–1803. "The Minstrel," and other poems.

JAMES MACPHERSON. — 1738–1796. "Fingal," "Temora," and political essays.

CHARLES CHURCHILL. — 1731–1764. "The Rosciad," "Night," "The Prophecy of Famine," and other works.

THOMAS CHATTERTON. — 1752–1770. "Poems of Rowley," a priest of the fifteenth century.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. — 1702–1751. "Family Expositor," and other religious works.

JOHN WESLEY. — 1703–1791. The most eminent of the founders of Methodism. "Journal" and "Hymns."

THOMAS REID. — 1710–1796. Metaphysician. "Inquiry into the Human Mind," and "Essays on the Intellectual and Active Powers of Man."

LAURENCE STERNE. — 1713–1768. "Tristram Shandy" and "The Sentimental Journey." Uncle Toby, Widow Wadman, Corporal Trim, and Dr. Slop, are imperishable characters.

DAVID GARRICK. — 1716–1779. The famous actor. "The Lying Valet," "The Miss in her Teens," and other plays.

HORACE WALPOLE. — 1717–1791. "Castle of Otranto," and lively "Letters and Memoirs" of the time.

HUGH BLAIR. — 1718–1800. "Sermons," and well-known "Rhetorical Lectures."

GILBERT WHITE. — 1720–1793. "The Natural History of Selborne;" an entertaining book.

SAMUEL FOOTE. — 1721–1777. Celebrated actor. "The Minor," "The Mayor of Garratt," and many others.

Sir WILLIAM BLACKSTONE. — 1723–1780. "Commentaries on the Laws of England."

ADAM SMITH. — 1723–1790. "The Wealth of Nations," and "The Theory of Moral Sentiments."

ADAM FERGUSON. — 1724–1816. "History of Civil Society," and "History of the Roman Republic."

JAMES BOSWELL. — 1740–1795. "Life of Samuel Johnson;" a model biography.

WILLIAM PALEY. — 1743–1805. "Evidences of Christianity," "Natural Theology," and other religious works.

ALEXANDER POPE.

1688–1744.

The great didactic poet of the language, called "the prince of the artificial school of English poetry." His most celebrated productions are "The Rape of the Lock," "The Dunciad," "Essay on Criticism," and "Essay on Man." Translated the "Iliad" and "Odyssey."

ESSAY ON MAN.

EPISTLE I.

AWAKE, my St. John! leave all meaner things
To low ambition and the pride of kings.
Let us (since life can little more supply
Than just to look about us and to die)
Expatiate free o'er all this scene of man, —
A mighty maze, but not without a plan;
A wild where weeds and flowers promiscuous shoot,
Or garden tempting with forbidden fruit:
Together let us beat this ample field,
Try what the open, what the covert, yield;
The latent tracts, the giddy hights, explore
Of all who blindly creep, or sightless soar;
Eye Nature's walks, shoot folly as it flies,
And catch the manners living as they rise;
Laugh where we must, be candid where we can,
But vindicate the ways of God to man.

I. Say first, of God above, or man below,
What can we reason but from what we know?
Of man, what see we but his station here,
From which to reason, or to which refer?
Through worlds unnumbered, though the God be known,
'Tis ours to trace him only in our own.
He who through vast immensity can pierce,
See worlds on worlds compose one universe,
Observe how system into system runs,
What other planets circle other suns,
What varied being peoples every star,
May tell why Heaven has made us as we are:
But of this frame, the bearings and the ties,
The strong connections, nice dependencies,
Gradations just, has thy pervading soul
Looked through? or can a part contain the whole?
Is the great chain, that draws all to agree,
And drawn supports, upheld by God, or thee?

II. Presumptuous man! the reason wouldst thou find
Why formed so weak, so little, and so blind?

First, if thou canst, the harder reason guess, —
Why formed no weaker, blinder, and no less;
Ask of thy mother-earth why oaks were made
Taller or weaker than the weeds they shade;
Or ask of yonder argent fields above
Why Jove's satellites are less than Jove.
Of systems possible, if 'tis confest
That Wisdom Infinite must form the best,
Where all must fall, or not coherent be,
And all that rises rise in due degree,
Then, in the scale of reasoning life, 'tis plain
There must be somewhere such a rank as man;
And all the question (wrangle e'er so long)
Is only this, If God has placed him wrong?
Respecting man, whatever wrong we call
May, must be, right, as relative to all.
In human works, though labored on with pain,
A thousand movements scarce one purpose gain:
In God's, one single can its end produce,
Yet serves to second, too, some other use.
So man, who here seems principal alone,
Perhaps acts second to some sphere unknown,
Touches some wheel, or verges to some goal:
'Tis but a part we see, and not a whole.
When the proud steed shall know why man restrains
His fiery course, or drives him o'er the plains;
When the dull ox, why now he breaks the clod,
Is now a victim, and now Egypt's god, —
Then shall man's pride and dullness comprehend
His actions', passions', being's, use and end;
Why doing, suffering, checked, impelled; and why
This hour a slave, the next a deity.
Then say not man's imperfect, Heaven in fault:
Say, rather, man's as perfect as he ought;
His knowledge measured to his state and place;
His time a moment, and a point his space.
If to be perfect in a certain sphere,
What matter soon or late, or here or there?
The blest to-day is as completely so
As who began a thousand years ago.
III. Heaven from all creatures hides the book of fate,
All but the page prescribed, — their present state;
From brutes what men, from men what spirits, know;
Or who could suffer being here below?
The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
Had he thy reason, would he skip and play?
Pleased to the last, he crops the flowery food,
And licks the hand just raised to shed his blood.
Oh blindness to the future! kindly given,
That each may fill the circle marked by Heaven,
Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero perish, or a sparrow fall,

Atoms or systems into ruin hurled,
And now a bubble burst, and now a world.
Hope humbly, then; with trembling pinions soar;
Wait the great teacher, Death; and God adore.
What future bliss, he gives not thee to know,
But gives that hope to be thy blessing now.
Hope springs eternal in the human breast:
Man never is, but always to be, blest.
The soul, uneasy, and confined from home,
Rests and expatiates in a life to come.
Lo, the poor Indian, whose untutored mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind!
His soul proud science never taught to stray
Far as the solar walk or milky-way;
Yet simple Nature to his hope has given,
Behind the cloud-topt hill, a humbler heaven, —
Some safer world in depth of woods embraced,
Some happier island in the watery waste,
Where slaves once more their native land behold,
No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold:
To be contents his natural desire;
He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire;
But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company.
IV. Go, wiser thou! and in thy scale of sense
Weigh thy opinion against Providence;
Call imperfection what thou fanciest such;
Say here He gives too little, there too much;
Destroy all creatures for thy sport or gust;
Yet say, if man's unhappy, God's unjust:
If man alone engross not Heaven's high care,
Alone made perfect here, immortal there,
Snatch from his hand the balance and the rod,
Rejudge his justice; be the god of God!
In pride, in reasoning pride, our error lies:
All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies.
Pride still is aiming at the blest abodes:
Men would be angels; angels would be gods.
Aspiring to be gods, if angels fell,
Aspiring to be angels, men rebel;
And who but wishes to invert the laws
Of order sins against the Eternal Cause.
V. Ask for what end the heavenly bodies shine,
Earth for whose use. Pride answers, "'Tis for mine:
For me kind Nature wakes her genial power,
Suckles each herb, and spreads out every flower;
Annual for me the grape, the rose, renew
The juice nectareous and the balmy dew;
For me the mine a thousand treasures brings;
For me health gushes from a thousand springs;
Seas roll to waft me, suns to light me rise;
My footstool earth, my canopy the skies."

But errs not Nature from this gracious end,
From burning suns when livid deaths descend,
When earthquakes swallow, or when tempests sweep
Towns to one grave, whole nations to the deep?
"No," 'tis replied: "the first Almighty Cause
Acts not by partial, but by general laws:
The exceptions few; some change since all begun:
And what created perfect?" Why, then, man?
If the great end be human happiness,
Then Nature deviates; and can man do less?
As much that end a constant course requires
Of showers and sunshine as of man's desires;
As much eternal springs and cloudless skies,
As men for ever temperate, calm, and wise.
If plagues or earthquakes break not Heaven's design,
Why, then, a Borgia or a Catiline?
Who knows but He whose hand the lightning forms,
Who heaves old ocean, and who wings the storms,
Pours fierce ambition in a Cæsar's mind,
Or turns young Ammon loose to scourge mankind?
From pride, from pride, our very reasoning springs;
Account for moral as for natural things:
Why charge we Heaven in those, in these acquit?
In both, to reason right, is to submit.
Better for us, perhaps, it might appear,
Were there all harmony, all virtue here;
That never air nor ocean felt the wind;
That never passion discomposed the mind:
But all subsists by elemental strife;
And passions are the elements of life.
The general order, since the world began,
Is kept in Nature, and is kept in man.
VI. What would this man? Now upward will he soar,
And, little less than angel, would be more?
Now looking downward, just as grieved, appears
To want the strength of bulls, the fur of bears.
Made for his use all creatures, if he call,
Say what their use, had he the powers of all?
Nature to these, without profusion, kind,
The proper organs, proper powers, assigned;
Each seeming want compensated, of course,—
Here with degrees of swiftness, there of force;
All in exact proportion to the state;
Nothing to add, and nothing to abate.
Each beast, each insect, happy in its own.
Is Heaven unkind to man, and man alone?
Shall he alone, whom rational we call,
Be pleased with nothing if not blessed with all?
The bliss of man (could pride that blessing find)
Is not to act or think beyond mankind;
No powers of body or of soul to share
But what his nature and his state can bear.

Why has not man a microscopic eye?
For this plain reason: man is not a fly.
Say what the use, were finer optics given,
To inspect a mite, not comprehend the heaven?
Or touch, if tremblingly alive all o'er,
To smart and agonize at every pore?
Or, quick effluvia darting through the brain,
Die of a rose in aromatic pain?
If Nature thundered in his opening ears,
And stunned him with the music of the spheres,
How would he wish that Heaven had left him still
The whispering zephyr and the purling rill!
Who finds not Providence all good and wise,
Alike in what it gives and what denies?

VII. Far as creation's ample range extends,
The scale of sensual, mental powers ascends:
Mark how it mounts to man's imperial race,
From the green myriads in the peopled grass!
What modes of sight betwixt each wide extreme!—
The mole's dim curtain and the lynx's beam;
Of smell, the headlong lioness between,
And hound sagacious on the tainted green;
Of hearing, from the life that fills the flood
To that which warbles through the vernal wood.
The spider's touch how exquisitely fine!
Feels at each thread, and lives along the line:
In the nice bee, what sense, so subtly true,
From poisonous herbs extracts the healing dew!
How instinct varies in the groveling swine,
Compared, half-reasoning elephant, with thine!
'Twixt that and reason what a nice barrier!
For ever separate, yet for ever near!
Remembrance and reflection how allied!
What thin partitions sense from thought divide!
And middle natures — how they long to join,
Yet never pass the insuperable line!
Without this just gradation could they be
Subjected, these to those, or all to thee?
The powers of all subdued by thee alone,
Is not thy reason all these powers in one?

VIII. See through this air, this ocean, and this earth,
All matter quick, and bursting into birth!
Above, how high progressive life may go!
Around, how wide! how deep extend below!
Vast chain of being, which from God began!—
Natures ethereal, human, angel, man,
Beast, bird, fish, insect, what no eye can see,
No glass can reach; from infinite to thee,
From thee to nothing. On superior powers
Were we to press, inferior might on ours;
Or in the full creation leave a void,
Where, one step broken, the great scale's destroyed:

From Nature's chain whatever link you strike,
Tenth, or ten thousandth, breaks the chain alike.
And, if each system in gradation roll
Alike essential to the amazing whole,
The least confusion but in one, not all
That system only, but the whole, must fall.
Let earth unbalanced from her orbit fly,
Planets and suns run lawless through the sky;
Let ruling angels from their spheres be hurled,
Being on being wrecked, and world on world, —
Heaven's whole foundations to their center nod,
And Nature trembles to the throne of God.
All this dread order break? — For whom? for thee?
Vile worm! O madness! pride! impiety!
IX. What if the foot, ordained the dust to tread,
Or hand to toil, aspired to be the head?
What if the head, the eye, or ear, repined
To serve mere engines to the ruling mind?
Just as absurd for any part to claim
To be another in this general frame;
Just as absurd to mourn the tasks or pains
The great directing Mind of all ordains.
All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul:
That, changed through all, and yet in all the same,
Great in the earth as in the ethereal frame,
Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees,
Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent,
Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part, —
As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;
As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns,
As the rapt seraph that adores and burns:
To him no high, no low, no great, no small;
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.
X. Cease, then, nor order imperfection name:
Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.
Know thy own point: This kind, this due degree,
Of blindness, weakness, Heaven bestows on thee.
Submit. In this or any other sphere
Secure to be as blest as thou canst bear;
Safe in the hand of one disposing Power,
Or in the natal or the mortal hour.
All nature is but art, unknown to thee;
All chance, direction, which thou canst not see;
All discord, harmony not understood;
All partial evil, universal good.
And spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,
One truth is clear: Whatever is, is right.

EPISTLE II.

I. KNOW then thyself; presume not God to scan!
The proper study of mankind is man.
Placed on this isthmus of a middle state,
A being darkly wise and rudely great;
With too much knowledge for the skeptic's side,
With too much weakness for the stoic's pride,
He hangs between; in doubt to act or rest;
In doubt to deem himself a god or beast;
In doubt his mind or body to prefer,
Born but to die, and reasoning but to err;
Alike in ignorance, his reason such,
Whether he thinks too little or too much;
Chaos of thought and passion, all confused,
Still by himself abused or disabused;
Created half to rise, and half to fall;
Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all;
Sole judge of truth, in endless error hurled;
The glory, jest, and riddle of the world!

Go, wondrous creature! mount where Science guides;
Go measure earth, weigh air, and state the tides;
Instruct the planets in what orbs to run;
Correct old Time, and regulate the sun;
Go soar with Plato to the empyreal sphere,
To the first good, first perfect, and first fair;
Or tread the mazy round his followers trod,
And quitting sense call imitating God,
As Eastern priests in giddy circles run,
And turn their heads to imitate the sun;
Go, teach Eternal Wisdom how to rule;
Then drop into thyself, and be a fool!

Superior beings, when of late they saw
A mortal man unfold all Nature's law,
Admired such wisdom in an earthly shape,
And showed a Newton as we show an ape.

Could he, whose rules the rapid comet bind,
Describe or fix one movement of his mind,
Who saw its fires here rise and there descend,
Explain his own beginning or his end?
Alas, what wonder! man's superior part
Unchecked may rise, and climb from art to art;
But, when his own great work is but begun,
What reason weaves, by passion is undone.

Trace Science, then, with Modesty thy guide;
First strip off all her equipage of pride;
Deduct what is but vanity or dress,
Or learning's luxury, or idleness,
Or tricks to show the stretch of human brain,—
Mere curious pleasure, or ingenious pain;
Expunge the whole, or lop the excrescent parts
Of all our vices have created arts;

Then see how little the remaining sum,
Which served the past, and must the times to come!
II. Two principles in human nature reign, —
Self-love to urge, and reason to restrain.
Nor this a good, nor that a bad, we call;
(Each works its end, — to move or govern all;)
And to their proper operation still
Ascribe all good; to their improper, ill.
Self-love, the spring of motion, acts the soul:
Reason's comparing balance rules the whole.
Man, but for that, no action could attend;
And, but for this, were active to no end:
Fixed like a plant on his peculiar spot,
To draw nutrition, propagate, and rot;
Or, meteor-like, flame lawless through the void,
Destroying others, by himself destroyed.
Most strength the moving principle requires;
Active its task, it prompts, impels, inspires.
Sedate and quiet the comparing lies,
Formed but to check, deliberate, and advise.
Self-love still stronger as its object's nigh;
Reason's at distance, and in prospect, lie:
That sees immediate good by present sense;
Reason, the future and the consequence.
Thicker than arguments temptations throng;
At best more watchful this, but that more strong.
The action of the stronger to suspend,
Reason still use, to reason still attend.
Attention, habit and experience gains:
Each strengthens reason, and self-love restrains.
Let subtle schoolmen teach these friends to fight,
(More studious to divide than to unite,)
And grace and virtue, sense and reason, split
With all the rash dexterity of wit.
Wits, just like fools, at war about a name,
Have full as oft no meaning, or the same.
Self-love and reason to one end aspire, —
Pain their aversion, pleasure their desire:
But greedy that, its object would devour;
This taste the honey, and not wound the flower:
Pleasure, or wrong or rightly understood,
Our greatest evil or our greatest good.
III. Modes of self-love the passions we may call:
'Tis real good, or seeming, moves them all.
But since not every good we can divide,
And Reason bids us for our own provide,
Passions, though selfish, if their means be fair,
List under Reason, and deserve her care:
Those that, imparted, court a nobler aim,
Exalt their kind, and take some virtue's name.
In lazy apathy let stoics boast
Their virtue fixed; 'tis fixed as in a frost,

Contracted all, retiring to the breast:
But strength of mind is exercise, not rest.
The rising tempest puts in act the soul:
Parts it may ravage, but preserves the whole.
On Life's vast ocean diversely we sail,
Reason the chart, but Passion is the gale.
Nor God alone in the still calm we find:
He mounts the storm, and walks upon the wind.
Passions, like elements, though born to fight,
Yet mixed and softened, in his work unite:
These 'tis enough to temper and employ;
But what composes man, can man destroy?
Suffice that Reason keep to Nature's road,
Subject, compound them, follow her and God.
Love, Hope, and Joy, fair Pleasure's smiling train;
Hate, Fear, and Grief, the family of Pain, —
These, mixed with art, and to due bounds confined,
Make and maintain the balance of the mind:
The lights and shades, whose well-accorded strife
Gives all the strength and color of our life.
Pleasures are ever in our hands and eyes;
And, when in act they cease, in prospect rise:
Present to grasp, and future still to find,
The whole employ of body and of mind,
All spread their charms, but charm not all alike.
On different senses, different objects strike:
Hence different passions more or less inflame,
As strong or weak, the organs of the frame;
And hence one master-passion in the breast,
Like Aaron's serpent, swallows up the rest.
As man, perhaps, the moment of his breath,
Receives the lurking principle of death;
The young disease, which must subdue at length,
Grows with his growth, and strengthens with his strength:
So, cast and mingled with his very frame,
The mind's disease, its ruling passion came:
Each vital humor which should feed the whole
Soon flows to this in body and in soul:
Whatever warms the heart or fills the head
As the mind opens, and its functions spread.
Imagination plies her dangerous art,
And pours it all upon the peccant part.
Nature its mother, habit is its nurse;
Wit, spirit, faculties, but make it worse:
Reason itself but gives it edge and power,
As heaven's blest beam turns vinegar more sour.
We wretched subjects, though no lawful sway,
In this weak queen some favorite still obey:
Ah! if she lend not arms as well as rules,
What can she more than tell us we are fools;
Teach us to mourn our nature, not to mend;
A sharp accuser, but a helpless friend;

Or from a judge turn pleader, to persuade
The choice we make, or justify it made?
Proud of an easy conquest all along,
She but removes weak passions for the strong:
So, when small humors gather to a gout,
The doctor fancies he has driven them out.
Yes, Nature's road must ever be preferred:
Reason is here no guide, but still a guard.
'Tis hers to rectify, not overthrow,
And treat this passion more as friend than foe:
A mightier power the strong direction sends,
And several men impels to several ends:
Like varying winds, by other passions tost,
This drives them constant to a certain coast.
Let power or knowledge, gold or glory, please,
Or (oft more strong than all) the love of ease,
Through life 'tis followed, e'en at life's expense.
The merchant's toil, the sage's indolence,
The monk's humility, the hero's pride, —
All, all, alike, find Reason on their side.
The Eternal Art, educing good from ill,
Grafts on this passion our best principle:
'Tis thus the mercury of man is fixed;
Strong grows the virtue with his nature mixed;
The dross cements what else were too refined;
And, in one interest, body acts with mind.
As fruits, ungrateful to the planter's care,
On savage stocks inserted learn to bear;
The surest virtues thus from passions shoot,
Wild Nature's vigor working at the root.
What crops of wit and honesty appear
From spleen, from obstinacy, hate, or fear!
See anger, zeal and fortitude supply;
Even avarice, prudence; sloth, philosophy;
Lust, through some certain strainers well refined,
Is gentle love, and charms all womankind;
Envy, to which the ignoble mind's a slave,
Is emulation in the learned or brave:
Nor virtue, male or female, can we name,
But what will grow on pride, or grow on shame.
Thus Nature gives us (let it check our pride)
The virtue nearest to our vice allied:
Reason the bias turns to good from ill,
And Nero reigns a Titus if he will.
The fiery soul abhorred in Catiline,
In Decius charms, in Curtius is divine:
The same ambition can destroy or save,
And makes a patriot as it makes a knave.
IV. This light and darkness in our chaos joined,
What shall divide? The God within the mind.
Extremes in Nature equal ends produce:
In man they join to some mysterious use;

Though each by turns the other's bounds invade,
As, in some well-wrought picture, light and shade;
And oft so mixed, the difference is too nice
Where ends the virtue, or begins the vice.
Fools! who from hence into the notion fall
That vice and virtue there is none at all.
If white and black blend, soften, and unite
A thousand ways, is there no black or white?
Ask your own heart, and nothing is so plain:
'Tis to mistake them costs the time and pain.

V. Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.
But where the extreme of vice, was ne'er agreed.
Ask where's the North? At York, 'tis on the Tweed;
In Scotland, at the Orcades; and there,
At Greenland, Zembla, or the Lord knows where:
No creature owns it in the first degree,
But thinks his neighbor farther gone than he,—
E'en those who dwell beneath its very zone,
Or never feel the rage, or never own.
What happier natures shrink at with affright
The hard inhabitant contends is right.

VI. Virtuous and vicious every man must be;
Few in the extreme, but all in the degree:
The rogue and fool by fits is fair and wise;
And e'en the best, by fits, what they despise.
'Tis but by parts we follow good or ill;
For, vice or virtue, self directs it still.
Each individual seeks a several goal;

VII. But Heaven's great view is one, and that the whole.
That counter-works each folly and caprice;
That disappoints the effects of every vice;
That happy frailties to all ranks applied,—
Shame to the virgin, to the matron pride,
Fear to the statesman, rashness to the chief,
To kings presumption, and to crowds belief;
That virtue's ends from vanity can raise,
Which seeks no interest, no reward but praise,
And build on wants, and on defects of mind,
The joy, the peace, the glory, of mankind.

Heaven, forming each on other to depend,
(A master, or a servant, or a friend,)
Bids each on other for assistance call,
Till one man's weakness grows the strength of all.
Wants, frailties, passions, closer still ally
The common interest, or endear the tie.
To these we owe true friendship, love sincere,
Each home-felt joy that life inherits here:
Yet from the same we learn, in its decline,
Those joys, those loves, those interests, to resign;

Taught half by reason, half by mere decay,
To welcome death, and calmly pass away.
Whate'er the passion, knowledge, fame, or pelf,
Not one will change his neighbor with himself.
The learned is happy Nature to explore;
The fool is happy that he knows no more;
The rich is happy in the plenty given;
The poor contents him with the care of Heaven.
See the blind beggar dance, the cripple sing,
The sot a hero, lunatic a king,
The starving chemist in his golden views
Supremely blest, the poet in his Muse.
See some strange comfort every state attend,
And pride bestowed on all, a common friend:
See some fit passion every age supply;
Hope travels through, nor quits us when we die.
Behold the child, by Nature's kindly law,
Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw!
Some livelier plaything gives his youth delight,
A little louder, but as empty quite!
Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his riper stage;
And beads and prayer-books are the toys of age:
Pleased with this bauble still, as that before;
Till, tired, he sleeps, and Life's poor play is o'er.
Meanwhile opinion gilds with varying rays
Those painted clouds that beautify our days:
Each want of happiness by hope supplied,
And each vacuity of sense by pride:
These build as fast as knowledge can destroy;
In Folly's cup still laughs the bubble, Joy;
One prospect lost, another still we gain;
And not a vanity is given in vain;
E'en mean self-love becomes, by force divine,
The scale to measure others' wants by thine.
See! and confess, one comfort still must rise:
'Tis this,—though man's a fool, yet God is wise.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

1667–1745.

Author of "Tale of a Tub," "Gulliver's Travels," "The Drapier Letters," and many other minor works of prose and poetry. With almost infinite scorn and contempt for the pretentious claims of king, court, and people, the assumptions of the would-be great and learned, he towers, compared with other writers, a Brobdingnag of bitter irony, fierce sarcasm, and savage wit, among harmless Liliputians.

GULLIVER'S TRAVELS TO BROBDINGNAG.

THE frequent labors I underwent every day made in a few weeks a very considerable change in my health. The more my master got by me, the more insatiable he grew. I had quite lost my stomach, and was quite reduced to a skeleton. The farmer observing it, and concluding I must soon die, resolved to make as good a hand of me as he could. While he was thus reasoning and resolving with himself, a sardral, or gentleman usher, came from court, commanding my master to carry me immediately thither for the diversion of the queen and her ladies. Some of the latter had already been to see me, and reported strange things of my beauty, behavior, and good sense. Her Majesty, and those who attended her, were beyond measure delighted with my demeanor. I fell on my knees, and begged the honor of kissing her imperial foot; but this gracious princess held out her little finger towards me after I was set on the table, which I embraced in both my arms, and put the tip of it with the utmost respect to my lip. She asked me some general questions about my country and my travels, which I answered as distinctly and in as few words as I could. She asked whether I could be content to live at court. I bowed down to the board of the table, and humbly answered, that I was my master's slave; but, if I were at my own disposal, I should be proud to devote my life to her Majesty's service. She then asked my master whether he was willing to sell me at a good price. He, who apprehended that I could not live a month, was ready enough to part with me, and demanded a thousand pieces of gold, which were ordered him on the spot; each piece being about the bigness of eight hundred moidores. But allowing for the proportion of all things between that country and Europe, and the high price of gold among them, this was hardly so great a sum as a thousand guineas would be in England. I then said to the queen, since I was now her Majesty's most humble creature and vassal, I must beg the favor that Glumdalclitch, who had always tended me with so much care and kindness, and knew how to do it so well, might be admitted into the service, and continue to be my nurse and instructor. Her Majesty agreed to my petition, and easily got the farmer's consent, who was glad enough to have his daughter preferred at court; and the poor girl herself was not able to hide her joy. My late master withdrew, bidding me farewell, and saying he had left me in a good service; to which I replied not a word, only making him a slight bow.

The queen observed my coldness, and, when the farmer was gone out of the apartment, asked me the reason. I made bold to tell her Majesty that I owed no other obligation to my late master

than his not dashing out the brains of a poor harmless creature, found by chance in his fields; which obligation was amply recompensed by the gain he had made in showing me through half the kingdom, and the price he had now sold me for; that the life I had since led was laborious enough to kill an animal of ten times my strength; that my health was much impaired by the continual drudgery of entertaining the rabble every hour of the day; and that, if my master had not thought my life in danger, her Majesty would not have got so cheap a bargain: but as I was out of all fear of being ill treated under the protection of so great and good an empress, the ornament of nature, the darling of the world, the delight of her subjects, the phœnix of the creation, so I hoped my late master's apprehensions would appear to be groundless; for I had already found my spirits revive by the influence of her most august presence. This was the sum of my speech, delivered with great improprieties and hesitation. The latter part was altogether framed in the style peculiar to that people, whereof I learned some phrases from Glumdalclitch while she was carrying me to court.

The queen, giving great allowance for my defectiveness in speaking, was, however, surprised at so much wit and good sense in so diminutive an animal. She took me in her own hand, and carried me to the king, who was then retired to his cabinet. His Majesty, a prince of much gravity and austere countenance, not well observing my shape at first view, asked the queen, after a cold manner, how long it was since she grew fond of a *splacknuck;* for such, it seems, he took me to be as I lay upon my breast in her Majesty's right hand. But this princess, who has an infinite deal of wit and humor, set me gently on my feet upon the scrutoire, and commanded me to give his Majesty an account of myself; which I did in a very few words: and Glumdalclitch, who attended at the cabinet-door, and could not endure I should be out of her sight, being admitted, confirmed all that had passed from my arrival at her father's house.

The king, although he is as learned a person as any in his dominions (having been educated in the study of philosophy, and particularly mathematics), yet when he observed my shape exactly, and saw me walk erect, before I began to speak, conceived I might be a piece of clock-work (which has in that country arrived to a very great perfection) contrived by some ingenious person. But when he heard my voice, and found what I delivered to be regular and rational, he could not conceal his astonishment. He was by no means satisfied with the relation I gave him of the manner I came into his kingdom, but thought it a story concerted between Glumdalclitch and her father, who had taught me a set of words to make me sell at a better price. Upon this imagination he put

several other questions to me, and still received rational answers, no otherwise defective than by a foreign accent and an imperfect knowledge of the language, with some rustic phrases which I had learned at the farmer's house, and did not suit the polite style of a court.

His Majesty sent for three great scholars, who were then in the weekly waiting according to the custom in that country. These gentlemen, after they had examined my shape with much nicety, were of different opinions concerning me. They all agreed that I could not be produced according to the regular laws of Nature, because I was not framed with a capacity of preserving my life, either by swiftness, or climbing of trees, or digging holes in the earth. They observed by my teeth, which they viewed with great exactness, that I was a carnivorous animal; yet most quadrupeds being an overmatch for me, and field-mice, with some others, too nimble, they could not imagine how I should be able to support myself, unless I fed upon snails and other insects, which they offered by many learned arguments to evince that I could not possibly do. One of these virtuosi seemed to think that I might be an embryo or abortive birth; but this opinion was rejected by the other two, who observed my limbs to be perfect and finished, and that I had lived several years, as was manifest from my beard, the stumps whereof they plainly discovered through a magnifying-glass. They would not allow me to be a dwarf, because my littleness was beyond all degrees of comparison; for the queen's favorite dwarf, the smallest ever known in the kingdom, was nearly thirty feet high. After much debate, they concluded unanimously that I was only *relplum-scalcath*, — which is, interpreted literally, *lusus naturæ;* a determination exactly agreeable to the modern philosophy of Europe, whose professors, disdaining the old evasion of occult causes, whereby the followers of Aristotle endeavored in vain to disguise their ignorance, have invented this wonderful solution of all difficulties, to the unspeakable advancement of human knowledge.

After this decisive conclusion, I entreated to be heard a word or two. I applied myself to the king, and assured his Majesty that I came from a country which abounded with several millions of both sexes and of my own stature; where the animals, trees, and houses were all in proportion; and where, by consequence, I might be as able to defend myself, and to find sustenance, as any of his Majesty's subjects could do here: which I took for a full answer to those gentlemen's arguments. To this they only replied by a smile of contempt, saying that the farmer had instructed me very well in my lesson. The king, who had a much better understanding, dismissing his learned men, sent for the farmer, who, by good fortune, was not yet gone out of town. Having,

therefore, first examined him privately, and then confronted him with me and the young girl, his Majesty began to think that what we told him might possibly be true. He desired the queen to order that a particular care should be taken of me; and was of opinion that Glumdalclitch should still continue in her office of tending me, because he observed we had great affection for each other. A convenient apartment was provided for her at court: she had a sort of governess appointed to take care of her education, a maid to dress her, and two other servants for menial offices; but the care of me was wholly appropriated to herself. The queen commanded her own cabinet-maker to contrive a box that might serve me for a bed-chamber, after the model that Glumdalclitch and I should agree upon. This man was a most ingenious artist; and, according to my direction, in three weeks finished for me a wooden chamber of sixteen feet square, and twelve high, with sash-windows, a door, and two closets, like a London bed-chamber. The board that made the ceiling was to be lifted up and down by two hinges, to put in a bed ready furnished by her Majesty's upholsterer, which Glumdalclitch took out every day to air, made it with her own hands, and, letting it down at night, locked up the roof over me. A nice workman who was famous for little curiosities undertook to make me two chairs, with backs and frames of a substance not unlike ivory, and two tables, with a cabinet to put my things in. The room was quilted on all sides, as well as the floor and the ceiling, to prevent any accident from the carelessness of those who carried me, and to break the force of a jolt when I went in a coach. I desired a lock to my door to prevent rats and mice from coming in. The smith, after several attempts, made the smallest that ever was seen among them; for I have known a larger at the gate of a gentleman's house in England. I made a shift to keep the key in a pocket of my own, fearing Glumdalclitch might lose it. The queen likewise ordered the thinnest silks that could be gotten to make me clothes, — not much thicker than an English blanket; very cumbrous till I was accustomed to them. They were after the fashion of the kingdom, partly resembling the Persian, and partly the Chinese; and are a very grave and decent habit.

The queen became so fond of my company, that she could not dine without me. I had a table placed upon the same at which her Majesty ate (just at her elbow), and a chair to sit on. Glumdalclitch stood on a stool on the floor, near my table, to assist and take care of me. I had an entire set of silver dishes and plates, and other necessaries, which, in proportion to those of the queen, were not much bigger than those in a London toy-shop for the furniture of a baby-house: these my little nurse kept in her pocket in a silver box, and gave me at meals as I wanted them,

always cleaning them herself. No person dined with the queen but the two princesses royal, — the eldest sixteen years old, and the younger at that time thirteen and a month. Her Majesty used to put a bit of meat upon one of my dishes, out of which I carved for myself: and her diversion was to see me eat in miniature; for the queen (who had indeed but a weak stomach) took up at one mouthful as much as a dozen English farmers could eat at a meal, which to me was for some time a very nauseous sight. She would craunch the wing of a lark, bones and all, between her teeth, although it were nine times as large as that of a full-grown turkey; and put a bit of bread in her mouth as large as two twelvepenny-loaves. She drank out of a golden cup above a hogshead at a draught. Her knives were twice as long as a scythe set straight upon the handle: the spoons, forks, and other instruments, were all in the same proportion. I remember when Glumdalclitch carried me, out of curiosity, to see some of the tables at court, where ten or a dozen of those enormous knives and forks were lifted up together: I thought I had never till then beheld so terrible a sight.

It is the custom that every Wednesday (which, as I have observed, is their sabbath) the king and queen, with the royal issue of both sexes, dine together in the apartment of his Majesty, to whom I was now become a great favorite; and at these times my little chair and table were placed at his left hand before one of the salt-cellars. This prince took a pleasure in conversing with me, inquiring into the manners, religion, laws, government, and learning of Europe; wherein I gave him the best account I was able. His apprehension was so clear, and his judgment so exact, that he made very wise reflections and observations upon all I said. But I confess, that, after I had been a little too copious in talking of my beloved country, — of our trade, and wars by sea and land; of our schisms in religion, and parties in the state, — the prejudices of his education prevailed so far, that he could not forbear taking me up in his right hand; and, stroking me gently with the other, after a hearty fit of laughing, he asked me whether I was a Whig or a Tory. Then turning to his first minister, who waited behind him with a white staff nearly as tall as the mainmast of "The Royal Sovereign," he observed how contemptible a thing was human grandeur, which could be mimicked by such diminutive insects as I. "And yet," says he, "I dare engage these creatures have their titles, and distinctions of honor: they contrive little nests and burrows that they call houses and cities; they make a figure, and dress in equipage; they love, they dispute, they fight, they cheat, they betray." And thus he continued, while my color came and went several times with indignation to hear our noble country — the mistress of arts and arms, the

scourge of France, the arbitress of Europe, the seat of virtue, piety, honor, and truth, the pride and envy of the world — so contemptuously treated.

But as I was not in a condition to resent injuries, so, upon mature thoughts, I began to doubt whether I was injured or no. For after having been accustomed several months to the sight and converse of this people, and observed every object upon which I cast mine eyes to be of proportionable magnitude, the horror I had at first conceived from their bulk and aspect was so far worn off, that if I had then beheld a company of English lords and ladies in their finery and birthday-clothes, acting their several parts in the most courtly manner of strutting and bowing and prating, — to say the truth, I should have been strongly tempted to laugh as much at them as the king and his grandees did at me. Neither, indeed, could I forbear smiling at myself when the queen used to place me upon her hand towards a looking-glass, by which both our persons appeared before me in full view together: and there could be nothing more ridiculous than the comparison; so that I really began to imagine myself dwindled many degrees below my usual size.

Nothing angered and mortified me so much as the queen's dwarf, who, being of the lowest stature that was ever in that country (for I verily think he was not full thirty feet high), became so insolent at seeing a creature so much beneath him, that he would always affect to swagger and look big as he passed by me in the queen's ante-chamber, while I was standing on some table talking with the lords or ladies of the court: and he seldom failed of a smart word or two upon my littleness; against which I could only revenge myself by calling him "brother," challenging him to wrestle, and such repartees as are usually in the mouths of court pages. One day at dinner, this malicious little cub was so nettled at something I said to him, that, raising himself upon the frame of her Majesty's chair, he took me up by the middle, as I was sitting down not thinking any harm, and let me drop into a large silver bowl of cream, and then ran away as fast as he could. I fell over head and ears: and, if I had not been a good swimmer, it might have gone very hard with me; for Glumdalclitch at that instant happened to be at the other end of the room; and the queen was in such a fright, that she wanted presence of mind to assist me. But my little nurse ran to my relief, and took me out after I had swallowed above a quart of cream. I was put to bed: however, I received no other damage than the loss of a suit of clothes, which were utterly spoiled. The dwarf was soundly whipped, and, as a further punishment, forced to drink up the bowl of cream into which he had thrown me: neither was he ever restored to favor; for, soon after, the queen bestowed him on a

lady of high quality, so that I saw him no more, to my very great satisfaction; for I could not tell to what extremity such a malicious urchin might have carried his resentment. He had before served me a scurvy trick, which set the queen a-laughing; although at the same time she was heartily vexed, and would have immediately cashiered him if I had not been so generous as to intercede. Her Majesty had taken a marrow-bone upon her plate, and, after knocking out the marrow, placed the bone again on the dish erect, as it stood before. The dwarf, watching his opportunity when Glumdalclitch was gone to the sideboard, mounted the stool that she stood on to take care of me at meals, took me up in both hands, and, squeezing my legs together, wedged them into the marrow-bone above my waist, where I stuck for some time, and made a very ridiculous figure. I believe it was near a minute before any one knew what was become of me; for I thought it below me to cry out. But, as princes seldom get their meat hot, my legs were not scalded; only my stockings and breeches were in a sad condition. The dwarf, at my entreaty, had no other punishment than a sound whipping.

I was frequently rallied by the queen upon account of my fearfulness; and she used to ask me whether the people of my country were as great cowards as myself. The occasion was this: The kingdom is much pestered with flies in summer; and these odious insects, each of them as big as a Dunstable lark, hardly gave me any rest while I sat at dinner, with their continual humming and buzzing about mine ears. They would sometimes alight upon my victuals; and they would fix upon my nose or forehead, where they stung me to the quick, smelling very offensively; and I could easily trace that viscous matter, which, our naturalists tell us, enables those creatures to walk with their feet upwards upon a ceiling. I had much ado to defend myself against these detestable animals, and could not forbear starting when they came on my face. It was the common practice of the dwarf to catch a number of these insects in his hand, as schoolboys do among us, and let them out suddenly under my nose, on purpose to frighten me, and divert the queen. My remedy was to cut them in pieces with my knife as they flew in the air; wherein my dexterity was much admired.

I remember, one morning, when Glumdalclitch had set me in a box upon a window, as she usually did in fair days, to give me air (for I durst not venture to let the box be hung on a nail out of the window as we do with cages in England), after I had lifted up one of my sashes, and sat down at my table to eat a piece of sweet cake for my breakfast, above twenty wasps, allured by the smell, came flying into the room, humming louder than the drones of as many bagpipes. Some of them seized my cake,

and carried it away piecemeal: others flew about my head and face, confounding me with their noise, and putting me in the utmost terror of their stings. However, I had the courage to rise and draw my hanger, and attack them in the air. I dispatched four of them; but the rest got away: and I presently shut my window. These insects are as large as partridges. I took out their stings, and found them an inch and a half long, and as sharp as needles. I carefully preserved them all; and having since shown them, with other curiosities, in several parts of Europe, upon my return to England I gave three to Gresham College, and kept the fourth for myself.

CHAPTER V.

I SHOULD have lived happy enough in that country if my littleness had not exposed me to several ridiculous and troublesome accidents; some of which I shall venture to relate. Glumdalclitch often carried me into the gardens of the court in my smaller box; and would sometimes take me out of it, and hold me in her hand, or set me down to walk. I remember, before the dwarf left the queen, he followed us one day into those gardens; and, my nurse having set me down (he and I being close together near some dwarf apple-trees), I must needs show my wit by a silly allusion between him and the trees, which happens to hold in their language as it does in ours. Whereupon the malicious rogue, watching his opportunity when I was walking under one of them, shook it directly over my head, by which a dozen apples, each of them near as large as a Bristol barrel, came tumbling about my ears. One of them hit me on the back as I chanced to stoop, and knocked me down flat on my face; but I received no other hurt: and the dwarf was pardoned at my desire, because I had given the provocation.

Another day, Glumdalclitch left me on a smooth grassplot to divert myself while she walked at some distance with her governess. In the mean time, there suddenly fell such a violent shower of hail, that I was immediately, by the force of it, struck to the ground; and, when I was down, the hailstones gave me such cruel bangs all over my body as if I had been pelted with tennis-balls: however, I made a shift to creep on all-fours, and shelter myself by lying flat on my face on the lee-side of a border of lemon-thyme, but so bruised from head to foot, that I could not go abroad for ten days. Neither is this at all to be wondered at, because, Nature in that country observing the same proportion through all her operations, a hailstone is near eighteen hundred times as large as one in Europe; which I can assert upon experience, having been so curious as to weigh and measure them.

But a more dangerous accident happened to me in the same garden, where my little nurse, believing she had put me in a safe place (which I often entreated her to do, that I might enjoy my own thoughts), and having left the box at home to avoid the trouble of carrying it, went to another part of the garden with her governess and some ladies of her acquaintance. While she was absent, and out of hearing, a small white spaniel that belonged to one of the chief gardeners, having got by accident into the garden, happened to range near the spot where I lay. The dog, following the scent, came directly up, and, taking me in his mouth, ran straight to his master, wagging his tail, and set me gently on the ground. By good fortune, he had been so well taught, that I was carried between his teeth without the least hurt, or even tearing my clothes. But the poor gardener, who knew me well, and had a great kindness for me, was in a terrible fright: he gently took me up in both his hands, and asked me how I did; but I was so amazed and out of breath, that I could not speak a word. In a few minutes I came to myself; and he carried me safe to my little nurse, who by this time had returned to the place where she left me, and was in cruel agonies when I did not appear, nor answer when she called. She severely reprimanded the gardener on account of his dog. But the thing was hushed up, and never known at court, for the girl was afraid of the queen's anger; and truly, as to myself, I thought it would not be for my reputation that such a story should go about. This accident determined Glumdalclitch never to trust me abroad, for the future, out of her sight. I had been long afraid of this resolution, and therefore concealed from her some little unlucky adventures that happened in those times when I was left by myself. Once a kite, hovering over the garden, made a stoop at me; and if I had not resolutely drawn my hanger, and run under a thick espalier, he would have certainly carried me away in his talons. Another time, walking to the top of a fresh mole-hill, I fell to my neck in the hole through which that animal had cast up the earth; and coined a reason, not worth remembering, to excuse myself for spoiling my clothes. I likewise broke my right shin against the shell of a snail, which I happened to stumble over as I was walking along and thinking on poor England. I can not tell whether I was more pleased or mortified to observe in these solitary walks that the smaller birds did not appear to be at all afraid of me, but would hop about within a yard's distance, looking for worms and other food, with as much indifference and security as if no creature at all were near them. I remember a thrush had the confidence to snatch out of my hand, with his bill, a piece of cake that Glumdalclitch had just given me for breakfast. When I attempted to catch any of these birds, they

would boldly turn against me, endeavoring to peck my fingers, which I durst not venture within their reach; and then they would hop back, unconcerned, to hunt for worms or snails as they did before. But one day I took a thick cudgel, and threw it with all my strength, so luckily, at a linnet, that I knocked him down, and, seizing him by the neck with both my hands, ran with him in triumph to my nurse. However, the bird, who had been only stunned, recovering himself, gave me so many boxes with his wings on both sides of my head and body, though I held him at arm's-length and was out of the reach of his claws, that I was twenty times thinking to let him go. But I was soon relieved by one of our servants, who wrung off the bird's neck; and I had him next day for dinner, by the queen's command. This linnet, as near as I can remember, seemed to be somewhat larger than an English swan.

The maids of honor often invited Glumdalclitch to their apartments, and desired she would bring me along with her on purpose to have the pleasure of seeing and touching me. To me their endearments were very disgusting, which I do not mention or intend to the disadvantage of those excellent ladies, for whom I have all manner of respect; but I conceive that my sense was more acute in proportion to my littleness, and that those illustrious persons were no more disagreeable to their lovers, or to each other, than people of the same quality are with us in England. And, after all, I found the natural odor of their skin was much more supportable than when they used perfumes, under which I immediately swooned away. I can not forget that an intimate friend of mine in Liliput took the freedom, in a warm day, when I had used a good deal of exercise, to complain of a strong smell about me, although I am as little faulty that way as most of my sex; but I suppose his faculty of smelling was as nice with regard to me as mine was to that of this people. Upon this point I can not forbear doing justice to the queen my mistress, and Glumdalclitch my nurse, whose persons were as sweet as those of any lady in England.

One day, a young gentleman, who was nephew to my nurse's governess, came and pressed them both to see an execution. It was of a man who had murdered one of that gentleman's intimate acquaintance. Glumdalclitch was prevailed on to be of the company, very much against her inclination, for she was naturally tender-hearted; and as for myself, although I abhorred such kind of spectacles, yet my curiosity tempted me to see something that I thought must be extraordinary. The malefactor was fixed in a chair upon a scaffold erected for that purpose, and his head cut off at one blow with a sword of forty feet long. The veins and arteries spouted up such a prodigious quantity of

blood, and so high in the air, that the great *jet d'eau* at Versailles was not equal for the time it lasted; and the head, when it fell upon the scaffold-floor, gave such a bounce as made me start, although I was at least half an English mile distant.

The queen, who often used to hear me talk of sea-voyages, and took all occasions to divert me when I was melancholy, asked me whether I understood how to handle a sail or an oar, and whether a little exercise of rowing might not be convenient for my health. I answered that I understood both very well; for although my proper employment had been to be surgeon or doctor to the ship, yet often, upon a pinch, I was forced to work like a common mariner. But I could not see how this could be done in their country, where the smallest wherry was equal to a first-rate man-of-war among us; and such a boat as I could manage would never live in any of their rivers. Her Majesty said, if I could contrive a boat, her own joiner should make it; and she would provide a place for me to sail in. The fellow was an ingenious workman, and, by my instructions, in ten days finished a pleasure-boat, with all its tackling, able conveniently to hold eight Europeans. When it was finished, the queen was so delighted, that she ran with it in her lap to the king, who ordered it to be put in a cistern full of water, with me in it, by the way of trial, where I could not manage my two sculls, or little oars, for want of room. But the queen had before contrived another project. She ordered the joiner to make a wooden trough of three hundred feet long, fifty broad, and eight deep; which being well pitched, to prevent leaking, was placed on the floor along the wall in an outer room of the palace. It had a tap near the bottom to let out the water when it began to grow stale; and two servants could easily fill it in half an hour. Here I often used to row for my own diversion, as well as that of the queen and her ladies, who thought themselves well entertained by my skill and agility. Sometimes I would put up my sail; and then my business was only to steer, while the ladies gave me a gale with their fans; and, when they were weary, some of their pages would blow my sail forward with their breath, while I showed my art by steering starboard or larboard as I pleased. When I had done, Glumdalclitch always carried back my boat into her closet, and hung it on a nail to dry.

In this exercise I once met with an accident which had like to have cost me my life: for, one of the pages having put my boat into the trough, the governess who attended Glumdalclitch very officiously lifted me up to place me in the boat; but I happened to slip through her fingers, and should infallibly have fallen down forty feet upon the floor, if, by the luckiest chance in the world, I had not been stopped by a corking-pin that stuck in the good gentle-

woman's stomacher. The head of the pin passed between my shirt and the waistband of my breeches; and thus I was held by the middle in the air till Glumdalclitch ran to my relief.

Another time, one of the servants, whose office it was to fill my trough every third day with fresh water, was so careless as to let a huge frog (not perceiving it) slip out of his pail. The frog lay concealed till I was put into my boat, but then, seeing a resting-place, climbed up, and made it lean so much on one side, that I was forced to balance it with all my weight on the other to prevent overturning. When the frog was got in, it hopped at once half the length of my boat, and then over my head, backward and forward, daubing my face and my clothes with its odious slime. The largeness of its features made it appear the most deformed animal that can be conceived. However, I desired Glumdalclitch to let me deal with it alone. I banged it a good while with one of my sculls, and at last forced it to leap out of the boat.

But the greatest danger I ever underwent in that kingdom was from a monkey, who belonged to one of the clerks of the kitchen. Glumdalclitch had locked me up in her closet while she went somewhere upon business or a visit. The weather being very warm, the closet-window was left open, as well as the windows and the door of my bigger box, in which I usually lived because of its largeness and conveniency. As I sat quietly meditating at my table, I heard something bound in at the closet-window, and skip about from one side to the other: whereat, although I was much alarmed, yet I ventured to look out, but not stirring from my seat; and then I saw this frolicsome animal frisking and leaping up and down, till at last he came to my box, which he seemed to view with great pleasure and curiosity, peeping in at the door and every window. I retreated to the farther corner of my room, or box; but the monkey, looking in at every side, put me into such a fright, that I wanted presence of mind to conceal myself under the bed, as I might easily have done. After some time spent in peeping, grinning, and chattering, he at last espied me; and reaching one of his paws in at the door as a cat does when she plays with a mouse, although I often shifted place to avoid him, he at length seized the lappet of my coat (which, being made of that country silk, was very thick and strong), and dragged me out. He took me up in his right fore-foot, and held me as a nurse does a child she is going to suckle,—just as I have seen the same sort of creature do with a kitten in Europe; and, when I offered to struggle, he squeezed me so hard, that I thought it more prudent to submit. I have good reason to believe that he took me for a young one of his own species, by his often stroking my face very gently with his other paw. In these diversions he was interrupted by a noise at the closet-door, as if somebody was open-

ing it: whereupon he suddenly leaped up to the window at which he had come in, and thence upon the leads and gutters, walking upon three legs, and holding me in the fourth, till he clambered up a roof next to ours. I heard Glumdalclitch give a shriek at the moment he was carrying me out. The poor girl was almost distracted. That quarter of the palace was all in an uproar. The servants ran for the ladders. The monkey was seen by hundreds in the court, sitting upon the ridge of a building, holding me like a baby in one of his fore-paws, and feeding me with the other by cramming into my mouth some victuals he had squeezed out of the bag on one side of his chaps, and patting me when I would not eat; whereat many of the rabble below could not forbear laughing: neither do I think they justly ought to be blamed; for, without question, the sight was ridiculous enough to everybody but myself. Some of the people threw up stones, hoping to drive the monkey down; but this was strictly forbidden, or else, very probably, my brains had been dashed out.

The ladders were now applied, and mounted by several men, which the monkey observing, and finding himself almost encompassed, not being able to make speed enough with his three legs, let me drop on a ridge-tile, and made his escape. Here I sat for some time, five hundred yards from the ground, expecting every moment to be blown down by the wind, or to fall by my own giddiness, and come tumbling over and over from the ridge to the eaves; but an honest lad, one of my nurse's footmen, climbed up, and, putting me into his breeches' pocket, brought me down safe. I was almost choked with the filthy stuff the monkey crammed down my throat; but my dear little nurse picked it out of my mouth with a small needle; and then I fell a-vomiting, which gave me great relief. Yet I was so weak and bruised in the sides with the squeezes given me by this odious animal, that I was forced to keep my bed a fortnight. The king, queen, and all the court, sent every day to inquire after my health; and her Majesty made me several visits during my sickness. The monkey was killed, and an order made that no such animal should be kept about the palace.

When I attended the king, after my recovery, to return him thanks for his favors, he was pleased to rally me a good deal upon this adventure. He asked me what my thoughts and speculations were while I lay in the monkey's paw; how I liked the victuals he gave me; his manner of feeding; and whether the fresh air on the roof had sharpened my stomach. He desired to know what I would have done upon such an occasion in my own country. I told his Majesty that in Europe we had no monkeys, except such as were brought as curiosities from other places, and so small, that I could deal with a dozen of them together if they pre-

sumed to attack me. And as for that monstrous animal with whom I was so lately engaged (it was, indeed, as large as an elephant), if my fears had suffered me to think so far as to make use of my hanger (looking fiercely, and clapping my hand upon the hilt as I spoke) when he poked his paw into my chamber, perhaps I should have given him such a wound as would have made him glad to withdraw it with more haste than he put it in. This I delivered in a firm tone, like a person who was jealous lest his courage should be called in question. However, my speech produced nothing else besides a loud laughter, which all the respect due to his Majesty from those about him could not make them contain. This made me reflect how vain an attempt it is for a man to endeavor to do himself honor among those who are out of all degrees of equality or comparison with him. And yet I have seen the moral of my own behavior very frequent in England since my return, where a little contemptible varlet, without the least title to birth, person, wit, or common sense, shall presume to look with importance, and put himself upon a footing with the greatest person of the kingdom.

I was every day furnishing the court with some ridiculous story; and Glumdalclitch, although she loved me to excess, yet was arch enough to inform the queen whenever I committed any folly that she thought would be diverting to her Majesty. The girl, who had been out of order, was carried by her governess to take the air about an hour's distance, or thirty miles from town. They alighted out of the coach near a small footpath in a field; and, Glumdalclitch setting down my traveling-box, I went out of it to walk. There was a small heap of dirt in the path, and I must needs try my activity by attempting to leap over it. I took a run, but, unfortunately, jumped short, and found myself just in the middle, up to my knees. I waded through with some difficulty; and one of the footmen wiped me as clean as he could with his handkerchief, for I was filthily bemired; and my nurse confined me to my box till we returned home, when the queen was soon informed of what had passed, and the footmen spread it about the court; so that all the mirth for some days was at my expense.

DANIEL DEFOE.

1661-1731.

Voluminous writer of fiction and political pamphlets. In simple and natural style, he paints fiction as reality with unsurpassed success.

ROBINSON CRUSOE.

I WAS born in the year 1632, in the city of York, of a good family, though not of that country; my father being a foreigner of Bremen, who settled first at Hull. He got a good estate by merchandise, and, leaving off his trade, lived afterwards at York; from whence he had married my mother, whose relations were named Robinson, — a very good family in that country, and from whom I was called Kreutznaer: but, by the usual corruption of words in England, we are now called, nay, we call ourselves, and write our name, Crusoe; and so my companions always called me. I had two elder brothers, one of which was lieutenant-colonel to an English regiment of foot in Flanders, formerly commanded by the famous Col. Lockhart, and was killed at the battle near Dunkirk against the Spaniards. What became of my second brother I never knew any more than my father or mother did know what was become of me. Being the third son of the family, and not bred to any trade, my head began to be filled very early with rambling thoughts. My father, who was very ancient, had given me a competent share of learning, as far as house-education and a country free school generally go, and designed me for the law: but I would be satisfied with nothing but going to sea; and my inclination to this led me so strongly against the will, nay, the commands, of my father, and against all the entreaties and persuasions of my mother and other friends, that there seemed to be something fatal in that propension of nature, tending directly to the life of misery which was to befall me. My father, a wise and grave man, gave me serious and excellent counsel against what he foresaw was my design. He called me one morning into his chamber, where he was confined by the gout, and expostulated with me very warmly upon this subject: he asked me what reasons, more than a mere wandering inclination, I had for leaving my father's house, and my native country, where I might be well introduced, and had a prospect of raising my fortune by application and industry, with a life of ease and pleasure. He told me it was men of desperate fortunes on one hand, or of aspiring, superior fortunes on the other, and who went abroad upon adventures, to rise by enterprise, and

make themselves famous in undertakings of a nature out of the common road; that these things were all either too far above me or too far below me; that mine was the middle state, or what might be called the upper station of low life, which he had found by long experience was the best state in the world, — the most suited to human happiness, not exposed to the miseries and hardships, the labor and sufferings, of the mechanic part of mankind, and not embarrassed with the pride, luxury, ambition, and envy of the upper part of mankind. He told me I might judge of the happiness of this state by this one thing, — viz., that this was the state of life which all other people envied; that kings have frequently lamented the miserable consequence of being born to great things, and wished they had been placed in the middle of the two extremes, — between the mean and the great; that the wise man gave his testimony to this as the standard of felicity when he prayed to have neither poverty nor riches. He bade me observe it, and I should always find, that the calamities of life were shared among the upper and lower part of mankind; but that the middle station had the fewest disasters, and was not exposed to so many vicissitudes as the higher or lower part of mankind; nay, they were not subjected to so many distempers and uneasiness, either of body or mind, as those were, who by vicious living, luxury, and extravagances, on the one hand, or by hard labor, want of necessaries, and mean or insufficient diet, on the other hand, bring distempers upon themselves by the natural consequences of their way of living; that the middle station of life was calculated for all kind of virtues and all kind of enjoyments; that peace and plenty were the handmaids of a middle fortune; that temperance, moderation, quietness, health, society, all agreeable diversions, and all desirable pleasures, were the blessings attending the middle station of life; that, this way, men went silently and smoothly through the world, and comfortably out of it, not embarrassed with the labors of the hands or of the head; not sold to a life of slavery for daily bread, or harassed with perplexed circumstances which rob the soul of peace, and the body of rest; nor enraged with the passion of envy, or the secret burning lust of ambition for great things; but in easy circumstances, sliding gently through the world, and sensibly tasting the sweets of living without the bitter; feeling that they are happy, and learning by every day's experience to know it more sensibly.

After this he pressed me earnestly, and in the most affectionate manner, not to play the young man, nor to precipitate myself into miseries which Nature, and the station of life I was born in, seemed to have provided against; that I was under no necessity of seeking my bread; that he would do well for me, and endeavor to enter me fairly into the station of life which he had

just been recommending to me; and that, if I was not very easy and happy in the world, it must be my mere fate or fault that must hinder it; and that he should have nothing to answer for, having thus discharged his duty in warning me against measures which he knew would be to my hurt: in a word, that as he would do very kind things for me if I would stay and settle at home as he directed, so he would not have so much hand in my misfortunes as to give me any encouragement to go away. And, to close all, he told me I had my elder brother for an example, to whom he had used the same earnest persuasions to keep him from going into the Low-Country wars, but could not prevail, his young desires prompting him to run into the army, where he was killed. And though he said he would not cease to pray for me, yet he would venture to say to me, that, if I did take this foolish step, God would not bless me, and I would have leisure hereafter to reflect upon having neglected his counsel where there might be none to assist in my recovery.

I observed in this last part of his discourse, which was truly prophetic, though I suppose my father did not know it to be so himself, — I say, I observed the tears run down his face very plentifully, especially when he spoke of my brother who was killed; and that when he spoke of my having leisure to repent, and none to assist me, he was so moved, that he broke off the discourse, and told me his heart was so full he could say no more to me.

I was sincerely affected with this discourse, — as, indeed, who could be otherwise? — and I resolved not to think of going abroad any more, but to settle at home according to my father's desire. But, alas! a few days wore it all off; and in short, to prevent any of my father's further importunities, in a few weeks after I resolved to run quite away from him. However, I did not act quite so hastily neither as the first heat of my resolution prompted: but I took my mother at a time when I thought her a little pleasanter than ordinary, and told her that my thoughts were so entirely bent upon seeing the world, that I should never settle to any thing with resolution enough to go through with it, and my father had better give me his consent than force me to go without it; that I was now eighteen years old, which was too late to go apprentice to a trade, or clerk to an attorney; that I was sure, if I did, I should never serve out my time, but I should certainly run away from my master before my time was out, and go to sea; and, if she would speak to my father to let me go one voyage abroad, if I came home again, and did not like it, I would go no more; and I would promise, by a double diligence, to recover the time that I had lost. This put my mother into a great passion. She told me she knew it would be to no purpose to speak to my father upon any such subject; that he knew too well what was my interest to

give his consent to any thing so much for my hurt; and that she wondered how I could think of any such thing after the discourse I had had with my father, and such kind and tender expressions as she knew my father had used to me; and that, in short, if I would ruin myself, there was no help for me; that I might depend I should never have their consent to it; that, for her part, she would not have so much hand in my destruction, and I should never have it to say that my mother was willing when my father was not. Though my mother refused to move it to my father, yet I heard afterwards that she reported all the discourse to him, and that my father, after showing a great concern at it, said to her with a sigh, "That boy might be happy if he would stay at home; but, if he goes abroad, he will be the most miserable wretch that ever was born. I can give no consent to it."

It was not till almost a year after this that I broke loose; though, in the mean time, I continued obstinately deaf to all proposals of settling to business, and frequently expostulating with my father and mother about their being so positively determined against what they knew my inclinations prompted me to.

But being one day at Hull, whither I went casually, and without any purpose of making an elopement at that time, — but, I say, being there, and one of my companions being going by sea to London in his father's ship, and prompting me to go with them, with the common allurement of a seafaring man that it should cost me nothing for my passage, I consulted neither father nor mother any more, — not so much as sent them word of it; but leaving them to hear of it as they might, without asking God's blessing or my father's, without any consideration of circumstances or consequences, and in an ill hour, God knows, on the 1st of September, 1651, I went on board a ship bound for London. Never any young adventurer's misfortunes, I believe, began sooner or continued longer than mine. The ship was no sooner got out of the Humber but the wind began to blow and the sea to rise in a most frightful manner; and, as I had never been at sea before, I was most inexpressibly sick in body, and terrified in mind. I began now seriously to reflect upon what I had done, and how justly I was overtaken by the judgment of Heaven for my wicked leaving my father's house, and abandoning my duty. All the good counsels of my parents, my father's tears, and my mother's entreaties, came now fresh in my mind; and my conscience, which was not yet come to the pitch of hardness to which it has been since, reproached me with the contempt of advice, and the breach of my duty to my God and my father.

ROBINSON CRUSOE DISCOVERS THE FOOTPRINT.

It happened one day about noon, going towards my boat, I was exceedingly surprised with the print of a man's naked foot on the shore, which was very plain to be seen in the sand. I stood like one thunder-struck, or as if I had seen an apparition. I listened; I looked round me: I could hear nothing, nor see any thing. I went up to a rising ground to look farther; I went up the shore, and down the shore: but it was all one; I could see no other impression but that one. I went to it again to see if there were any more, and to observe if it might not be my fancy: but there was no room for that; for there was exactly the very print of a foot, — toes, heel, and every part of a foot. How it came thither I knew not, nor could in the least imagine. But after innumerable fluttering thoughts, like a man perfectly confused, and out of myself, I came home to my fortification, not feeling, as we say, the ground I went on, but terrified to the last degree; looking behind me at every two or three steps, mistaking every bush and tree, and fancying every stump at a distance to be a man. Nor is it possible to describe how many various shapes an affrighted imagination represented things to me in; how many wild ideas were formed every moment in my fancy; and what strange, unaccountable whimseys came into my thoughts by the way.

When I came to my castle (for so I think I called it ever after this), I fled into it like one pursued. Whether I went over by the ladder at first contrived, or went in at the hole in the rock which I called a door, I can not remember; for never frighted hare fled to cover, or fox to earth, with more terror of mind than I to this retreat.

I slept none that night. The farther I was from the occasion of my fright, the greater my apprehensions were; which is something contrary to the nature of such things, and especially to the usual practice of all creatures in fear: but I was so embarrassed with my own frightful ideas of the thing, that I formed nothing but dismal imaginations to myself, even though I was now a great way off it. Sometimes I fancied it must be the Devil: and reason joined in with me upon this supposition; for how should any other thing in human shape come into the place? Where was the vessel that brought them? What marks were there of any other footsteps? and how was it possible a man should come there? But then, to think that Satan should take human shape upon him in such a place, where there could be no manner of occasion for it but to leave the print of his foot behind him, and that even for no purpose too, — for he could not be sure I should see it, — this was an amusement the other way. I considered that

the Devil might have found out abundance of other ways to have terrified me than this of the single print of a foot; that, as I lived quite on the other side of the island, he would never have been so simple as to leave a mark in a place where it was ten thousand to one whether I should ever see it or not, and in the sand too, which the first surge of the sea, upon a high wind, would have defaced entirely: all this seemed inconsistent with the thing itself, and with all the notions we usually entertain of the subtlety of the Devil. Abundance of such things as these assisted to argue me out of all apprehensions of its being the Devil: and I presently concluded, then, that it must be some more dangerous creature; viz., that it must be some of the savages of the mainland over against me, who had wandered out to sea in their canoes, and, either driven by the currents or contrary winds, had made the island, and had been on shore, but were gone away again to sea, being as loath, perhaps, to have staid in this desolate island as I would have been to have them.

While these reflections were rolling upon my mind, I was very thankful in my thoughts that I was so happy as not to be thereabouts at that time, or that they did not see my boat, by which they would have concluded that some inhabitants had been in the place, and perhaps have searched farther for me. Then terrible thoughts racked my imagination about their having found my boat, and that there were people here; and that, if so, I should certainly have them come again in greater numbers, and devour me; that if it should happen so that they should not find me, yet they would find my inclosure, destroy all my corn, and carry away all my flock of tame goats, and I should perish at last for mere want.

Thus my fear banished all my religious hope, — all that former confidence in God which was founded upon such wonderful experience as I had had of his goodness; as if He that had fed me by miracle hitherto could not preserve by his power the provision which he had made for me by his goodness! I reproached myself with my laziness, that would not sow any more corn one year than would just serve me till the next season, as if no accident would intervene to prevent my enjoying the crop that was upon the ground: and this I thought so just a reproof, that I resolved, for the future, to have two or three years' corn beforehand; so that, whatever might come, I might not perish for want of bread.

How strange a checker-work of Providence is the life of man! and by what secret differing springs are the affections hurried about as differing circumstances present! To-day we love what to-morrow we hate; to-day we seek what to-morrow we shun; to-day we desire what to-morrow we fear, nay, even tremble at the apprehensions of. This was exemplified in me at this time in

the most lively manner imaginable: for I, whose only affliction was that I seemed banished from human society; that I was alone, circumscribed by the boundless ocean, cut off from mankind, and condemned to what I call a silent life; that I was as one whom Heaven thought not worthy to be numbered among the living, or to appear among the rest of his creatures; that to have seen one of my own species would have seemed to me a raising me from death to life, and the greatest blessing that Heaven itself, next to the supreme blessing of salvation, could bestow, — I say, that I should now tremble at the very apprehensions of seeing a man, and was ready to sink into the ground at but the shadow or silent appearance of a man's having set his foot on the island!

Such is the uneven state of human life; and it afforded me a great many curious speculations afterwards, when I had a little recovered my first surprise. I considered that this was the station of life the infinitely wise and good providence of God had determined for me; that as I could not foresee what the ends of Divine Wisdom might be in all this, so I was not to dispute his sovereignty, who, as I was his creature, had an undoubted right by creation to govern and dispose of me absolutely as he thought fit; and who, as I was a creature who had offended him, had likewise a judicial right to condemn me to what punishment he thought fit; and that it was my part to submit to bear his indignation, because I had sinned against him.

I then reflected, that God, who was not only righteous, but omnipotent, as he had thought fit thus to punish and afflict me, so he was able to deliver me; that, if he did not think fit to do it, it was my unquestioned duty to resign myself absolutely and entirely to his will; and, on the other hand, it was my duty also to hope in him, pray to him, and quietly to attend the dictates and directions of his daily providence.

These thoughts took me up many hours, days, nay, I may say, weeks and months. And one particular effect of my cogitations on this occasion I can not omit; viz., one morning early, lying in my bed, and filled with thoughts about my danger from the appearance of savages, I found it discomposed me very much: upon which those words of the Scripture came into my thoughts, "*Call upon Me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee; and thou shalt glorify me.*"

Upon this, rising cheerfully out of my bed, my heart was not only comforted, but I was guided and encouraged to pray earnestly to God for deliverance. When I had done praying, I took up my Bible: and, opening it to read, the first words that presented to me were, "*Wait on the Lord, and be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thy heart; wait, I say, on the Lord.*" It is impossible to express the comfort this gave me; and, in return, I thankfully

laid down the book, and was no more sad, — at least, not on that occasion.

In the middle of these cogitations, apprehensions, and reflections, it came into my thoughts one day that all this might be a mere chimera of my own, and that this foot might be the print of my own foot when I came on shore from my boat. This cheered me up a little too, and I began to persuade myself it was all a delusion; that it was nothing else but my own foot. And why might not I come that way from the boat, as well as I was going that way to the boat? Again: I considered also that I could by no means tell for certain where I had trod, and where I had not; and that if, at last, this was only the print of my own foot, I had played the part of those fools who strive to make stories of specters and apparitions, and then are themselves frighted at them more than anybody else.

Now I began to take courage, and to peep abroad again; for I had not stirred out of my castle for three days and nights, so that I began to starve for provision; for I had little or nothing within doors but some barley-cakes and water. Then I knew that my goats wanted to be milked too, which usually was my evening diversion: and the poor creatures were in great pain and inconvenience for want of it; and, indeed, it almost spoiled some of them, and almost dried up their milk.

Heartening myself, therefore, with the belief that this was nothing but the print of one of my own feet (and so I might be truly said to start at my own shadow), I began to go abroad again, and went to my country-house to milk my flock. But to see with what fear I went forward; how often I looked behind me; how I was ready every now and then to lay down my basket, and run for my life, — it would have made any one have thought I was haunted with an evil conscience, or that I had been lately most terribly frighted; and so, indeed, I had.

However, as I went down thus two or three days, and having seen nothing, I began to be a little bolder, and to think there was really nothing in it but my own imagination. But I could not persuade myself fully of this till I should go down to the shore again, and see this print of a foot, and measure it by my own, and see if there was any similitude or fitness, that I might be assured it was my own foot. But, when I came to the place first, it appeared evidently to me, that, when I laid up my boat, I could not possibly be on shore anywhere thereabouts. Secondly, when I came to measure the mark with my own foot, I found my foot not so large by a great deal. Both these things filled my head with new imaginations, and gave me the vapors again to the highest degree; so that I shook with cold like one in an ague: and I went home again, filled with the belief that some man or men had been on

shore there; or, in short, that the island was inhabited, and I might be surprised before I was aware; and what course to take for my security, I knew not. Oh, what ridiculous resolutions men take when possessed with fear! It deprives them of the use of those means which reason offers for their relief.

The first thing I proposed to myself was to throw down my inclosures, and turn all my tame cattle wild into the woods, lest the enemy should find them, and then frequent the island in prospect of the same or the like booty; then to the simple thing of digging up my two corn-fields, lest they should find such a grain there, and still be prompted to frequent the island; then to demolish my bower and tent, that they might not see any vestiges of habitation, and be prompted to look farther in order to find out the persons inhabiting. These were the subjects of the first night's cogitations after I was come home again, while the apprehensions which had so overrun my mind were fresh upon me, and my head was full of vapors as above. Thus fear of danger is ten thousand times more terrifying than danger itself when apparent to the eyes; and we find the burden of anxiety greater, by much, than the evil which we are anxious about: and, which was worse than all this, I had not that relief in this trouble, that, from the resignation I used to practice, I hoped to have. I looked, I thought, like Saul, who complained, not only that the Philistines were upon him, but that God had forsaken him: for I did not now take due ways to compose my mind by crying to God in my distress, and resting upon his providence, as I had done before, for my defense and deliverance; which if I had done, I had at least been more cheerfully supported under this new surprise, and perhaps carried through it with more resolution.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

1672–1719.

There is but one opinion of his style: "In a word, one may justly apply to him what Plato in his allegorical language says of Aristophanes, — that the Graces, having searched all the world for a temple wherein they might for ever dwell, settled at last in the breast of Mr. Addison." Dr. Johnson says, "Whoever wishes to attain an English style, familiar, but not coarse, and elegant, but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison." We select only from his prose.

BICKERSTAFF LEARNING FENCING.

I HAVE upon my chamber-walls drawn at full-length the figures of all sorts of men, from eight feet to three feet two inches.

Within this hight, I take it that all the fighting-men of Great Britain are comprehended. But, as I push, I make allowances for my being of a lank and spare body, and have chalked out in every figure my own dimensions; for I scorn to rob any man of his life by taking advantage of his breath: therefore I press purely in a line down from his nose, and take no more of him to assault than he has of me. For, to speak impartially, if a lean fellow wounds a fat one in any part of the right or left, whether it be in *carte* or in *tierce*, beyond the dimensions of the said lean fellow's own breadth, I take it to be murder, and such a murder as is below a gentleman to commit. As I am spare, I am also very tall, and behave myself, with relation to that advantage, with the same punctilio; and I am ready to stoop or stand, according to the stature of my adversary. I must confess, I have had great success this morning, and have hit every figure round the room in a mortal part, without receiving the least hurt, except a little scratch by falling on my face in pushing at one at the lower end of my chamber; but I recovered so quick, and jumped so nimbly into my guard, that, if he had been alive, he could not have hurt me. It is confessed I have written against duels with some warmth; but, in all my discourses, I have not ever said that I knew how a gentleman could avoid a duel if he were provoked to it: and, since that custom is now become a law, I know nothing but the legislative power, with new animadversions upon it, can put us in a capacity of denying challenges, though we were afterwards hanged for it. But no more of this at present. As things stand, I shall put up no more affronts; and I shall be so far from taking ill words, that I will not take ill looks. I therefore warn all hot young fellows not to look, hereafter, more terrible than their neighbors; for, if they stare at me with their hats cocked higher than other people, I will not bear it. Nay, I give warning to all people in general to look kindly at me: for I will bear no frowns, even from ladies; and, if any woman pretends to look scornfully at me, I shall demand satisfaction of the next of kin of the masculine gender.

Tatler, No. 93.

ON THE USE OF THE FAN.

I DO not know whether to call the following letter a satire upon coquettes, or a representation of their several fantastical accomplishments, or what other title to give it; but, as it is, I shall communicate it to the public. It will sufficiently explain its own intentions; so that I shall give it my reader at length, without either preface or postcript: —

Mr. Spectator, — Women are armed with fans, as men with swords, and sometimes do more execution with them. To the

end, therefore, that ladies may be entire mistresses of the weapon which they bear, I have erected an academy for the training-up of young women in the exercise of the fan according to the most fashionable airs and motions that are now practiced at court. The ladies who carry fans under me are drawn up twice a day in my great hall, where they are instructed in the use of their arms, and exercised by the following words of command: "Handle your fans!" "Unfurl your fans!" "Discharge your fans!" "Ground your fans!" "Recover your fans!" "Flutter your fans!" By the right observation of these few plain words of command, a woman of a tolerable genius, who will apply herself diligently to her exercise for the space of but one half-year, shall be able to give her fan all the graces that can possibly enter into that little modish machine.

But, to the end that my readers may form to themselves a right notion of this exercise, I beg leave to explain it to them in all its parts. When my female regiment is drawn up in array, with every one her weapon in her hand, upon my giving the word to "handle their fans," each of them shakes her fan at me with a smile, then gives her right-hand woman a tap upon the shoulder, then presses her lips with the extremity of her fan, then lets her arms fall in easy motion, and stands in readiness to receive the next word of command. All this is done with a close fan, and is generally learned in the first week.

The next motion is that of unfurling the fan, in which are comprehended several little flirts and vibrations, as also gradual and deliberate openings, with many voluntary fallings-asunder in the fan itself, that are seldom learned under a month's practice. This part of the exercise pleases the spectators more than any other, as it discovers, on a sudden, an infinite number of Cupids, garlands, altars, birds, beasts, rainbows, and the like agreeable figures, that display themselves to view; whilst every one in the regiment holds a picture in her hand.

Upon my giving the word to "discharge their fans," they give one general crack, that may be heard at a considerable distance when the wind sits fair. This is one of the most difficult parts of the exercise; but I have several ladies with me, who at their first entrance could not give a pop loud enough to be heard at the farther end of the room, who can now discharge a fan in such a manner, that it shall make a report like a pocket-pistol. I have likewise taken care (in order to hinder young women from letting off their fans in wrong places or on unsuitable occasions) to show upon what subject the crack of a fan may come in properly. I have likewise invented a fan with which a girl of sixteen, by the help of a little wind which is inclosed about one of the largest sticks, can make as loud a crack as a woman of fifty with an ordinary fan.

When the fans are thus discharged, the word of command, in course, is to "ground their fans." This teaches a lady to quit her fan gracefully when she throws it aside in order to take up a pack of cards, adjust a curl of hair, replace a falling pin, or apply herself to any other matter of importance. This part of the exercise, as it only consists in tossing a fan with an air upon a long table (which stands by for that purpose), may be learned in two days' time as well as in a twelvemonth.

When my female regiment is thus disarmed, I generally let them walk about the room for some time; when, on a sudden (like ladies that look upon their watches after a long visit), they all of them hasten to their arms, catch them up in a hurry, and place themselves in their proper stations upon my calling out, "Recover your fans!" This part of the exercise is not difficult, provided a woman applies her thoughts to it.

The fluttering of the fan is the last, and, indeed, the masterpiece, of the whole exercise; but, if a lady does not misspend her time, she may make herself mistress of it in three months. I generally lay aside the dog-days, and the hot time of the summer, for the teaching this part of the exercise; for as soon as ever I pronounce, "Flutter your fans!" the place is filled with so many zephyrs and gentle breezes as are very refreshing in that season of the year, though they might be dangerous to ladies of a tender constitution in any other.

There is an infinite variety of motions to be made use of in the flutter of a fan. There is the angry flutter, the modest flutter, the timorous flutter, the confused flutter, the merry flutter, and the amorous flutter. Not to be tedious, there is scarce any emotion in the mind which does not produce a suitable agitation in the fan; insomuch, that, if I only see the fan of a disciplined lady, I know very well whether she laughs, frowns, or blushes. I have seen a fan so very angry, that it would have been dangerous for the absent lover who provoked it to have come within the wind of it; and at other times so very languishing, that I have been glad, for the lady's sake, the lover was at a sufficient distance from it. I need not add, that a fan is either a prude or coquette, according to the nature of the person who bears it. To conclude my letter, I must acquaint you that I have from my own observations compiled a little treatise for the use of my scholars, entitled "The Passions of the Fan," which I will communicate to you if you think it may be of use to the public. I shall have a general review on Thursday next, to which you shall be very welcome if you will honor it with your presence. — I am, &c.

P.S. — I teach young gentlemen the whole art of gallanting a fan.

N.B. — I have several little plain fans made for this use to avoid expense.

Spectator, No. 102.

THE LOVER'S LEAP.

I SHALL in this paper discharge myself of the promise I have made to the public by obliging them with a translation of the little Greek manuscript which is said to have been a piece of those records that were preserved in the Temple of Apollo upon the promontory of Leucate. It is a short history of "The Lover's Leap," and is inscribed, "An account of persons, male and female, who offered up their vows in the temple of the Pythian Apollo in the forty-sixth Olympiad, and leaped from the promontory of Leucate into the Ionian Sea in order to cure themselves of the passion of love."

This account is very dry in many parts, as only mentioning the name of the lover who leaped, the person he leaped for, and relating, in short, that he was either cured or killed or maimed by the fall. It, indeed, gives the names of so many who died by it, that it would have looked like a bill of mortality had I translated it at full length: I have therefore made an abridgment of it, and only extracted such particular passages as have something extraordinary, either in the case, or in the cure, or in the fate, of the person who is mentioned in it. After this short preface, take the account as follows: —

Battus, the son of Menalcas the Sicilian, leaped for Bombyca the musician. Got rid of his passion with the loss of his right leg and arm, which were broken in the fall.

Melissa, in love with Daphnis. Very much bruised, but escaped with life.

Cynisca, the wife of Æschines, being in love with Lycus; and Æschines, her husband, being in love with Eurilla (which had made this married couple very uneasy to one another for several years). Both the husband and the wife took the leap by consent: they both of them escaped, and have lived very happily together ever since.

Larissa, a virgin of Thessaly, deserted by Plexippus after a courtship of three years. She stood upon the brow of the promontory for some time; and after having thrown down a ring, a bracelet, and a little picture, with other presents which she had received from Plexippus, she threw herself into the sea, and was taken up alive.

N.B. — Larissa, before she leaped, made an offering of a silver Cupid in the Temple of Apollo.

Aridæus, a beautiful youth of Epirus, in love with Praxinoë, the wife of Thespis. Escaped without damage, saving only that two of his fore-teeth were struck out, and his nose a little flatted.

Cleora, a widow of Ephesus, being inconsolable for the death

of her husband, was resolved to take this leap in order to get rid of her passion for his memory; but, being arrived at the promontory, she there met with Dimmachus the Milesian, and, after a short conversation with him, laid aside the thoughts of her leap, and married him in the Temple of Apollo.

N.B. — Her widow's weeds are still seen hanging up in the western corner of the temple.

Olphis the fisherman, having received a box on the ear from Thestylis the day before, and being determined to have no more to do with her, leaped, and escaped with life.

Atalanta, an old maid, whose cruelty had several years before driven two or three despairing lovers to this leap, being now in the fifty-fifth year of her age, and in love with an officer of Sparta, broke her neck in the fall.

Tettyx the dancing-master, in love with Olympia, an Athenian matron, threw himself from the rock with great agility, but was crippled in the fall.

Diagoras the usurer, in love with his cook-maid. He peeped several times over the precipice; but, his heart misgiving him, he went back, and married her that evening.

Eunica, a maid of Paphos, aged nineteen, in love with Eurybates. Hurt in the fall, but recovered.

N.B. — This was the second time of her leaping.

Hesperus, a young man of Tarentum, in love with his master's daughter. Drowned, the boats not coming in soon enough to his relief.

Sappho the Lesbian, in love with Phaon, arrived at the Temple of Apollo habited like a bride, — in garments as white as snow. She wore a garland of myrtle on her head, and carried in her hand the little musical instrument of her own invention. After having sung a hymn to Apollo, she hung up her garland on one side of his altar, and her harp on the other. She then tucked up her vestments like a Spartan virgin, and amidst thousands of spectators, who were anxious for her safety, and offered up vows for her deliverance, marched directly forwards to the utmost summit of the promontory, where, after having repeated a stanza of her own verses, which we could not hear, she threw herself off the rock with such an intrepidity as was never before observed in any who had attempted that dangerous leap. Many who were present related that they saw her fall into the sea, from whence she never rose again; though there were others who affirmed that she never came to the bottom of her leap, but that she was changed into a swan as she fell, and that they saw her hovering in the air under that shape. But whether or no the whiteness and fluttering of her garments might not deceive those who looked upon her, or whether she might not really be meta-

morphosed into that musical and melancholy bird, is still a doubt among the Lesbians.

Alcæus, the famous lyric poet, who had for some time been passionately in love with Sappho, arrived at the promontory of Leucate that very evening, in order to take the leap upon her account; but hearing that Sappho had been there before him, and that her body could be nowhere found, he very generously lamented her fall, and is said to have written his hundred and twenty-fifth ode upon that occasion.

Leaped in this Olympiad,	Males 124	Females 126	Total 250
Cured, " "	" 51	" 69	" 120

Spectator, No. 233.

DISSECTION OF A BEAU'S HEAD.

A VERY wild, extravagant dream employed my fancy all the last night. I was invited, methought, to the dissection of a beau's head and a coquette's heart, which were both of them laid on a table before us. An imaginary operator opened the first with a great deal of nicety, which, upon a cursory and superficial view, appeared like the head of another man: but, upon applying our glasses to it, we made a very odd discovery; namely, that what we looked upon as brains were not such in reality, but a heap of strange materials wound up in that shape and texture, and packed together with wonderful art in the several cavities of the skull. For as Homer tells us that the blood of the gods is not real blood, but only something like it; so we found that the brain of a beau is not a real brain, but only something like it.

The *pineal* gland, which many of our modern philosophers suppose to be the seat of the soul, smelt very strong of essence and orange-flower water, and was encompassed with a kind of horny substance, cut into a thousand little faces or mirrors, which were imperceptible to the naked eye; insomuch that the soul, if there had been any here, must have been always taken up in contemplating her own beauties.

We observed a large antrum, or cavity, in the *sinciput*, that was filled with ribbons, lace, and embroidery, wrought together in a most curious piece of net-work, the parts of which were likewise imperceptible to the naked eye. Another of these antrums, or cavities, was stuffed with invisible billets-doux, love-letters, pricked dances, and other trumpery of the same nature. In another we found a kind of powder, which set the whole company a-sneezing, and by the scent discovered itself to be right Spanish. The several other cells were stored with commodities of the same kind, of which it would be tedious to give the reader an exact inventory.

There was a large cavity on each side of the head, which I

must not omit. That on the right side was filled with fictions, flatteries, and falsehoods, vows, promises, and protestations; that on the left, with oaths and imprecations. There issued out a duct from each of these cells, which ran into the root of the tongue, where both joined together, and passed forward in one common duct to the tip of it. We discovered several little roads or canals running from the ear into the brain, and took particular care to trace them out through their several passages. One of them extended itself to a bundle of sonnets and little musical instruments; others ended in several bladders, which were filled either with wind or froth: but the large canal entered into a great cavity of the skull, from whence there went another canal into the tongue. This great cavity was filled with a kind of spongy substance, which the French anatomists call *galimatias;* and the English, "nonsense."

The skins of the forehead were extremely tough and thick, and, what very much surprised us, had not in them any single blood-vessel that we were able to discover either with or without our glasses; from whence we concluded that the party, when alive, must have been entirely deprived of the faculty of blushing.

The *os cribriforme* was exceedingly stuffed, and in some places damaged, with snuff. We could not but take notice in particular of that small muscle, which is not often discovered in dissection, and draws the nose upwards when it expresses the contempt which the owner of it has upon seeing any thing he does not like, or hearing any thing he does not understand. I need not tell my learned reader this is that muscle which performs the motion so often mentioned by the Latin poets when they talk of a man's cocking his nose, or playing the rhinoceros.

We did not find any thing very remarkable in the eye, saving only that the *musculi amatorii,* or, as we may translate it into English, the "ogling muscles," were very much worn and decayed with use; whereas, on the contrary, the elevator, or the muscle which turns the eye towards heaven, did not appear to have been used at all.

We were informed that the person to whom this head belonged had passed for a man above five and thirty years, during which time he ate and drank like other people, dressed well, talked loud, laughed frequently, and on particular occasions had acquitted himself tolerably at a ball or an assembly; to which one of the company added, that a certain knot of ladies took him for a wit. He was cut off in the flower of his age by the blow of a paring-shovel, having been surprised by an eminent citizen as he was tendering some civilities to his wife.

Our operator applied himself in the next place to the coquette's heart, which he likewise laid open with great dexterity. There

occurred to us many particularities in this dissection; but, being unwilling to burden my reader's memory too much, I shall reserve this subject for the speculation of another day.

Spectator, No. 275.

DISSECTION OF A COQUETTE'S HEART.

HAVING already given an account of the dissection of a beau's head, with the several discoveries made on that occasion, I shall here, according to my promise, enter upon the dissection of a coquette's heart, and communicate to the public such particulars as we observed in that curious piece of anatomy.

Our operator, before he engaged in this visionary dissection, told us that there was nothing in his art more difficult than to lay open the heart of a coquette, by reason of the many labyrinths and recesses which are to be found in it, and which do not appear in the heart of any other animal.

He desired us, first of all, to observe the *pericardium*, or outward case of the heart; which we did very attentively, and, by the help of our glasses, discerned in it millions of little scars, which seemed to have been occasioned by the points of innumerable darts and arrows that from time to time had glanced upon the outward coat, though we could not discover the smallest orifice by which any of them had entered and pierced the inward substance.

Nor must I here omit an experiment one of the company assured us he himself had made with the thin, reddish liquor contained in the *pericardium*, which he found in great quantity about the heart of a coquette whom he had formerly dissected. He affirmed to us that he had actually inclosed it in a small tube made after the manner of a weather-glass; but that, instead of acquainting him with the variations of the atmosphere, it showed him the qualities of those persons who entered the room where it stood. He affirmed, also, that it rose at the approach of a plume of feathers, an embroidered coat, or a pair of fringed gloves; and that it fell as soon as an ill-shaped periwig, a clumsy pair of shoes, or an unfashionable coat, came into his house. Nay, he proceeded so far as to assure us, that, upon his laughing aloud when he stood by it, the liquor mounted very sensibly, and immediately sank again upon his looking serious. In short, he told us that he knew very well, by this invention, whenever he had a man of sense or a coxcomb in his room.

Having cleared away the *pericardium*, or the case, and liquor above mentioned, we came to the heart itself. The outward surface of it was extremely slippery, and the *mucro*, or point, so very

cold withal, that, upon endeavoring to take hold of it, it glided through the fingers like a smooth piece of ice.

The fibers were turned and twisted in a more intricate and perplexed manner than they are usually found in other hearts, insomuch that the whole heart was wound up together in a Gordian knot, and must have had very irregular and unequal motions while it was employed in its vital function.

Upon weighing the heart in my hand, I found it to be extremely light, and consequently very hollow; which I did not wonder at, when, upon looking into the inside of it, I saw multitudes of cells and cavities running one within another, as our historians describe the apartments of Rosamond's bower. Several of these little hollows were stuffed with innumerable sorts of trifles, which I shall forbear giving any particular account of, and shall therefore only take notice of what lay first and uppermost, which upon our unfolding it, and applying our microscopes to it, appeared to be a flame-colored hood.

We are informed that the lady of this heart, when living, received the addresses of several who made love to her, and did not only give each of them encouragement, but made every one she conversed with believe that she regarded him with an eye of kindness; for which reason we expected to have seen the impressions of multitudes of faces among the several plaits and foldings of the heart: but, to our great surprise, not a single print of this nature discovered itself until we came into the very core and center of it. We there observed a little figure, which, upon applying our glasses to it, appeared dressed in a very fantastic manner. The more I looked upon it, the more I thought I had seen the face before, but could not possibly recollect either the place or time; when at length one of the company, who had examined this figure more nicely than the rest, showed us plainly by the make of its face, and the several turns of its features, that the little idol which was thus lodged in the very middle of the heart was the deceased beau whose head I gave some account of in my last Tuesday's paper.

As soon as we had finished our dissection, we resolved to make an experiment of the heart, not being able to determine among ourselves the nature of its substance, which differed in so many particulars from that of the heart in other females. Accordingly, we laid it in a pan of burning coals, when we observed in it a certain salamandrine quality, that made it capable of living in the midst of fire and flame, without being consumed, or so much as singed.

As we were admiring this strange phenomenon, and standing round the heart in a circle, it gave a most prodigious sigh, or rather crack, and dispersed all at once in smoke and vapor. This imaginary noise, which, methought, was louder than the burst of a

cannon, produced such a violent shake in my brain, that it dissipated the fumes of sleep, and left me in an instant broad awake.

Spectator, No. 281.

VISIT TO SIR ROGER IN THE COUNTRY.

HAVING often received an invitation from my friend Sir Roger de Coverley to pass away a month with him in the country, I last week accompanied him thither, and am settled with him for some time at his country-house, where I intend to form several of my ensuing speculations. Sir Roger, who is very well acquainted with my humor, lets me rise and go to bed when I please; dine at his own table or in my chamber, as I think fit; sit still and say nothing, without bidding me be merry. When the gentlemen of the country come to see him, he only shows me at a distance. As I have been walking in his fields, I have observed them stealing a sight of me over a hedge, and have heard the knight desiring them not to let me see them, for that I hated to be stared at.

I am the more at ease in Sir Roger's family because it consists of sober and staid persons; for, as the knight is the best master in the world, he seldom changes his servants; and, as he is beloved by all about him, his servants never care for leaving him: by this means, his domestics are all in years, and grown old with their master. You would take his *valet-de-chambre* for his brother; his butler is gray-headed; his groom is one of the gravest men that I have ever seen; and his coachman has the looks of a privy-councilor. You see the goodness of the master even in the old house-dog, and in a gray pad that is kept in the stable with great care and tenderness out of regard to his past services, though he has been useless for several years.

I could not but observe with a great deal of pleasure the joy that appeared in the countenances of these ancient domestics upon my friend's arrival at his country-seat. Some of them could not refrain from tears at the sight of their old master: every one of them pressed forward to do something for him, and seemed discouraged if they were not employed. At the same time, the good old knight, with a mixture of the father and the master of the family, tempered the inquiries after his own affairs with several kind questions relating to themselves. This humanity and good nature engages everybody to him; so that, when he is pleasant upon any of them, all his family are in good humor, and none so much as the person whom he diverts himself with: on the contrary, if he coughs, or betrays any infirmity of old age, it is easy for a stander-by to observe a secret concern in the looks of all his servants.

My worthy friend has put me under the particular care of his butler, who is a very prudent man, and, as well as the rest of his fellow-servants, wonderfully desirous of pleasing me, because they have often heard their master talk of me as of his particular friend.

My chief companion, when Sir Roger is diverting himself in the woods or the fields, is a very venerable man, who is ever with Sir Roger, and has lived at his house in the nature of a chaplain above thirty years. This gentleman is a person of good sense and some learning, of a very regular life and obliging conversation. He heartily loves Sir Roger, and knows that he is very much in the old knight's esteem: so that he lives in the family rather as a relation than a dependant.

I have observed in several of my papers that my friend Sir Roger, amidst all his good qualities, is something of a humorist; and that his virtues, as well as imperfections, are, as it were, tinged by a certain extravagance which makes them particularly his, and distinguishes them from those of other men. This cast of mind, as it is generally very innocent in itself, so it renders his conversation highly agreeable, and more delightful than the same degree of sense and virtue would appear in their common and ordinary colors. As I was walking with him last night, he asked me how I liked the good man whom I have just now mentioned, and, without staying for my answer, told me that he was afraid of being insulted with Latin and Greek at his own table; for which reason he desired a particular friend of his at the university to find him out a clergyman rather of plain sense than much learning, of a good aspect, a clear voice, a sociable temper, and, if possible, a man that understood a little of backgammon. "My friend," says Sir Roger, "found me out this gentleman, who, besides the endowments required of him, is, they tell me, a good scholar, though he does not show it. I have given him the parsonage of the parish, and, because I know his value, have settled upon him a good annuity for life. If he outlives me, he shall find that he was higher in my esteem than perhaps he thinks he is. He has now been with me thirty years, and, though he does not know I have taken notice of it, has never in all that time asked any thing of me for himself; though he is every day soliciting me for something in behalf of one or other of my tenants, his parishioners. There has not been a lawsuit in the parish since he has lived among them. If any dispute arises, they apply themselves to him for the decision: if they do not acquiesce in his judgment, which I think never happened above once or twice at most, they appeal to me. At his first settling with me, I made him a present of all the good sermons which have been printed in English, and only begged of him that every Sunday he

would pronounce one of them in the pulpit. Accordingly, he has digested them into such a series, that they follow one another naturally, and make a continued system of practical divinity."

As Sir Roger was going on in his story, the gentleman we were talking of came up to us; and, upon the knight's asking him who preached to-morrow (for it was Saturday night), told us, the Bishop of St. Asaph in the morning, and Dr. South in the afternoon. He then showed us his list of preachers for the whole year, where I saw, with a great deal of pleasure, Archbishop Tillotson, Bishop Saunderson, Dr. Barrow, Dr. Calamy, with several living authors who have published discourses of practical divinity. I no sooner saw this venerable man in the pulpit but I very much approved of my friend's insisting upon the qualifications of a good aspect and a clear voice; for I was so charmed with the gracefulness of his figure and delivery, as well as with the discourses he pronounced, that I think I never passed any time more to my satisfaction. A sermon repeated after this manner is like the composition of a poet in the mouth of a graceful actor.

I could heartily wish that more of our country clergy would follow this example, and, instead of wasting their spirits in laborious compositions of their own, would endeavor after a handsome elocution, and all those other talents that are proper to enforce what has been penned by great masters. This would not only be more easy to themselves, but more edifying to the people. *Spectator*, No. 106.

SIR ROGER AT CHURCH.

I AM always very well pleased with a country Sunday, and think, if keeping holy the seventh day were only a human institution, it would be the best method that could have been thought of for the polishing and civilizing of mankind. It is certain the country-people would soon degenerate into a kind of savages and barbarians were there not such frequent returns of a stated time, in which the whole village meet together with their best faces, and in their cleanliest habits, to converse with one another upon different subjects, hear their duties explained to them, and join together in adoration of the Supreme Being. Sunday clears away the rust of the whole week, not only as it refreshes in their minds the notions of religion, but as it puts both the sexes upon appearing in their most agreeable forms, and exerting all such qualities as are apt to give them a figure in the eye of the village. A country-fellow distinguishes himself as much in the churchyard as a citizen does upon the Change; the whole parish politics being

generally discussed in that place, either after sermon, or before the bell rings.

My friend Sir Roger, being a good Churchman, has beautified the inside of his church with several texts of his own choosing. He has likewise given a handsome pulpit-cloth, and railed in the communion-table at his own expense. He has often told me, that, at his coming to his estate, he found his parishioners very irregular; and that, in order to make them kneel and join in the responses, he gave every one of them a hassock and a common-prayer book, and at the same time employed an itinerant singing-master (who goes about the country for that purpose) to instruct them rightly in the tunes of the Psalms; upon which they now very much value themselves, and indeed outdo most of the country churches that I have ever heard.

As Sir Roger is landlord to the whole congregation, he keeps them in very good order, and will suffer nobody to sleep in it besides himself; for if, by chance, he has been surprised into a short nap at sermon, upon recovering out of it he stands up and looks about him, and, if he sees anybody else nodding, either wakes them himself, or sends his servants to them. Several other of the old knight's particularities break out upon these occasions. Sometimes he will be lengthening out a verse in the singing Psalms half a minute after the rest of the congregation have done with it; sometimes, when he is pleased with the matter of his devotion, he pronounces "Amen" three or four times to the same prayer; and sometimes stands up, when everybody else is upon their knees, to count the congregation, or see if any of his tenants are missing.

I was yesterday very much surprised to hear my old friend, in the midst of the service, calling out to one John Matthews to mind what he was about, and not disturb the congregation. This John Matthews, it seems, is remarkable for being an idle fellow; and, at that time, was kicking his heels for his diversion. This authority of the knight, though exerted in that odd manner which accompanies him in all the circumstances of life, has a very good effect upon the parish, who are not polite enough to see any thing ridiculous in his behavior: besides that, the general good sense and worthiness of his character make his friends observe these little singularities as foils that rather set off than blemish his good qualities.

As soon as the sermon is finished, nobody presumes to stir till Sir Roger is gone out of the church. The knight walks down from his seat in the chancel between a double row of his tenants that stand bowing to him on each side, and every now and then inquires how such a one's wife or mother or son or father does whom he does not see at church; which is understood as a secret reprimand to the person that is absent.

The chaplain has often told me, that upon a catechising day, when Sir Roger has been pleased with a boy that answers well, he has ordered a Bible to be given him next day for his encouragement, and sometimes accompanies it with a flitch of bacon to his mother. Sir Roger has likewise added five pounds a year to the clerk's place; and, that he may encourage the young fellows to make themselves perfect in the church-service, has promised, upon the death of the present incumbent, who is very old, to bestow it according to merit. *Spectator*, No. 112.

OTHER WRITERS OF DISTINCTION.

Sir ISAAC NEWTON. — 1642–1727. Distinguished philosopher. "Optics;" "Principia," in Latin; "The Prophecies;" and several other works.

Sir RICHARD STEELE. — 1675–1729. The witty partner with Addison in "The Tatler," started by Steele; and followed by the "Guardian" and "Spectator," — the first important periodicals of English literature, — "The Conscious Lovers," and other short-lived comedies.

ISAAC WATTS. — 1674–1748. "Hymns," "Logic," and "Improvement of the Mind."

NICHOLAS ROWE. — 1673–1718. "The Fair Penitent," "Jane Shore," and other plays.

AMBROSE PHILLIPS. — 1675–1749. "Pastorals."

THOMAS PARNELL. — 1679–1718. "The Hermit."

THOMAS TICKELL. — 1686–1740. "Colin and Lucy," a ballad; "Kensington Gardens;" and contributions to the "Spectator" and "Guardian."

ALLAN RAMSAY. — 1686–1758. "The Gentle Shepherd," a pastoral drama.

JOHN GAY. — 1688–1732. "Fables," "Beggar's Opera," and song of "Black-eyed Susan."

RICHARD SAVAGE. — 1697–1729. "The Wanderer."

ROBERT BLAIR. — 1699–1746. "The Grave."

JOHN DYER. — 1698–1758. "Grongar Hill," "The Ruins of Rome," and "The Fleece."

ANTHONY ASHLEY COOPER (Earl of Shaftesbury). — 1621–1683. "Characteristics of Men, Manners, Opinions, and Times."

SAMUEL CLARKE. — 1675–1729. Theological and metaphysical works.

HENRY ST. JOHN (Viscount Bolingbroke). — 1678–1751. "Reflections on Exile," "Letters on the Study of History," "Letters on the Spirit of Patriotism," and "Idea of a Patriot King." The friend (St. John) of Pope's "Essay."

GEORGE BERKELEY. — 1684–1753. "Theory of Vision." A distinguished metaphysician, whose philosophy would disprove the existence of matter.

Lady MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU. — 1690–1761. "Letters."

PHILIP STANHOPE (Earl of Chesterfield). — 1694–1773. "Letters to his Son."

HENRY HOMES (Lord Kames). — 1696–1782. "The Elements of Criticism."

THOMAS YALDEN.
HENRY GROVE.
BARTON BOOTH.
ESTHER VANHOMRIGH.
WILLIAM SOMERVILLE.
ELIZABETH ROWE.
ANNE FINCH.

JOHN DRYDEN.

1631–1700.

Distinguished writer of prose and poetry. Author of about thirty plays. His prefaces and dedications are fine specimens of English. We select from his best known work, — the translation of Virgil.

ARMS and the man I sing, who, forced by fate
And haughty Juno's unrelenting hate,
Expelled and exiled, left the Trojan shore.
Long labors, both by sea and land, he bore;
And in the doubtful war, before he won
The Latin realm and built the destined town,
His banished gods restored to rights divine,
And settled sure succession in his line;
From whence the race of Alban fathers come,
And the long glories of majestic Rome.
O Muse! the causes and the crimes relate, —
What goddess was provoked, and whence her hate;
For what offense the Queen of Heaven began
To persecute so brave, so just a man,
Involved his anxious life in endless cares,
Exposed to wants, and hurried into wars:
Can heavenly minds such high resentment show,
Or exercise their spite in human woe?
Against the Tiber's mouth, but far away,
An ancient town was seated on the sea, —
A Tyrian colony; the people made
Stout for the war, and studious of their trade;
Carthage the name, beloved by Juno more
Than her own Argos or the Samian shore.
Here stood her chariot; here, if Heaven were kind,
The seat of awful empire she designed.
Yet she had heard an ancient rumor fly,
(Long cited by the people of the sky,)
That times to come should see the Trojan race
Her Carthage ruin, and her towers deface;
Nor, thus confined, the yoke of sovereign sway
Should on the necks of all the nations lay.
She pondered this, and feared it was in fate;
Nor could forget the war she waged of late,
For conquering Greece, against the Trojan state.
Besides, long causes working in her mind,
And secret seeds of envy, lay behind.
Deep graven in her heart, the doom remained
Of partial Paris, and her form disdained;
The grace bestowed on ravished Ganymede;
Electra's glories, and her injured bed, —
Each was a cause alone; and all combined
To kindle vengeance in her haughty mind.

For this, far distant from the Latin coast,
She drove the remnants of the Trojan host;
And seven long years the unhappy wandering train
Were tossed by storms, and scattered through the main.
Such time, such toil, required the Roman name,
Such length of labor, for so vast a frame.
Now scarce the Trojan fleet with sails and oars
Had left behind the fair Sicilian shores,
Entering with cheerful shouts the watery reign,
And plowing frothy furrows in the main,
When, laboring still, with endless discontent
The Queen of Heaven did thus her fury vent:—
"Then am I vanquished? must I yield?" said she,
"And must the Trojans reign in Italy?
So Fate will have it, and Jove adds his force;
Nor can my power divert their happy course.
Could angry Pallas, with revengeful spleen,
The Grecian navy burn, and drown the men?
She, for the fault of one offending foe,
The bolts of Jove himself presumed to throw;
With whirlwinds from beneath she tossed the ship,
And bare exposed the bosom of the deep:
Then, as an eagle gripes the trembling game,
The wretch, yet hissing with her father's flame,
She strongly seized, and with a burning wound,
Transfixed and naked, on a rock she bound.
But I, who walked in awful state above,
The majesty of heaven, the sister-wife of Jove,
For length of years my fruitless force employ
Against the thin remains of ruined Troy.
What nations now to Juno's power will pray,
Or offerings on my slighted altars lay?"
Thus raged the goddess; and, with fury fraught,
The restless regions of the storms she sought,
Where in a spacious cave of living stone
The tyrant Æolus from his airy throne
With power imperial curbs the struggling winds,
And sounding tempests in dark prisons binds.
This way and that, the impatient captives tend,
And, pressing for release, the mountains rend.
High in his hall the undaunted monarch stands,
And shakes his scepter, and their rage commands:
Which did he not, their unresisted sway
Would sweep the world before them in their way;
Earth, air, and seas through empty space would roll,
And heaven would fly before the driving soul.
In fear of this, the father of the gods
Confined their fury to those dark abodes,
And locked them safe within, oppressed with mountain-loads;
Imposed a king, with arbitrary sway,
To loose their fetters, or their force allay.
To whom the suppliant queen her prayers addressed,
And thus the tenor of her suit expressed:—

"O Æolus! for to thee the King of Heaven
The power of tempests and of winds has given;
Thy force alone their fury can restrain,
And smooth the waves, or swell the troubled main:
A race of wandering slaves, abhorred by me,
With prosperous passage cut the Tuscan Sea;
To fruitful Italy their course they steer,
And for their vanquished gods design new temples there.
Raise all thy winds; with night involve the skies;
Sink or disperse my fatal enemies!
Twice seven, the charming daughters of the main,
Around my person wait, and bear my train.
Succeed my wish, and second my design,
The fairest, Deiopeia, shall be thine,
And make thee father of a happy line."
To this the god: "'Tis yours, O queen! to will
The work which duty bids me to fulfill.
These airy kingdoms and this wide command
Are all the presents of your bounteous hand;
Yours is my sovereign's grace; and, as your guest,
I sit with gods at their celestial feast;
Raise tempests at your pleasure, or subdue;
Dispose of empire which I hold from you."
He said, and hurled against the mountain-side
His quivering spear, and all the god applied.
The raging winds rush through the hollow wound,
And dance aloft in air, and skim along the ground;
Then, settling on the sea, the surges sweep,
Raise liquid mountains, and disclose the deep.
South, East, and West, with mixed confusion roar,
And roll the foaming billows to the shore.
The cables crack; the sailors' fearful cries
Ascend; and sable night involves the skies;
And heaven itself is ravished from their eyes.
Loud peals of thunder from the poles ensue;
Then flashing fires the transient light renew:
The face of things a frightful image bears;
And present death in various forms appears.
Struck with unusual fright, the Trojan chief,
With lifted hands and eyes, invokes relief:—
"And thrice and four times happy those," he cried,
"That under Ilian walls before their parents died!
Tydides, bravest of the Grecian train,
Why could not I by that strong arm be slain,
And lie by noble Hector on the plain;
Or great Sarpedon, in those bloody fields
Where Simöis rolls the bodies and the shields
Of heroes whose dismembered hands yet bear
The dart aloft, and clinch the pointed spear?"
Thus while the pious prince his fate bewails,
Fierce Boreas drove against his flying sails,
And rent the sheets. The raging billows rise,
And mount the tossing vessel to the skies;

Nor can the shivering oars sustain the blow:
The galley gives her side, and turns her prow;
While those astern, descending down the steep,
Through gaping waves behold the boiling deep.
Three ships were hurried by the southern blast,
And on the secret shelves with fury cast.
Those hidden rocks the Ausonian sailors knew:
They called them altars when they rose in view,
And showed their spacious backs above the flood.
Three more fierce Eurus in his angry mood
Dashed on the shallows of the moving sand,
And in mid ocean left them moored aland.
Orontes' bark, that bore the Lycian crew
(A horrid sight) even in the hero's view,
From stem to stern by waves was overborne.
The trembling pilot, from his rudder torn,
Was headlong hurled: thrice round the ship was tossed;
Then bilged at once, and in the deep was lost.
And here and there above the waves were seen
Arms, pictures, precious goods, and floating men.
The stoutest vessel to the storm gave way,
And sucked through loosened planks the rushing sea.
Ilioneus was her chief. Alethes old,
Achates faithful, Abas young and bold,
Endured not less: their ships, with gaping seams,
Admit the deluge of the briny streams.
Meantime imperial Neptune heard the sound
Of raging billows breaking on the ground:
Displeased, and fearing for his watery reign,
He reared his awful head above the main,
Serene in majesty, then rolled his eyes
Around the space of earth, the seas and skies.
He saw the Trojan fleet dispersed, distressed,
By stormy winds and wintry heaven oppressed.
Full well the god his sister's envy knew,
And what her aims, and what her arts pursue.
He summoned Eurus and the western blast;
And first an angry glance on both he cast;
Then thus rebuked: "Audacious winds! from whence
This bold attempt, this rebel insolence?
Is it for you to ravage seas and land,
Unauthorized by my supreme command?
To raise such mountains on the troubled main?
Whom I— But first 'tis fit the billows to restrain,
And then you shall be taught obedience to my reign.
Hence to your lord my royal mandate bear:
The realms of ocean, and the fields of air,
Are mine, not his; by fatal lot to me
The liquid empire fell, and trident of the sea.
His power to hollow caverns is confined:
There let him reign, the jailer of the wind;
With hoarse commands his breathing subjects call;
And boast and bluster in his empty hall."

He spoke; and, while he spoke, he smoothed the sea,
Dispelled the darkness, and restored the day.
Cymothoe, Triton, and the sea-green train
Of beauteous nymphs, the daughters of the main,
Clear from the rocks the vessels with their hands:
The god himself with ready trident stands,
And opes the deep, and spreads the moving sands;
Then heaves them off the shoals. Where'er he guides
His finny coursers, and in triumph rides,
The waves unruffle, and the sea subsides.
As when in tumults rise the ignoble crowd,
Mad are their motions, and their tongues are loud;
And stones and brands in rattling volleys fly,
And all the rustic arms that fury can supply:
If then some grave and pious man appear,
They hush their noise, and lend a listening ear;
He soothes with sober words their angry mood,
And quenches their innate desire of blood.
So, when the father of the flood appears,
And o'er the seas his sovereign trident rears,
Their fury falls. He skims the liquid plains,
High on his chariot, and with loosened reins
Majestic moves along, and awful peace maintains.
The weary Trojans ply their shattered oars
To nearest land, and make the Libyan shores.
Within a long recess there lies a bay:
An island shades it from the rolling sea,
And forms a port secure for ships to ride,
Broke by the jutting land on either side:
In double streams the briny waters glide.
Betwixt two rows of rocks, a sylvan scene
Appears above, and groves for ever green.
A grot is formed beneath, with mossy seats,
To rest the Nereids, and exclude the heats.
Down through the crannies of the living walls
The crystal streams descend in murmuring falls.
No hawsers need to bind the vessels here,
Nor bearded anchors; for no storms they fear.
Seven ships within this happy harbor meet, —
The thin remainders of the scattered fleet.
The Trojans, worn with toils, and spent with woes,
Leap on the welcome land, and seek their wished repose.
First, good Achates, with repeated strokes
Of clashing flints, their hidden fire provokes;
Short flame succeeds; a bed of withered leaves
The dying sparkles in their fall receives:
Caught into life, in fiery fumes they rise,
And, fed with stronger food, invade the skies.
The Trojans, dropping wet, or stand around
The cheerful blaze, or lie along the ground:
Some dry their corn infected with the brine,
Then grind with marbles, and prepare to dine.

Æneas climbs the mountain's airy brow,
And takes a prospect of the seas below, —
If Capys thence, or Antheus, he could spy,
Or see the streamers of "The Caicus" fly.
No vessels were in view; but on the plain
Three beamy stags command a lordly train
Of branching heads: the more ignoble throng
Attend their stately steps, and slowly grace along.
He stood; and, while secure they fed below,
He took the quiver and the trusty bow
Achates used to bear: the leaders first
He laid along, and then the vulgar pierced;
Nor ceased his arrows till the shady plain
Seven mighty bodies with their blood distain.
For the seven ships he made an equal share,
And to the port returned triumphant from the war.
The jars of generous wine (Acestes' gift
When his Trinacrian shores the navy left)
He set abroach, and for the feast prepared,
In equal portions with the venison shared.
Thus, while he dealt it round, the pious chief
With cheerful words allayed the common grief: —
"Endure and conquer: Jove will soon dispose
To future good our past and present woes.
With me the rocks of Scylla you have tried;
The inhuman Cyclops and his den defied:
What greater ills hereafter you can bear.
Resume your courage, and dismiss your care.
An hour will come, with pleasure to relate
Your sorrows past as benefits of Fate.
Through various hazards and events we move
To Latium, and the realms foredoomed by Jove.
Called to the seat (the promise of the skies),
Where Trojan kingdoms once again may rise,
Endure the hardships of your present state;
Live, and reserve yourselves for better fate."
These words he spoke, but spoke not from his heart:
His outward smiles concealed his inward smart.
The jolly crew, unmindful of the past,
The quarry share, their plenteous dinner haste:
Some strip the skin; some portion out the spoil;
(The limbs, yet trembling, in the caldrons boil;)
Some on the fire the reeking entrails broil.
Stretched on the grassy turf, at ease they dine,
Restore their strength with meat, and cheer their souls with wine.
Their hunger thus appeased, their care attends
The doubtful fortune of their absent friends:
Alternate hopes and fears their minds possess,
Whether to deem them dead, or in distress.
Above the rest, Æneas mourns the fate
Of brave Orontes, and the uncertain state
Of Gyas, Lycus, and of Amycus:
The day, but not their sorrows, ended thus.

When from aloft almighty Jove surveys
Earth, air, and shores, and navigable seas,
At length on Libyan realms he fixed his eyes;
Whom, pondering thus on human miseries,
When Venus saw, she with a lowly look,
Not free from tears, her heavenly sire bespoke: —
"O king of gods and men, whose awful hand
Disperses thunder on the seas and land,
Disposes all with absolute command!
How could my pious son thy power incense?
Or what, alas! is vanished Troy's offense?
Our hope of Italy not only lost
On various seas, by various tempests tossed,
But shut from every shore, and barred from every coast.
You promised once, a progeny divine
Of Romans, rising from the Trojan line,
In after-times should hold the world in awe,
And to the land and ocean give the law.
How is your doom reversed which eased my care?
When Troy was ruined in that cruel war,
Then fates to fates I could oppose; but now,
When Fortune still pursues her former blow,
What can I hope? What worse can still succeed?
What end of labors has your will decreed?
Antenor from the midst of Grecian hosts
Could pass secure, and pierce the Illyrian coasts,
Where, rolling down the steep, Timavus raves,
And through nine channels disembogues his waves.
At length he founded Padua's happy seat,
And gave his Trojans a secure retreat;
There fixed their arms, and there renewed their name,
And there in quiet rules, and crowned with fame:
But we, descended from your sacred line,
Entitled to your heaven and rites divine,
Are banished earth, and, for the wrath of one,
Removed from Latium and the promised throne.
Are these our scepters? these our due rewards?
And is it thus that Jove his plighted faith regards?"
To whom the father of immortal race,
Smiling with that serene, indulgent face
With which he drives the clouds and clears the skies,
First gave a holy kiss; then thus replies: —
"Daughter, dismiss thy fears. To thy desire
The fates of thine are fixed, and stand entire.
Thou shalt behold thy wished Lavinian walls;
And, ripe for heaven, when Fate Æneas calls,
Then shalt thou bear him up sublime to me:
No councils have reversed my firm decree.
And, lest new fears disturb thy happy state,
Know I have searched the mystic rolls of fate.
Thy son (nor is the appointed season far)
In Italy shall wage successful war;

Shall tame fierce nations in the bloody field,
And sovereign laws impose, and cities build;
Till, after every foe subdued, the Sun
Thrice through the signs his annual race shall run:
This is his time prefixed. Ascanius then,
Now called Iülus, shall begin his reign.
He thirty rolling years the crown shall wear,
Then from Lavinium shall the seat transfer,
And with hard labor Alba Longa build:
The throne with his succession shall be filled
Three hundred circuits more; then shall be seen
Ilia the fair, a priestess and a queen,
Who, full of Mars, in time, with kindly throes,
Shall at a birth two goodly boys disclose.
The royal babes a tawny wolf shall drain:
Then Romulus his grandsire's throne shall gain,
Of martial towers the founder shall become,
The people Romans call, the city Rome.
To them no bounds of empire I assign,
Nor term of years to their immortal line.
Even haughty Juno, who, with endless broils,
Earth, seas, and heaven, and Jove himself, turmoils,
At length atoned, her friendly power shall join
To cherish and advance the Trojan line.
The subject-world shall Rome's dominion own,
And, prostrate, shall adore the nation of the gown.
An age is ripening in revolving fate
When Troy shall overturn the Grecian state;
And sweet revenge her conquering sons shall call
To crush the people that conspired her fall.
Then Cæsar from the Julian stock shall rise,
Whose empire ocean, and whose fame the skies,
Alone shall bound; whom, fraught with Eastern spoils,
Our heaven, the just reward of human toils,
Securely shall repay with rites divine;
And incense shall ascend before his sacred shrine.
Then dire debate and impious war shall cease,
And the stern age be softened into peace;
Then banished faith shall once again return,
And vestal fires in hallowed temples burn;
And Remus with Quirinus shall sustain
The righteous laws, and fraud and force restrain.
Janus himself before his fane shall wait,
And keep the dreadful issues of his gate
With bolts and iron bars: within remains
Imprisoned Fury, bound in brazen chains.
High on a trophy raised, of useless arms,
He sits, and threats the world with vain alarms."
He said, and sent Cyllenius with command
To free the ports, and ope the Punic land
To Trojan guests, lest, ignorant of fate,
The queen might force them from her town and state.

Down from the steep of heaven Cyllenius flies,
And cleaves with all his wings the yielding skies.
Soon on the Libyan shore descends the god,
Performs his message, and displays his rod:
The surly murmurs of the people cease;
And, as the Fates required, they give the peace.
The queen herself suspends the rigid laws,
The Trojans pities, and protects their cause.
Meantime in shades of night Æneas lies;
Care seized his soul, and sleep forsook his eyes:
But, when the sun restored the cheerful day,
He rose the coast and country to survey,
Anxious and eager to discover more.
It looked a wild, uncultivated shore;
But whether human kind, or beasts alone,
Possessed the new-found region, was unknown.
Beneath a ledge of rocks his fleet he hides:
Tall trees surround the mountain's shady sides;
The bending brow above, a safe retreat provides.
Armed with two pointed darts, he leaves his friends;
And true Achates on his steps attends.
Lo, in the deep recesses of the wood,
Before his eyes his goddess-mother stood! —
A huntress in her habit and her mien,
Her dress a maid, her air confessed a queen.
Bare were her knees; and knots her garments bind;
Loose was her hair, and wantoned in the wind;
Her hand sustained a bow; her quiver hung behind:
She seemed a virgin of the Spartan blood.
With such array, Harpalice bestrode
Her Thracian courser, and outstripped the rapid flood.
"Ho, strangers! have you lately seen," she said,
"One of my sisters, like myself arrayed,
Who crossed the lawn, or in the forest strayed?
A painted quiver at her back she bore;
Varied with spots, a lynx's hide she wore;
And at full cry pursued the tusky boar."
Thus Venus. Thus her son replied again: —
"None of your sisters have we heard or seen,
O Virgin! or what other name you bear
Above that style, O more than mortal fair!
Your voice and mien celestial birth betray.
If, as you seem, the sister of the Day,
Or one at least of chaste Diana's train,
Let not a humble suppliant sue in vain;
But tell a stranger, long in tempests tossed,
What earth we tread, and who commands the coast;
Then on your name shall wretched mortals call,
And offered victims at your altars fall."
"I dare not," she replied, "assume the name
Of goddess, or celestial honors claim;

For Tyrian virgins bows and quivers bear,
And purple buskins o'er their ankles wear.
Know, gentle youth, in Libyan lands you are, —
A people rude in peace, and rough in war.
The rising city which from far you see
Is Carthage, and a Tyrian colony.
Phœnician Dido rules the growing state,
Who fled from Tyre to shun a brother's hate:
Great were her wrongs, her story full of fate,
Which I will sum in short. Sichæus, known
For wealth, and brother to the Punic throne,
Possessed fair Dido's bed; and either heart
At once was wounded with an equal dart.
Her father gave her, yet a spotless maid.
Pygmalion then the Tyrian scepter swayed, —
One who contemned divine and human laws:
Then strife ensued, and cursèd gold the cause.
The monarch, blinded with desire of wealth,
With steel invades his brother's life by stealth:
Before the sacred altar made him bleed,
And long from her concealed the cruel deed.
Some tale, some new pretense, he daily coined,
To soothe his sister, and delude her mind.
At length, in dead of night, the ghost appears
Of her unhappy lord. The specter stares,
And with erected eyes his bloody bosom bares.
The cruel altars and his fate he tells,
And the dire secret of his house reveals;
Then warns the widow and her household gods
To seek a refuge in remote abodes.
Last, to support her in so long a way,
He shows her where his hidden treasure lay.
Admonished thus, and seized with mortal fright,
The queen provides companions of her flight:
They meet, and all combine to leave the state
Who hate the tyrant, or who fear his hate.
They seize a fleet which ready rigged they find;
Nor is Pygmalion's treasure left behind.
The vessels, heavy-laden, put to sea
With prosperous winds: a woman leads the way.
I know not if by stress of weather driven,
Or was their fatal course disposed by Heaven.
At last they landed where from far your eyes
May view the turrets of New Carthage rise;
There bought a space of ground, which, Byrsa called
From the bull's-hide, they first inclosed and walled.
But whence are you? what country claims your birth?
What seek you, strangers, on the Libyan earth?"
To whom, with sorrow streaming from his eyes,
And deeply sighing, thus her son replies: —
"Could you with patience hear, or I relate,
O nymph! the tedious annals of our fate, —

Through such a train of woes if I should run,
The day would sooner than the tale be done.
From ancient Troy, by force expelled, we came,
(If you by chance have heard the Trojan name.)
On various seas, by various tempests tost,
At length we landed on your Libyan coast.
The good Æneas am I called; a name,
While fortune favored, not unknown to fame.
My household gods, companions of my woes,
With pious care I rescued from our foes.
To fruitful Italy my course was bent;
And from the king of heaven is my descent.
With twice ten sail I crossed the Phrygian Sea:
Fate and my mother-goddess led my way.
Scarce seven, the thin remainder of my fleet,
From storms preserved, within your harbor meet.
Myself distressed, an exile, and unknown,
Debarred from Europe, and from Asia thrown,
In Libyan deserts wander thus alone."
His tender parent could no longer bear,
But, interposing, sought to soothe his care: —
"Whoe'er you are, not unbeloved by Heaven,
Since on our friendly shore your ships are driven,
Have courage: to the gods permit the rest,
And to the queen expose your just request.
Now take this earnest of success for more:
Your scattered fleet is joined upon the shore;
The winds are changed, your friends from danger free,
Or I renounce my skill in augury.
Twelve swans behold in beauteous order move,
And stoop with closing pinions from above,
Whom late the bird of Jove had driven along,
And through the clouds pursued the scattering throng:
Now, all united in a goodly team,
They skim the ground, and seek the quiet stream,
As they, with joy returning, clap their wings,
And ride the circuit of the skies in rings.
Not otherwise your ships, and every friend,
Already hold the port, or with swift sails descend.
No more advice is needful; but pursue
The path before you, and the town in view."
Thus having said, she turned, and made appear
Her neck refulgent, and disheveled hair;
Which, flowing from her shoulders, reached the ground,
And widely spread ambrosial scents around:
In length of train descends her sweeping gown;
And by her graceful walk the Queen of Love is known.

JOHN BUNYAN.

1628–1688.

Author of the unequaled allegory, "The Pilgrim's Progress." Although the author of many other works, this alone has made him immortal.

VALIANT'S STORY.

THEN said Great-Heart to Mr. Valiant-for-Truth, "Thou hast worthily behaved thyself: let me see thy sword." So he showed it to him. When he had taken it in his hand, and looked thereon a while, he said, "Ha! it is a right Jerusalem blade."

Valiant. — It is so. Let a man have one of these blades, with a hand to wield it, and skill to use it, and he may venture upon an angel with it. He need not fear its holding, if he can but tell how to lay on. Its edge will never blunt. It will cut flesh and bones, and soul and spirit, and all.

Great. — But you fought a great while: I wonder you were not weary.

Valiant. — I fought till my sword did cleave to my hand; and then they were joined together as if a sword grew out of my arm; and when the blood ran through my fingers, then I fought with most courage.

Great. — Thou hast done well: thou hast resisted unto blood, striving against sin. Thou shalt abide by us, come in and go out with us; for we are thy companions. Then they took him, and washed his wounds, and gave him of what they had to refresh him; and so they went on together.

Now, as they went on, because Mr. Great-Heart was delighted in him (for he loved one greatly that he found to be a man of his hands), and because there were in company they that were feeble and weak, therefore he questioned with him about many things; as, first, what countryman he was.

Valiant. — I am of Dark-Land; for there was I born, and there my father and mother are still.

"Dark-Land," said the guide: "doth not that lie on the same coast with the City of Destruction?"

Valiant. — Yes, it doth. Now, that which caused me to come on pilgrimage was this: We had one Mr. Tell-True come into our parts; and he told about what Christian had done, that went from the City of Destruction; namely, how he had forsaken his wife and children, and had betaken himself to a pilgrim's life.

It was also confidently reported how he had killed a serpent that had come out to resist him in his journey; and how he got through to whither he intended. It was also told what welcome he had at all his Lord's lodgings, especially when he came to the gates of the Celestial City; "for there," said the man, "he was received with sound of trumpet by a company of shining ones." He told, also, how all the bells in the city did ring for joy at his reception, and what golden garments he was clothed with; with many other things that now I shall forbear to relate. In a word, that man so told the story of Christian and his travels, that my heart fell into a burning haste to be gone after him. Nor could father or mother stay me: so I got from them, and am come thus far on my way.

Great. — You came in at the gate; did you not?

Valiant. — Yes, yes! for the same man also told us that all would be nothing if we did not begin to enter this way at the gate. "Look you," said the guide to Christiana, "the pilgrimage of your husband, and what he has gotten thereby, is spread abroad far and near."

Valiant. — Why, is this Christian's wife?

Great. — Yes, that it is; and these, also, are his four sons.

Valiant. — What! and going on pilgrimage too?

Great. — Yes, verily, they are following after.

Valiant. — It glads me at the heart. Good man, how joyful will he be when he shall see them that would not go with him, yet to enter after him in at the gates into the Celestial City!

Great. — Without doubt it will be a comfort to him; for, next to the joy of seeing himself there, it will be a joy to meet there his wife and children.

Valiant. — But, now you are upon that, pray let me see your opinion about it. Some make a question whether we shall know one another when we are there.

Great. — Do you think they shall know themselves then, or that they shall rejoice to see themselves in that bliss? and, if they think they shall know and do this, why not know others, and rejoice in their welfare also? Again: since relations are our second self, though that state will be dissolved there, yet why may it not be rationally concluded that we shall be more glad to see them there than to see they are wanting?

Valiant. — Well, I perceive whereabouts you are as to this. Have you any more things to ask me about my beginning to come on pilgrimage?

Great. — Yes: were your father and mother willing that you should become a pilgrim?

Valiant. — Oh, no! they used all means imaginable to persuade me to stay at home.

Great. — Why, what could they say against it?

Valiant. — They said it was an idle life; and, if I myself were not inclined to sloth and laziness, I would never countenance a pilgrim's condition.

Great. — And what did they say else?

Valiant. — Why, they told me that it was a dangerous way: yea, the most dangerous way in the world, say they, is that which the pilgrims go.

Great. — Did they show you wherein this way is so dangerous?

Valiant. — Yes; and that in many particulars.

Great. — Name some of them.

Valiant. — They told me of the Slough of Despond, where Christian was well-nigh smothered. They told me that there were archers standing ready in Beelzebub Castle to shoot them who should knock at the Wicket-Gate for entrance. They told me also of the wood and dark mountains; of the Hill Difficulty; of the lions; and also of the three giants, — Bloody-Man, Maul, and Slay-Good. They said, moreover, that there was a foul fiend haunted the Valley of Humiliation; and that Christian was by him almost bereft of life. "Besides," said they, "you must go over the Valley of the Shadow of Death, where the hobgoblins are; where the light is darkness; where the way is full of snares, pits, traps, and gins." They told me also of Giant Despair, of Doubting Castle, and of the ruin that the pilgrims met with there. Further, they said I must go over the Enchanted Ground, which was dangerous; and that, after all this, I should find a river, over which there was no bridge; and that that river did lie betwixt me and the Celestial Country.

Great. — And this was all?

Valiant. — No. They also told me that this way was full of deceivers, and of persons that lay in wait there to turn good men out of the path.

Great. — But how did they make that out?

Valiant. — They told me that Mr. Worldly-Wiseman did lie there in wait to deceive. They said, also, that there were Formality and Hypocrisy continually on the road. They said, also, that By-Ends, Talkative, or Demas, would go near to gather me up; that the Flatterer would catch me in his net; or that, with green-headed Ignorance, I would presume to go on to the gate, from whence he was sent back to the hole that was in the side of the hill, and made to go the by-way to hell.

Great. — I promise you this was enough to discourage you; but did they make an end there?

Valiant. — No: stay. They told me, also, of many that had tried that way of old, and that had gone a great way therein to see if they could find something of the glory there that so many

had so much talked of from time to time; and how they came back again, and befooled themselves for setting afoot out of doors in that path, to the satisfaction of all the country. And they named several that did so, as Obstinate and Pliable, Mistrust and Timorous, Turn-Away and old Atheist, with several more, who, they said, had some of them gone far to see what they could find; but not one of them had found so much advantage by going as amounted to the weight of a feather.

Great. — Said they any thing more to discourage you?

Valiant. — Yes. They told me of one Mr. Fearing, who was a pilgrim; and how he found his way so solitary, that he never had a comfortable hour therein; also that Mr. Despondency had like to have been starved therein; yea, and also (which I had almost forgot) that Christian himself, about whom there has been such a noise after all his ventures for a celestial crown, was certainly drowned in the Black River, and never went a foot farther. However, it was smothered up.

Great. — And did none of these things discourage you?

Valiant. — No: they seemed but as so many nothings to me.

Great. — How came that about?

Valiant. — Why, I still believed what Mr. Tell-Truth had said; and that carried me beyond them all.

Great. — Then this was your victory, — even your faith?

Valiant. — It was so. I believed, and therefore came out, got into the way, fought all that set themselves against me, and, by believing, am come to this place.

By this time they were got to the Enchanted Ground, where the air naturally tended to make one drowsy. And that place was all grown over with briers and thorns, excepting here and there where was an enchanted arbor, upon which if a man sits, or in which if a man sleeps, it is a question, some say, whether ever he shall rise or wake again in this world. Over this forest, therefore, they went, both one and another: and Mr. Great-Heart went before, for that he was the guide; and Mr. Valiant-for-Truth came behind, being rear-guard, for fear lest, peradventure, some fiend or dragon or giant or thief should fall upon their rear, and so do mischief. They went on here, each man with his sword drawn in his hand; for they knew it was a dangerous place. Also they cheered up one another as well as they could. Feeble-Mind, Mr. Great-Heart commanded, should come up after him; and Mr. Despondency was under the eye of Mr. Valiant.

Now, they had not gone far but a great mist and darkness fell upon them all, so that they could scarce, for a great while, see the one the other. Wherefore they were forced, for some time, to feel one for another by words; for they walked not by sight.

But any one must think that here was but sorry going for the best of them all; but how much worse for the women and children, who both of feet and heart were but tender! Yet so it was, that through the encouraging words of him that led in the front, and of him that brought them up behind, they made a pretty good shift to wag along. The way also here was very wearisome, through dirt and slabbiness. Nor was there, on all this ground, so much as one inn or victualing-house wherein to refresh the feeble sort. Here, therefore, was grunting and puffing and sighing; while one tumbleth over a bush, another sticks fast in the dirt; and the children, some of them, lost their shoes in the mire: while one cries out, "I am down!" and another, "Ho! where are you?" and a third, "The bushes have got such fast hold on me, I think I can not get away from them!"

Then they came at an arbor, warm, and promising much refreshing to the pilgrims; for it was finely wrought above-head, beautified with greens, furnished with benches and settles. It also had in it a soft couch, whereon the weary might lean. This you must think, all things considered, was tempting; for the pilgrims already began to be foiled with the badness of the way: but there was not one of them that made so much as a motion to stop there. Yea, for aught I could perceive, they continually gave so good heed to the advice of their guide, and he did so faithfully tell them of dangers, and of the nature of dangers when they were at them, that usually, when they were nearest to them, they did most pluck up their spirits, and hearten one another to deny the flesh. This arbor was called the Slothful's Friend, on purpose to allure, if it might be, some of the pilgrims there to take up their rest when weary. I saw them in my dream, that they went on in this their solitary ground till they came to a place at which a man is apt to lose his way. Now, though when it was light their guide could well enough tell how to miss those ways that led wrong, yet in the dark he was put to a stand. But he had in his pocket a map of all ways leading to or from the Celestial City: wherefore he struck a light (for he never goes without his tinder-box also), and takes a view of his book or map, which bids him to be careful in that place to turn to the right hand. And, had he not been careful here to look in his map, they had all, in probability, been smothered in the mud; for just a little before them, and that at the end of the cleanest way too, was a pit, none knows how deep, full of nothing but mud, there made on purpose to destroy the pilgrims in.

Then thought I with myself, "Who that goeth on pilgrimage but would have one of these maps about him, that he may look when he is at a stand which is the way he must take?"

Then they went on in this Enchanted Ground till they came to

where there was another arbor; and it was built by the highway-side. And in that arbor there lay two men, whose names were Heedless and Too-Bold. These two went thus far on pilgrimage, but here, being wearied with their journey, sat down to rest themselves, and so fell fast asleep. When the pilgrims saw them, they stood still, and shook their heads; for they knew that the sleepers were in a pitiful case. Then they consulted what to do, — whether to go on and leave them in their sleep; or to step to them, and try to awake them. So they concluded to go to them, and try to awake them, — that is, if they could; but with this caution, — namely, to take heed that they themselves did not sit down, nor embrace the offered benefit of that arbor.

So they went in and spake to the men, and called each by his name (for the guide, it seems, did know them); but there was no voice nor answer. Then the guide did shake them, and do what he could to disturb them. Then said one of them, "I will pay you when I take my money." At which the guide shook his head. "I will fight so long as I can hold my sword in my hand," said the other. At that one of the children laughed. Then said Christiana, "What is the meaning of this?" The guide said, "They talk in their sleep. If you strike them, beat them, or whatever else you do to them, they will answer you after this fashion; or as one of them said in old time, when the waves of the sea did beat upon him, and he slept as one upon the mast of a ship, 'When I awake, I will seek it again.' You know, when men talk in their sleep, they say any thing; but their words are not governed either by faith or reason. There is an incoherency in their words now, as there was before betwixt their going on pilgrimage and sitting down here. This, then, is the mischief of it: When heedless ones go on pilgrimage, 'tis twenty to one but they are served thus; for this Enchanted Ground is one of the last refuges that the enemy to pilgrims has: wherefore it is, as you see, placed almost at the end of the way, and so it standeth against us with the more advantage. For 'when,' thinks the enemy, 'will these fools be so desirous to sit down as when they are weary? and when so like to be weary as when almost at their journey's end?' Therefore it is, I say, that the Enchanted Ground is placed so nigh to the land Beulah, and so near the end of their race. Wherefore let pilgrims look to themselves, lest it happen to them as it has done to these, that, as you see, are fallen asleep, and none can awake them."

Then the pilgrims desired, with trembling, to go forward: only they prayed their guide to strike a light, that they might go the rest of their way by the help of the light of a lantern. So he struck a light; and they went, by the help of that, through the rest of this way, though the darkness was very great. But the chil-

dren began to be sorely weary; and they cried out unto Him that loveth pilgrims to make their way more comfortable. So by that they had gone a little farther, a wind arose, that drove away the fog: so the air became more clear. Yet they were not off (by much) of the Enchanted Ground: only now they could see one another better, and the way wherein they should walk. Now, when they were almost at the end of this ground, they perceived that a little before them was a solemn noise, as of one that was much concerned. So they went on, and looked before them; and, behold! they saw, as they thought, a man upon his knees, with hands and eyes lifted up, and speaking, as they thought, earnestly to one that was above. They drew nigh, but could not tell what he said: so they went softly till he had done. When he had done, he got up, and began to run towards the Celestial City. Then Mr. Great-Heart called after him, saying, "Soho, friend! let us have your company, if you go, as I suppose you do, to the Celestial City." So the man stopped, and they came up to him. But, as soon as Mr. Honest saw him, he said, "I know this man." Then said Mr. Valiant-for-Truth, "Prithee, who is it?"—"It is one," said he, "that comes from whereabout I dwelt. His name is Standfast: he is certainly a right good pilgrim."

So they came up one to another. And presently Standfast said to Old Honest, "Ho, Father Honest! are you there?"—"Ay," said he, "that I am, as sure as you are there."—"Right glad am I," said Mr. Standfast, "that I have found you on this road."—"And as glad am I," said the other, "that I espied you on your knees." Then Mr. Standfast blushed, and said, "But why? did you see me?"—"Yes, that I did," quoth the other; "and with my heart was glad at the sight."—"Why, what did you think?" said Standfast. "Think!" said Old Honest: "what should I think? I thought we had an honest man upon the road, and therefore should have his company by and by."—"If you thought not amiss," said Standfast, "how happy am I! But, if I be not as I should, 'tis I alone must bear it."—"That is true," said the other: "but your fear doth further confirm me that things are right betwixt the Prince of pilgrims and your soul; for he saith, 'Blessed is the man that feareth always.'"

Valiant.—Well. But, brother, I pray thee tell us what was it that was the cause of thy being upon thy knees even now? Was it for that some special mercy laid obligations upon thee, or how?

Stand.—Why, we are, as you see, upon the Enchanted Ground; and, as I was coming along, I was musing with myself of what a dangerous nature the road in this place was, and how many that had come even this far on pilgrimage had here been stopped and been destroyed. I thought, also, of the manner of the death with

which this place destroyeth men. Those that die here die of no violent distemper. The death which such die is not grievous to them: for he that goeth away in a sleep begins that journey with desire and pleasure; yea, such acquiesce in the will of that disease.

Then Mr. Honest, interrupting him, said, "Did you see the two men asleep in the arbor?"

Stand. — Ay, ay! I saw Heedless and Too-Bold there; and, for aught I know, there they will lie till they rot. But let me go on with my tale. As I was thus musing, as I said, there was one in very pleasant attire, but old, who presented herself to me, and offered me three things; to wit, her body, her purse, and her bed. Now, the truth is, I was both weary and sleepy: I am also as poor as an owlet; and that, perhaps, the witch knew. Well, I repulsed her once and again; but she put by my repulses, and smiled. Then I began to be angry; but she mattered that nothing at all. Then she made offers again, and said, if I would be ruled by her, she would make me great and happy. "For," said she, "I am the mistress of the world, and men are made happy by me." Then I asked her name, and she told me it was Madam Bubble. This set me farther from her; but she still followed me with enticements. Then I betook me, as you saw, to my knees; and with hands lifted up, and cries, I prayed to Him that had said he would help. So, just as you came up, the gentlewoman went her way. Then I continued to give thanks for this my great deliverance; for I verily believe she intended no good, but rather sought to make stop of me in my journey.

Hon. — Without doubt, her designs were bad. But stay: now you talk of her, methinks I either have seen her, or have read some story of her.

Stand. — Perhaps you have done both.

Hon. — Madam Bubble! Is she not a tall, comely dame, something of a swarthy complexion?

Stand. — Right! you hit it: she is just such a one.

Hon. — Doth she not speak very smoothly, and give you a smile at the end of a sentence?

Stand. — You fall right upon it again; for these are her very actions.

Hon. — Doth she not wear a great purse by her side? and is not her hand often in it, fingering her money, as if that was her heart's delight?

Stand. — 'Tis just so. Had she stood by all this while, you could not more amply have set her forth before me, nor have better described her features.

Hon. — Then he that drew her picture was a good limner, and he that wrote of her said true.

Great. — This woman is a witch; and it is by virtue of her sor-

ceries that this ground is enchanted. Whoever doth lay his head down in her lap had as good lay it down on that block over which the ax doth hang; and whoever lay their eyes upon her beauty are counted the enemies of God. This is she that maintaineth in their splendor all those that are the enemies of pilgrims; yea, this is she that hath bought off many a man from a pilgrim's life. She is a great gossiper: she is always, both she and her daughters, at one pilgrim's heels or another, now commending, and then preferring, the excellences of this life. She is a great, bold, and impudent slut: she will talk with any man. She always laugheth poor pilgrims to scorn, but highly commends the rich. If there be one cunning to get money in a place, she will speak well of him from house to house. She loveth banqueting and feasting mainly well: she is always at one full table or another. She has given it out in some places that she is a goddess; and therefore some do worship her. She has her time and open places of cheating; and she will say, and avow it, that none can show a good comparable to hers. She promiseth to dwell with children's children if they will but love her and make much of her. She will cast out of her purse gold like dust in some places and to some persons. She loves to be sought after, spoken well of, and to lie in the bosoms of men. She is never weary of commending her commodities; and she loves them most that think best of her. She will promise to some crowns and kingdoms if they will but take her advice; yet many hath she brought to the halter, and ten thousand times more to hell.

"Oh," said Standfast, "what a mercy is it that I did resist her! for whither might she have drawn me?"

Great.—Whither? nay, none but God knows whither. But in general, to be sure, she would have drawn thee into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition. 'Twas she that set Absalom against his father, and Jeroboam against his master. 'Twas she that persuaded Judas to sell his Lord, and that prevailed with Demas to forsake the godly pilgrim's life. None can tell of the mischief that she doth. She makes variance betwixt rulers and subjects, betwixt parents and children, betwixt neighbor and neighbor, betwixt a man and his wife, betwixt a man and himself, betwixt the flesh and the spirit. Wherefore, good Mr. Standfast, be as your name is; and, when you have done all, stand.

At this discourse, there was among the pilgrims a mixture of joy and trembling; but at length they broke out and sang.

After this, I beheld until they were come into the land of Beulah, where the sun shineth night and day. Here, because they were weary, they betook themselves a while to rest. And because this country was common for pilgrims, and because the orchards

and vineyards that were here belonged to the King of the Celestial Country, therefore they were licensed to make bold with any of his things. But a little while soon refreshed them here: for the bells did so ring, and the trumpets continually sound so melodiously, that they could not sleep; and yet they received as much refreshing as if they slept their sleep never so soundly. Here, also, all the noise of them that walked the streets was, "More pilgrims are come to town!" And another would answer, saying, "And so many went over the water, and were let in at the golden gates to-day!" They would cry again, "There is now a legion of shining ones just come to town, by which we know that there are more pilgrims upon the road; for here they come to wait for them, and to comfort them after all their sorrow." Then the pilgrims got up, and walked to and fro; but how were their ears now filled with heavenly noises, and their eyes delighted with celestial visions! In this land they heard nothing, saw nothing, felt nothing, smelt nothing, tasted nothing, that was offensive to their stomach or mind: only, when they tasted of the water of the river over which they were to go, they thought that it tasted a little bitterish to the palate; but it proved sweet when it was down. In this place there was a record kept of the names of them that had been pilgrims of old, and a history of all the famous acts that they had done. It was here also much discoursed how the river to some had had its flowings, and what ebbings it has had while others have gone over. It has been in a manner dry for some, while it has overflowed its banks for others. In this place the children of the town would go into the King's gardens and gather nosegays for the pilgrims, and bring them to them with much affection. Here, also, grew camphires, with spikenard, and saffron, calamus, and cinnamon, with all the trees of frankincense, myrrh, and aloes, with all chief spices. With these the pilgrims' chambers were perfumed while they staid here; and with these were their bodies anointed to prepare them to go over the river when the time appointed was come.

Now, while they lay here, and waited for the good hour, there was a noise in the town that there was a post come from the Celestial City, with matter of great importance to one Christiana, the wife of Christian the pilgrim. So inquiry was made for her; and the house was found out where she was. So the post presented her with a letter. The contents were, "Hail, good woman! I bring thee tidings that the Master calleth for thee, and expecteth that thou shouldst stand in his presence, in clothes of immortality, within these ten days." When he had read this letter to her, he gave her therewith a sure token that he was a true messenger, and was come to bid her to make haste to be gone. The token was an arrow, with a point sharpened with love, let easily into her

heart, which by degrees wrought so effectually with her, that at the time appointed she must be gone.

When Christiana saw that her time was come, and that she was the first of this company that was to go over, she called for Mr. Great-Heart, her guide, and told him how matters were. So he told her he was heartily glad of the news, and could have been glad had the post come for him. Then she bid him that he should give advice how all things should be prepared for her journey. So he told her, saying, "Thus and thus it must be; and we that survive will accompany you to the river-side." Then she called for her children, and gave them her blessing, and told them that she had read with comfort the mark that was set in their foreheads, and was glad to see them with her there, and that they had kept their garments so white. Lastly, she bequeathed to the poor that little she had, and commanded her sons and daughters to be ready against the messenger should come for them. When she had spoken these words to her guide and to her children, she called for Mr. Valiant-for-Truth, and said unto him, "Sir, you have in all places showed yourself true-hearted: be faithful unto death, and my King will give you a crown of life.

"I would also entreat you to have an eye to my children; and. if at any time you see them faint, speak comfortably to them. For my daughters, my sons' wives, they have been faithful; and the fulfilling of the promise upon them will be their end." But she gave Mr. Standfast a ring. Then she called for old Mr. Honest, and said of him, "Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom there is no guile!" Then said he, "I wish you a fair day when you set out for Mount Sion, and shall be glad to see that you go over the river dry-shod." But she answered, "Come wet, come dry, I long to be gone; for, however the weather is in my journey, I shall have time enough when I come there to sit down and rest me and dry me." Then came in that good man, Mr. Ready-to-Halt, to see her: so she said to him, "Thy travel, hitherto, has been with difficulty; but that will make thy rest the sweeter. But watch and be ready; for, at an hour when ye think not, the messenger may come." After him came Mr. Despondency, and his daughter Much-Afraid; to whom she said, "You ought with thankfulness for ever to remember your deliverance from the hands of Giant Despair, and out of Doubting Castle. The effect of that mercy is, that you are brought with safety hither. Be ye watchful, and cast away fear: be sober, and hope to the end." Then she said to Mr. Feeble-Mind, "Thou wast delivered from the mouth of Giant Slay-Good, that thou mightest live in the light of the living, and see thy King with comfort. Only I advise thee to repent of thine aptness to fear, and doubt of his goodness, before he sends for thee, lest thou shouldst, when he comes, be forced to stand before him for that fault with blushing."

Now the day drew on that Christiana must be gone. So the road was full of people to see her take her journey; but, behold! all the banks beyond the river were full of horses and chariots, which were come down from above to accompany her to the city gate. So she came forth, and entered the river, with a beckon of farewell to those that followed her. The last words that she was heard to say were, "I come, Lord, to be with thee and bless thee!" So her children and friends returned to their place; for those that waited for Christiana had carried her out of their sight. So she went and called, and entered in at the gate with all the ceremonies of joy that her husband Christian had entered with before her. At her departure, the children wept; but Mr. Great-Heart and Mr. Valiant played upon the well-tuned cymbal and harp for joy: so all departed to their respective places. In process of time, there came a post to the town again; and his business was with Mr. Ready-to-Halt. So he inquired him out, and said, "I am come from Him whom thou hast loved and followed, though upon crutches; and my message is to tell thee that he expects thee at his table to sup with him in his kingdom the next day after Easter: wherefore prepare thyself for this journey. Then he also gave him a token that he was a true messenger; saying, "I have broken thy golden bowl, and loosed thy silver cord."

SAMUEL BUTLER.

1612–1680.

The celebrated author of "Hudibras," a witty burlesque of the manners of the Puritans. "What Shakspeare is among English dramatists, Milton among English epic poets, Bunyan among English allegorists, Butler is among the writers of English burlesque, — prince and paramount."

DESCRIPTION OF HUDIBRAS.

When civil dudgeon first grew high,
And men fell out, they knew not why;
When hard words, jealousies, and fears,
Set folks together by the ears;
When gospel-trumpeter, surrounded
With long-eared rout, to battle sounded;
And pulpit, drum ecclesiastic,
Was beat with fist instead of a stick, —
Then did Sir Knight abandon dwelling,
And out he rode a-colonelling.

A wight he was, whose very sight would
Entitle him mirror of knighthood;
That never bowed his stubborn knee
To any thing but chivalry,
Nor put up blow but that which laid
Right worshipful on shoulder-blade.
But here some authors make a doubt
Whether he were more wise or stout:
Some hold the one, and some the other.
But, howsoe'er they make a pother,
The difference was so small, his brain
Outweighed his rage but half a grain;
Which made some take him for a tool
That knaves do work with, called a fool.
We grant, although he had much wit,
He was very shy of using it,
As being loath to wear it out,
And therefore bore it not about,
Unless on holidays or so,
As men their best apparel do.
Besides, 'tis known he could speak Greek
As naturally as pigs do squeak;
That Latin was no more difficile
Than to a blackbird 'tis to whistle.
He was in logic a great critic,
Profoundly skilled in analytic:
He could distinguish and divide
A hair 'twixt south and south-west side;
On either which he would dispute,
Confute, change hands, and still confute.
He'd undertake to prove by force
Of argument a man's no horse;
He'd prove a buzzard is no fowl,
And that a lord may be an owl,
A calf an alderman, a goose a justice,
And rooks committee-men and trustees.
He'd run in debt by disputation,
And pay with ratiocination.
All this by syllogism true,
In mood and figure, he would do.
For rhetoric, he could not ope
His mouth, but out there flew a trope:
And when he happened to break off
In the middle of his speech, or cough,
He had hard words ready to show why,
And tell what rules he did it by;
Else, when with greatest art he spoke,
You'd think he talked like other folk;
For all a rhetorician's rules
Teach nothing but to name his tools.
But, when he pleased to show't, his speech,
In loftiness of sound, was rich;

A Babylonish dialect,
Which learned pedants much affect:
It was a party-colored dress
Of patched and piebald languages;
'Twas English cut on Greek and Latin,
Like fustian heretofore on satin;
It had an odd, promiscuous tone,
As if he had talked three parts in one;
Which made some think, when he did gabble,
They had heard three laborers of Babel,
Or Cerberus himself pronounce
A leash of languages at once.
This he as volubly would vent
As if his stock would ne'er be spent.
And truly, to support that charge,
He had supplies as vast and large;
For he could coin or counterfeit
New words with little or no wit, —
Words so debased and hard, no stone
Was hard enough to touch them on;
And, when with hasty noise he spoke 'em,
The ignorant for current took 'em;
That had the orator, who once
Did fill his mouth with pebble-stones
When he harangued, but known his phrase,
He would have used no other ways.
In mathematics he was greater
Than Tycho Brahe or Erra Pater:
For he by geometric scale
Could take the size of pots of ale;
Resolve by sines and tangents straight
If bread or butter wanted weight;
And wisely tell what hour o' the day
The clock does strike, by algebra.
Besides, he was a shrewd philosopher,
And had read every text and gloss over:
Whate'er the crabbed'st author hath,
He understood by implicit faith;
Whatever skeptic could inquire for,
For every why he had a wherefore;
Knew more than forty of them do,
As far as words and terms could go;
All which he understood by rote,
And, as occasion served, would quote;
No matter whether right or wrong;
They might be either said or sung.
His notions fitted things so well,
That which was which he could not tell,
But oftentimes mistook the one
For the other, as great clerks have done.
He could reduce all things to acts,
And knew their natures by abstracts, —

Where entity and quiddity,
The ghosts of defunct bodies, fly;
Where Truth in person does appear,
Like words congealed in northern air.
He knew what's what, and that's as high
As metaphysic wit can fly.
He could raise scruples dark and nice,
And, after, solve 'em in a trice,
As if Divinity had catched
The itch on purpose to be scratched;
Or, like a mountebank, did wound
And stab herself with doubts profound,
Only to show with how small pain
The sores of faith are cured again;
Although, by woeful proof, we find
They always leave a scar behind.
For his religion, it was fit
To match his learning and his wit:
'Twas Presbyterian true blue;
For he was of that stubborn crew
Of errant saints whom all men grant
To be the true Church militant;
Such as do build their faith upon
The holy text of pike and gun,
Decide all controversies by
Infallible artillery,
And prove their doctrine orthodox
By apostolic blows and knocks;
Call fire and sword and desolation
A godly, thorough reformation,
Which always must be carried on,
And still be doing, never done:
As if religion were intended
For nothing else but to be mended!
A sect whose chief devotion lies
In odd, perverse antipathies;
In falling out with that or this,
And finding somewhat still amiss;
More peevish, cross, and splenetic
Than dog distract, or monkey sick;
That with more care keep holy-day
The wrong than others the right way;
Compound for sins they are inclined to
By damning those they have no mind to.
Still to perverse and opposite,
As if they worshiped God for spite,
The self-same thing they will abhor
One way, and long another for.
Free-will they one way disavow;
Another, nothing else allow.
All piety consists therein
In them; in other men, all sin.

Rather than fail, they will decry
That which they love most tenderly;
Quarrel with mince-pies, and disparage
Their best and dearest friend, plum-porridge:
Fat pig and goose itself oppose,
And blaspheme custard through the nose.

His doublet was of sturdy buff;
And though not sword, yet cudgel-proof;
Whereby 'twas fitter for his use,
Who feared no blows but such as bruise.
His breeches were of rugged woolen,
And had been at the siege of Bullen;
To old King Harry so well known,
Some writers held they were his own;
Though they were lined with many a piece
Of ammunition bread and cheese,
And fat black-puddings, — proper food
For warriors that delight in blood:
For, as we said, he always chose
To carry victuals in his hose,
That often tempted rats and mice
The ammunition to surprise;
And, when he put a hand but in
The one or t'other magazine,
They stoutly on defense on't stood,
And from the wounded foe drew blood.

OTHER WRITERS OF DISTINCTION.

JOHN LOCKE. — 1632–1704. Author of "An Essay concerning Human Understanding," "Thoughts concerning Education," and other philosophical essays.

RICHARD BAXTER. — 1615–1691. "The Saints' Everlasting Rest," "A Call to the Unconverted," and "A Narrative of his Own Life and Times."

WENTWORTH DILLON. — 1634–1685. "An Essay on Translated Verse."

CHARLES SACKVILLE. — 1637–1705. A few songs. Patron of Butler and Dryden.

CHARLES SEDLEY. — 1639–1701. Plays and spirited songs.

JOHN WILMOT. — 1647–1680. Writer of songs.

THOMAS OTWAY. — 1651–1685. "Venice Preserved," a play; "The Orphan."

MATTHEW PRIOR. — 1664–1721. "The Town and Country Mouse," "Solomon."

JOHN PHILLIPS. — 1676–1708. "The Splendid Shilling," — attempt to parody Milton.

HENRY MOORE. — 1614–1687. "The Mystery of Godliness," "Immortality of the Soul."

JOHN OWEN. — 1616–1683. "Exposition of Hebrews," "Divine Original of the Scriptures."

EDWARD STILLINGFLEET. — 1635–1699. Sermons, and several essays.

THOMAS BURNET. — 1635–1715. "The State of the Dead and Reviving," and others.

THOMAS SPRAT. — 1636–1718. "History of the Royal Society," "An Account of the Rye-house Plot."

Lady RACHEL RUSSELL. "Letters."

WILLIAM WYCHERLEY. — 1640–1715. Writer of comedies.

WILLIAM SHERLOCK. — 1641–1707. "On the Immortality of the Soul," and several works against dissenters.

GILBERT BURNET. — 1643–1715. "History of the Reformation," "History of My Own Times," and "The Thirty-nine Articles."

JOHN STRYPE. — 1643–1737. Several religious works.

WILLIAM PENN. — 1644–1718. Distinguished Quaker. "No Cross, no Crown;" "The Conduct of Life;" and "A Brief Account of the People called Quakers."

ROBERT BARCLAY. — 1648–1690. "Apology."

MATTHEW HENRY. — 1662–1714. Unfinished "Commentary on the Bible."

RICHARD BENTLEY. — 1662–1742. Celebrated editor of the classics.

Sir JOHN VAUBRUG. — 1666–1726. "The Provoked Wife," and other plays.

JOHN ARBUTHNOT. —1667–1735. "History of John Bull," "Scolding of the Ancients," "Art of Political Lying," and much of "Martinus Scriblerus" in Pope's works.

WILLIAM CONGREVE. — 1670–1729. "The Mourning Bride," a tragedy; and several comedies.

GEORGE FARQUHAR. — 1678–1708. "The Recruiting Officer," "The Beau's Stratagem," and others.

JOHN MILTON.

1608–1674.

Author of "Paradise Lost," the only great original epic in the English language, "Paradise Regained," "Ode on the Nativity," "L'Allegro," "Il Penseroso," "Arcades," "Comus," and "Lycidas." "The Areopagitica," and other prose-works, are worthy of the great secretary of Cromwell.

PARADISE LOST.

Of man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world, and all our woe,
With loss of Eden, till one greater Man
Restore us, and regain the blissful seat,
Sing, heavenly Muse! that on the secret top
Of Oreb or of Sinai didst inspire
That shepherd who first taught the chosen seed
In the beginning how the heavens and earth
Rose out of chaos. Or if Sion hill

Delight thee more, and Siloa's brook that flowed
Fast by the oracle of God, I thence
Invoke thy aid to my adventurous song,
That with no middle flight intends to soar
Above the Aonian mount, while it pursues
Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.
And chiefly thou, O Spirit! that dost prefer
Before all temples the upright heart and pure,
Instruct me; for thou know'st: thou from the first
Wast present, and, with mighty wings outspread,
Dovelike sat'st brooding on the vast abyss,
And mad'st it pregnant. What in me is dark,
Illumine; what is low, raise and support;
That to the hight of this great argument
I may assert Eternal Providence,
And justify the ways of God to men.
Say first (for heaven hides nothing from thy view,
Nor the deep tract of hell),— say first, what cause
Moved our grand parents in that happy state,
Favored of Heaven so highly, to fall off
From their Creator, and transgress his will
For one restraint, lords of the world besides?
Who first seduced them to that foul revolt?
The infernal Serpent: he it was whose guile,
Stirred up with envy and revenge, deceived
The mother of mankind, what time his pride
Had cast him out from heaven with all his host
Of rebel angels; by whose aid, aspiring
To set himself in glory 'bove his peers,
He trusted to have equaled the Most High
If he opposed, and, with ambitious aim,
Against the throne and monarchy of God
Raised impious war in heaven, and battle proud
With vain attempt. Him the Almighty Power
Hurled headlong flaming from the ethereal sky
With hideous ruin and combustion, down
To bottomless perdition, there to dwell
In adamantine chains and penal fire,
Who durst defy the Omnipotent to arms.
Nine times the space that measures day and night
To mortal men, he with his horrid crew
Lay vanquished, rolling in the fiery gulf,
Confounded, though immortal. But his doom
Reserved him to more wrath; for now the thought
Both of lost happiness and lasting pain
Torments him. Round he throws his baleful eyes,
That witnessed huge affliction and dismay,
Mixed with obdurate pride and steadfast hate.
At once, as far as angel's ken, he views
The dismal situation waste and wild:
A dungeon horrible on all sides round
As one great furnace flamed; yet from those flames

No light, but rather darkness visible,
Served only to discover sights of woe,
Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace
And rest can never dwell; hope never comes,
That comes to all; but torture without end
Still urges, and a fiery deluge, fed
With ever-burning sulphur unconsumed.
Such place Eternal Justice had prepared
For those rebellious; here their prison ordained
In utter darkness, and their portion set
As far removed from God and light of heaven
As from the center thrice to the utmost pole.
Oh, how unlike the place from whence they fell!
There the companions of his fall, o'erwhelmed
With floods and whirlwinds of tempestuous fire,
He soon discerns; and, weltering by his side,
One next himself in power, and next in crime,
Long after known in Palestine, and named
Beelzebub. To whom the Arch-Enemy,
And thence in heaven called Satan, with bold words
Breaking the horrid silence, thus began: —
"If thou beest he — but, oh, how fallen, how changed,
From him, who, in the happy realms of light,
Clothed with transcendent brightness, didst outshine
Myriads though bright! — if he whom mutual league,
United thoughts and counsels, equal hope
And hazard in the glorious enterprise,
Joined with me once, now misery hath joined
In equal ruin: into what pit thou seest
From what hight fallen, so much the stronger proved
He with his thunder; and till then who knew
The force of those dire arms? Yet not for those,
Nor what the potent victor in his rage
Can else inflict, do I repent or change,
Though changed in outward luster, that fixed mind
And high disdain from sense of injured merit,
That with the Mightiest raised me to contend,
And to the fierce contention brought along
Innumerable force of spirits armed,
That durst dislike his reign, and, me preferring,
His utmost power with adverse power opposed
In dubious battle on the plains of heaven,
And shook his throne. What though the field be lost?
All is not lost: the unconquerable will,
And study of revenge, immortal hate,
And courage never to submit or yield;
And what is else not to be overcome:
That glory never shall his wrath or might
Extort from me. To bow and sue for grace
With suppliant knee, and deify his power,
Who from the terror of this arm so late
Doubted his empire, — that were low indeed!

That were an ignominy and shame beneath
This downfall! since by fate the strength of gods
And this empyreal substance can not fail;
Since through experience of this great event
In arms not worse, in foresight much advanced,
We may with more successful hope resolve
To wage by force or guile eternal war,
Irreconcilable to our grand foe,
Who now triumphs, and, in the excess of joy
Sole reigning, holds the tyranny of heaven."
So spake the apostate Angel, though in pain,
Vaunting aloud, but racked with deep despair;
And him thus answered soon his bold compeer: —
O Prince, O Chief of many throned powers,
That led the embattled seraphim to war
Under thy conduct, and, in dreadful deeds
Fearless, endangered heaven's perpetual King,
And put to proof his high supremacy,
Whether upheld by strength or chance or fate!
Too well I see and rue the dire event,
That with sad overthrow and foul defeat
Hath lost us heaven, and all this mighty host
In horrible destruction laid thus low,
As far as gods and heavenly essences
Can perish; for the mind and spirit remains
Invincible, and vigor soon returns,
Though all our glory extinct, and happy state
Here swallowed up in endless misery.
But what if He, our conqueror (whom I now
Of force believe almighty, since no less
Than such could have overpowered such force as ours),
Have left us this our spirit and strength entire,
Strongly to suffer, and support our pains,
That we may so suffice his vengeful ire,
Or do him mightier service as his thralls
By right of war, whate'er his business be
Here in the heart of hell to work in fire,
Or do his errands in the gloomy deep?
What can it then avail, though yet we feel
Strength undiminished, or eternal being
To undergo eternal punishment?"
Whereto with speedy words the Arch-Fiend replied: —
"Fallen cherub, to be weak is miserable,
Doing or suffering; but of this be sure, —
To do aught good never will be our task,
But ever to do ill our sole delight,
As being the contrary to His high will
Whom we resist. If, then, his providence
Out of our evil seek to bring forth good,
Our labor must be to pervert that end,
And out of good still to find means of evil;
Which ofttimes may succeed, so as perhaps

Shall grieve him, if I fail not, and disturb
His inmost counsels from their destined aim.
But see! the angry victor hath recalled
His ministers of vengeance and pursuit
Back to the gates of heaven: the sulphurous hail,
Shot after us in storm, o'erblown hath laid
The fiery surge, that from the precipice
Of heaven received us falling; and the thunder,
Winged with red lightning and impetuous rage,
Perhaps hath spent his shafts, and ceases now
To bellow through the vast and boundless deep.
Let us not slip the occasion, whether scorn
Or satiate fury yield it from our foe.
Seest thou yon dreary plain, forlorn and wild,
The seat of desolation, void of light
Save what the glimmering of these livid flames
Casts pale and dreadful? Thither let us tend
From off the tossing of these fiery waves;
There rest, if any rest can harbor there;
And, re-assembling our afflicted powers,
Consult how we may henceforth most offend
Our enemy, our own loss how repair,
How overcome this dire calamity;
What re-enforcement we may gain from hope;
If not, what resolution from despair."
Thus Satan, talking to his nearest mate
With head uplift above the wave, and eyes
That sparkling blazed; his other parts besides
Prone on the flood, extended long and large,
Lay floating many a rood, in bulk as huge
As whom the fables name of monstrous size,—
Titanian, or earth-born, that warred on Jove,
Briareos, or Typhon, whom the den
By ancient Tarsus held; or that sea-beast,
Leviathan, which God of all his works
Createst hugest that swim the ocean-stream:
Him haply slumbering on the Norway foam,
The pilot of some small night-foundered skiff
Deeming some island, oft, as seamen tell,
With fixèd anchor in his scaly rind
Moors by his side under the lea, while night
Invests the sea, and wishèd morn delays:
So, stretched out huge in length, the Arch-Fiend lay
Chained on the burning lake; nor ever thence
Had risen or heaved his head but that the will
And high permission of all-ruling Heaven
Left him at large to his own dark designs,
That with reiterated crimes he might
Heap on himself damnation while he sought
Evil to others, and enraged might see
How all his malice served but to bring forth
Infinite goodness, grace, and mercy shown

On man, by him seduced; but on himself
Treble confusion, wrath, and vengeance poured.
Forthwith upright he rears from off the pool
His mighty stature: on each hand the flames,
Driven backward, slope their pointing spires, and, rolled
In billows, leave in the midst a horrid vale.
Then with expanded wings he steers his flight
Aloft, incumbent on the dusky air,
That felt unusual weight; till on dry land
He lights, if it were land that ever burned
With solid, as the lake with liquid, fire;
And such appeared in hue as when the force
Of subterranean wind transports a hill
Torn from Pelorus, or the shattered side
Of thundering Ætna, whose combustible
And fueled entrails thence conceiving fire,
Sublimed with mineral fury, aid the winds,
And leave a singed bottom all involved
With stench and smoke: such resting found the sole
Of unblest feet. Him followed his next mate,
Both glorying to have 'scaped the Stygian flood
As gods, and by their own recovered strength,
Not by the sufferance of Supernal Power.
"Is this the region, this the soil, the clime,"
Said then the lost Arch-Angel, "this the seat,
That we must change for heaven? this mournful gloom
For that celestial light? Be it so, since He
Who now is Sovran can dispose and bid
What shall be right: farthest from Him is best,
Whom reason hath equalled, force hath made supreme
Above his equals. Farewell, happy fields,
Where joy for ever dwells! hail, horrors! hail,
Infernal world! and thou profoundest Hell,
Receive thy new possessor, — one who brings
A mind not to be changed by place or time.
The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven.
What matter where, if I be still the same,
And what I should be, — all but less than He
Whom thunder hath made greater? Here, at least,
We shall be free. The Almighty hath not built
Here for his envy, will not drive us hence.
Here we may reign secure; and in my choice
To reign is worth ambition, though in hell:
Better to reign in hell than serve in heaven!
But wherefore let we then our faithful friends,
The associates and copartners of our loss,
Lie thus astonished on the oblivious pool,
And call them not to share with us their part
In this unhappy mansion, or once more
With rallied arms to try what may be yet
Regained in heaven, or what more lost in hell?"

So Satan spake; and him Beelzebub
Thus answered: "Leader of those armies bright,
Which but the Omnipotent none could have foiled,
If once they hear that voice, their liveliest pledge
Of hope in fears and dangers, heard so oft
In worst extremes, and on the perilous edge
Of battle when it raged, in all assaults
Their surest signal, they will soon resume
New courage, and revive, though now they lie
Groveling and prostrate on yon lake of fire,
As we erewhile, astounded and amazed,—
No wonder, fallen such a pernicious hight."
He scarce had ceased when the superior Fiend
Was moving toward the shore. His ponderous shield,
Ethereal temper, massy, large, and round,
Behind him cast: the broad circumference
Hung on his shoulders like the moon, whose orb
Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views
At evening from the top of Fesolé,
Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,
Rivers, or mountains, on her spotty globe.
His spear, to equal which the tallest pine
Hewn on Norwegian hills to be the mast
Of some great ammiral were but a wand,
He walked with to support uneasy steps
Over the burning marl; not like those steps
On Heaven's azure: and the torrid clime
Smote on him sore besides, vaulted with fire.
Nathless he so endured, till on the beach
Of that inflamèd sea he stood, and called
His legions, angel-forms, who lay entranced
Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks
In Vallombrosa, where the Etrurian shades
High overarched embower; or scattered sedge
Afloat, when with fierce winds Orion armed
Hath vexed the Red-sea coast, whose waves o'erthrew
Busiris and his Memphian chivalry,
While with perfidious hatred they pursued
The sojourners of Goshen, who beheld
From the safe shore their floating carcasses
And broken chariot-wheels: so thick bestrewn,
Abject and lost, lay these, covering the flood,
Under amazement of their hideous change.
He called so loud, that all the hollow deep
Of hell resounded: "Princes, potentates,
Warriors, the flower of heaven, once yours, now lost!
If such astonishment as this can seize
Eternal spirits; or have ye chosen this place
After the toil of battle to repose
Your wearied virtue, for the ease you find
To slumber here as in the vales of heaven?
Or in this abject posture have ye sworn

To adore the conqueror? who now beholds
Cherub and seraph rolling in the flood
With scattered arms and ensigns, till anon
His swift pursuers from heaven-gates discern
The advantage, and, descending, tread us down
Thus drooping, or with linked thunderbolts
Transfix us to the bottom of this gulf.
Awake! arise! or be for ever fallen!"
They heard, and were abashed; and up they sprang
Upon the wing, as when men wont to watch
On duty, sleeping found by whom they dread,
Rouse and bestir themselves ere well awake.
Nor did they not perceive the evil plight
In which they were, or the fierce pains not feel;
Yet to their general's voice they soon obeyed
Innumerable. As when the potent rod
Of Amram's son, in Egypt's evil day
Waved round the coast, upcalled a pitchy cloud
Of locusts, warping on the eastern wind,
That o'er the realm of impious Pharaoh hung
Like night, and darkened all the land of Nile:
So numberless were those bad angels seen
Hovering on wing under the cope of hell
'Twixt upper, nether, and surrounding fires;
Till, as a signal given, the uplifted spear
Of their great sultan waving to direct
Their course, in even balance down they light
On the firm brimstone, and fill all the plain,—
A multitude like which the populous north
Poured never from her frozen loins to pass
Rhene or the Danaw when her barbarous sons
Came like a deluge on the south, and spread
Beneath Gibraltar to the Libyan sands.
Forthwith from every squadron and each band
The heads and leaders thither haste where stood
Their great commander; godlike shapes and forms
Excelling human, princely dignities,
And powers that erst in heaven sat on thrones,
Though of their names in heavenly records now
Be no memorial, blotted out and rased
By their rebellion from the books of life.
Nor had they yet among the sons of Eve
Got them new names, till wandering o'er the earth,
Through God's high sufferance for the trial of man,
By falsities and lies the greatest part
Of mankind they corrupted, to forsake
God their Creator, and the invisible
Glory of Him that made them to transform
Oft to the image of a brute, adorned
With gay religions full of pomp and gold,
And devils to adore for deities:
Then were they known to men by various names,

And various idols through the heathen world.
Say, Muse, their names then known, who first, who last,
Roused from the slumber on that fiery couch
At their great emperor's call, as next in worth
Came singly where he stood on the bare strand,
While the promiscuous crowd stood yet aloof?
The chief were those who from the pit of hell,
Roaming to seek their prey on earth, durst fix
Their seats long after next the seat of God,
Their altars by his altar, gods adored
Among the nations round; and durst abide
Jehovah thundering out of Sion, throned
Between the cherubim; yea, often placed
Within his sanctuary itself their shrines,
Abominations, and with cursèd things
His holy rites and solemn feasts profaned,
And with their darkness durst affront his light.
First Moloch, horrid king, besmeared with blood
Of human sacrifice and parents' tears,
Though for the noise of drums and timbrels loud
Their children's cries unheard, that passed through fire
To his grim idol. Him the Ammonite
Worshiped in Rabba and her watery plain,
In Argob and in Basan, to the stream
Of utmost Arnon. Nor content with such
Audacious neighborhood, the wisest heart
Of Solomon he led by fraud to build
His temple right against the temple of God
On that opprobrious hill, and made his grove
The pleasant vale of Hinnom, Tophet thence
And black Gehenna called, the type of hell.
Next Chemos, the obscene dread of Moab's sons
From Aroar to Nebo and the wild
Of southmost Abarim; in Hesebon
And Horonaim, Seon's realm, beyond
The flowery dale of Sibma clad with vines,
And Eleälé to the Asphaltic pool.
Peor his other name, when he enticed
Israel in Sittim, on their march from Nile,
To do him wanton rites which cost them woe.
Yet thence his lustful orgies he enlarged
E'en to that hill of scandal by the grove
Of Moloch homicide, — lust hard by hate, —
Till good Josiah drove them thence to hell.
With these came they, who, from the bordering flood
Of old Euphrates to the brook that parts
Egypt from Syrian ground, had general names
Of Baalim and Ashtaroth: those male,
These feminine; for spirits, when they please,
Can either sex assume, or both; so soft
And uncompounded is their essence pure,
Not tied nor manacled with joint or limb,

Nor founded on the brittle strength of bones,
Like cumbrous flesh; but in what shape they choose,
Dilated or condensed, bright or obscure,
Can execute their airy purposes,
And works of love or enmity fulfill.
For those the race of Israel oft forsook
Their living Strength, and unfrequented left
His righteous altar, bowing lowly down
To bestial gods; for which their heads, as low
Bowed down in battle, sank before the spear
Of despicable foes. With these in troop
Came Astoreth, whom the Phœnicians called
Astarte, queen of heaven, with crescent horns;
To whose bright image nightly by the moon
Sidonian virgins paid their vows and songs:
In Sion also not unsung, where stood
Her temple on the offensive mountain, built
By that uxorious king, whose heart, though large,
Beguiled by fair idolatresses, fell
To idols foul. Thammuz came next behind,
Whose annual wound in Lebanon allured
The Syrian damsels to lament his fate
In amorous ditties all a summer's day;
While smooth Adonis from his native rock
Ran purple to the sea, supposed with blood
Of Thammuz yearly wounded. The love-tale
Infected Sion's daughters with like heat;
Whose wanton passions in the sacred porch
Ezekiel saw, when, by the vision led,
His eye surveyed the dark idolatries
Of alienated Judah. Next came one
Who mourned in earnest when the captive ark
Maimed his brute image, head and hands lopped off
In his own temple, on the grunsel edge,
Where he fell flat, and shamed his worshipers:
Dagon his name, sea-monster, — upward man,
And downward fish; yet had his temple high
Reared in Azotus, dreaded through the coast
Of Palestine, in Gath and Ascalon
And Accaron, and Gaza's frontier bounds.
Him followed Rimmon, whose delightful seat
Was fair Damascus, on the fertile banks
Of Abana and Pharpar, lucid streams.
He also 'gainst the house of God was bold:
A leper once he lost, and gained a king;
Ahaz his sottish conqueror, whom he drew
God's altar to disparage and displace
For one of Syrian mode, whereon to burn
His odious offerings, and adore the gods
Whom he had vanquished. After these appeared
A crew, who, under names of old renown, —
Osiris, Iris, Orus, and their train, —

With monstrous shapes and sorceries abused
Fanatic Egypt and her priests to seek
Their wandering gods disguised in brutish forms
Rather than human.

OTHER DISTINGUISHED AUTHORS OF MILTON'S TIME.

THOMAS FULLER. — 1608–1661. Witty divine. "Church History of Britain;" "Worthies of England;" essays, tracts, and sermons.

JEREMY TAYLOR. — 1613–1667. Brilliant writer of sermons and essays.

EDWARD HYDE (Earl of Clarendon). — 1608–1674. "History of the Rebellion," and other works.

Sir WILLIAM DAVENANT. — 1605–1668. Succeeded Ben Jonson as laureate.

EDMUND WALLER. — 1605–1687. Poet and politician.

HENRY VAUGHN. — 1621–1695. Devotional poems. Thomas, his brother, wrote books on alchemy.

Sir JOHN DENHAM. — 1615–1668. "Cooper's Hill," a local poem.

RICHARD LOVELACE. — 1618–1658. Odes and songs.

ABRAHAM COWLEY. — 1618–1667. "Miscellanies," "Pindaric Odes," and "Love Verses."

WILLIAM CHAMBERLAYNE. — 1619–1689. "Love's Victory," "Pharonnida."

CHARLES COTTON. — 1630–1687. Witty poet-friend of Izaak Walton.

JOHN GAUDEN. — 1605–1662. "Eikon Basilika; or, Portraiture of his Most Sacred Majesty, Charles I., in his Solitude and Sufferings."

Sir THOMAS BROWNE. — 1605–1682. "Religio Medici," "Pseudodoxia Epidemica."

RALPH CUDWORTH. — 1617–1688. "The True Intellectual System of the Universe," "Eternal and Immutable Morality," and others.

JOHN EVELYN. — 1620–1706. "Sylva," "Tessa," and "Diary."

ANDREW MARVEL. — 1620–1678. "Popery and Arbitrary Government in England." The friend of Milton.

ALGERNON SIDNEY. — 1621–1683. "Discourses on Government," in opposition to the doctrine of the divine right of kings.

ROBERT BOYLE. — 1627–1691. Distinguished philosopher. "Occasional Reflections on Several Subjects."

Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE. — 1628–1699. Accomplished diplomatist, and elegant writer of the English language. "Essays."

JOHN RAY. — 1628–1705. "General History of Plants," and "Wisdom of God in the Works of Creation."

JOHN TILLOTSON. — 1630–1694. "Sermons."

ISAAC BARROW. — 1630–1677. Mathematical works in Latin, and theological in English.

SAMUEL PEPYS. — Died 1703. "Diary."

ROBERT SOUTH. — 1633–1716. Witty divine; fierce upholder of the doctrines of passive obedience and divine right.

FRANCIS BACON, VISCOUNT ST. ALBAN'S.

1561–1626.

His "Essays" and "Advancement of Learning" were written in English. The "Novum Organum," his greatest work, explains the inductive method of reasoning, — that is, from particular facts to general laws, — and for the first time places all philosophy upon its true basis. Upon this work, which was a part of a magnificent inexecuted plan, rests his immortal fame.

STUDIES.

STUDIES serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight is in privateness and retiring, for ornament is in discourse, and for ability is in the judgment and disposition of business: for expert men can execute, and perhaps judge of particulars, one by one; but the general counsels, and the plots and marshaling of affairs, come best from those that are learned. To spend too much time in studies is sloth; to use them too much for ornament is affectation; to make judgment wholly by their rules is the humor of a scholar. They perfect Nature, and are perfected by experience: for natural abilities are like natural plants, that need pruning by study; and studies themselves do give forth directions too much at large, except they be bounded in by experience. Crafty men contemn studies, simple men admire them, and wise men use them; for they teach not their own use: but that is a wisdom without them, and above them, won by observation. Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested: that is, some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read, but not curiously; and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention. Some books also may be read by deputy, and extracts made of them by others: but that would be only in the less important arguments, and the meaner sort of books; else distilled books are, like common distilled waters, flashy things. Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man: and therefore, if a man write little, he had need have a great memory; if he confer little, he had need have a present wit; and, if he read little, he had need have much cunning, to seem to know that he doth not.

OF BOLDNESS.

It is a trivial grammar-school text, but yet worthy a wise man's consideration. The question was asked of Demosthenes, "What is the chief part of an orator?" He answered, "Action." What next? "Action." What next again? "Action." He said it that knew it best, and had by nature himself no advantage in that he commended. A strange thing, that that part of an orator which is but superficial, and rather the virtue of a player, should be placed so high above those other noble parts of invention, elocution, and the rest; nay, almost alone, as if it were all in all! But the reason is plain: there is in human nature generally more of the fool than of the wise; and therefore those faculties by which the foolish part of men's minds is taken are most potent. Wonderful like is the case of boldness in civil business. What first? "Boldness." What second and third? "Boldness." And yet boldness is a child of ignorance and baseness, far inferior to other parts; but, nevertheless, it doth fascinate, and bind hand and foot, those that are either shallow in judgment, or weak in courage, which are the greatest part; yea, and prevaileth with wise men at weak times: therefore we see it hath done wonders in popular states, but with senates and princes less; and more ever upon the first entrance of bold persons into action than soon after; for boldness is an ill keeper of promise. Surely, as there are mountebanks for the natural body, so are there mountebanks for the politic body, — men that undertake great cures, and perhaps have been lucky in two or three experiments, but want the grounds of science, and therefore can not hold out. Nay, you shall see a bold fellow many times do Mahomet's miracle. Mahomet made the people believe that he would make the hill come to him, and from the top of it offer up his prayers for the observers of his law. The people assembled. Mahomet called the hill to come to him again and again; and, when the hill stood still, he was never a whit abashed, but said, "If the hill will not come to Mahomet, Mahomet will go to the hill." So these men, when they have promised great matters, and failed most shamefully, yet (if they have the perfection of boldness) they will but slight it over, and make a turn, and no more ado. Certainly, to men of great judgment, bold persons are sport to behold; nay, and to the vulgar, also, boldness hath somewhat of the ridiculous: for, if absurdity be the subject of laughter, doubt you not that great boldness is seldom without some absurdity. Especially it is a sport to see when a bold fellow is out of countenance, for that puts his face into a most shrunken and wooden posture, as needs it must: for in bashfulness the spirits do a little and come; but with bold men, upon

like occasion, they stand at a stay, like a stale at chess, where it is no mate, but yet the game can not stir. But this last were fitter for a satire than for a serious observation. This is well to be weighed, that boldness is ever blind; for it seeth not dangers and inconveniences: therefore it is ill in counsel, good in execution. So that the right use of bold persons is, that they never command in chief, but be seconds, and under the direction of others; for in counsel it is good to see dangers, and in execution not to see them except they be very great.

OF GOODNESS, AND GOODNESS OF NATURE.

I TAKE goodness in this sense, — the affecting of the weal of men, which is that the Grecians call *philanthropia;* and the word "humanity," as it is used, is a little too light to express it. Goodness I call the habit; and goodness of nature, the inclination. This, of all virtues and dignities of the mind, is the greatest, being the character of the Deity; and without it man is a busy, mischievous, wretched thing, no better than a kind of vermin. Goodness answers to the theological virtue charity, and admits no excess but error. The desire of power in excess caused the angels to fall; the desire of knowledge in excess caused man to fall: but in charity there is no excess; neither can angel or man come in danger by it. The inclination to goodness is imprinted deeply in the nature of man, insomuch that, if it issue not towards men, it will take unto other living creatures; as it is seen in the Turks, a cruel people, who nevertheless are kind to beasts, and give alms to dogs and birds; insomuch as, Busbechius reporteth, a Christian boy in Constantinople had liked to have been stoned for gagging, in a waggishness, a long-billed fowl. Errors, indeed, in this virtue of goodness or charity, may be committed. The Italians have an ungracious proverb, *Tanto buon, che val niente,* — "So good, that he is good for nothing." And one of the doctors of Italy, Nicholas Machiavel, had the confidence to put in writing, almost in plain terms, "That the Christian faith had given up good men in prey to those that are tyrannical and unjust;" which he spake because, indeed, there was never law or sect or opinion did so much magnify goodness as the Christian religion doth: it is good to take knowledge of the errors of a habit so excellent. Seek the good of other men, but be not in bondage to their faces or fancies; for that is but facility or softness which taketh an honest mind prisoner. Neither give thou Æsop's cock a gem, who would be better pleased and happier if he had a barleycorn. The example of God teacheth the lesson truly: "He sendeth his

rain, and maketh his sun to shine, upon the just and unjust;" but he doth not rain wealth, nor shine honor and virtues, upon men equally. Common benefits are to be communicated with all, but peculiar benefits with choice. And beware how, in making the portraiture, thou breakest the pattern; for divinity maketh the love of ourselves the pattern, the love of our neighbors but the portraiture. "Sell all thou hast, and give it to the poor, and follow me:" but sell not all thou hast, except thou come and follow me, — that is, except thou have a vocation wherein thou mayest do as much good with little means as with great; for otherwise, in feeding the streams, thou driest the fountain. Neither is there only a habit of goodness directed by right reason: but there is in some men, even in nature, a disposition toward it; as, on the other side, there is a natural malignity; for there be that in their nature do not affect the good of others. The lighter sort of malignity turneth but to a crossness or frowardness, or aptness to oppose, or difficileness, or the like; but the deeper sort to envy and mere mischief. Such men, in other men's calamities, are, as it were, in season, and are ever on the loading part; not so good as the dogs that licked Lazarus' sores, but like flies that are still buzzing upon any thing that is raw; misanthropi, that make it their practice to bring men to the bough, and yet have never a tree for the purpose in their gardens, as Timon had. Such dispositions are the very errors of human nature: and yet they are the fittest timber to make great politics of; like to knee-timber, that is good for ships that are ordained to be tossed, but not for building houses that shall stand firm. The parts and signs of goodness are many. If a man be gracious and courteous to strangers, it shows he is a citizen of the world, and that his heart is no island cut off from other lands, but a continent that joins to them. If he be compassionate towards the afflictions of others, it shows that his heart is like the noble tree that is wounded itself when it gives the balm. If he easily pardons and remits offenses, it shows that his mind is planted above injuries, so that he can not be shot. If he be thankful for small benefits, it shows that he weighs men's minds, and not their trash. But, above all, if he have St. Paul's perfection, that he would wish to be anathema from Christ for the salvation of his brethren, it shows much of a divine nature, and a kind of conformity with Christ himself.

THE BIBLE.

The pure and powerful English of the translations of the Old and New Testament, setting aside the sacred character even of the volume as the word of God, is sufficient of itself to induce the faithful study of it by every pupil. The most important of the earlier versions are, —

Coverdale's, 1535.	The Geneva Bible, 1560.
Mathewe's, 1537.	The Bishops', 1568.
Cranmer's, 1539.	The Douay, 1582–1610.
Taverner's, 1539.	King James's, 1611.

King James's version is the work of forty-seven bishops, out of fifty-four appointed to the task by the king.

DAVID.

PSALM XXIV. — A PSALM OF DAVID.

1. THE earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein.
2. For he hath founded it upon the seas, and established it upon the floods.
3. Who shall ascend into the hill of the LORD? or who shall stand in his holy place?
4. He that hath clean hands and a pure heart; who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully.
5. He shall receive the blessing from the LORD, and righteousness from the God of his salvation.
6. This is the generation of them that seek him; that seek thy face, O Jacob!
7. Lift up your heads O ye gates! and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.
8. Who is this King of glory? The LORD strong and mighty, the LORD mighty in battle.
9. Lift up your heads, O ye gates! even lift them up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.
10. Who is this King of glory? The LORD of hosts, he is the King of glory.

ISAIAH.

CHAPTER LV.

1. Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money: come ye, buy and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price.
2. Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread, and your labor for that which satisfieth not? Hearken diligently

unto me, and eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness.

3. Incline your ear, and come unto me; hear, and your soul shall live; and I will make an everlasting covenant with you, even the sure mercies of David.

4. Behold, I have given him for a witness to the people, a leader and commander to the people.

5. Behold, thou shalt call a nation that thou knowest not, and nations that knew not thee shall run unto thee, because of the LORD thy God, and for the Holy One of Israel; for he hath glorified thee.

6. Seek ye the LORD while he may be found; call ye upon him while he is near.

7. Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the LORD, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon.

8. For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the LORD.

9. For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts.

10. For as the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater:

11. So shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth: it shall not return unto me void; but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it.

12. For ye shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace: the mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands.

13. Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir-tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle-tree; and it shall be to the LORD for a name, for an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off.

ST. PAUL.

I CORINTHIANS, CHAP. XIII.

1. THOUGH I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal.

2. And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all

mysteries and all knowledge, and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing.

3. And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.

4. Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up,

5. Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil;

6. Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth;

7. Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

8. Charity *never* faileth: but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away.

9. For we know in part, and we prophesy in part.

10. But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.

11. When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but, when I became a man, I put away childish things.

12. For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known.

13. And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

1564–1616.

Author of thirty-seven plays, several minor poems, and many sonnets. His best-known plays are "Hamlet," "Macbeth," "King Lear," "Romeo and Juliet," and "Othello," tragedies; "The Merry Wives of Windsor," "Midsummer Night's Dream," "As You Like It," and "Merchant of Venice," comedies; "Richard III.," "Coriolanus," "Julius Cæsar," "Henry IV.," and "Henry VIII.," historical plays. A copy of his works, with biographical sketch, can be bought for a very small sum, and should be in the hands of every student of English literature. We select "Julius Cæsar" to represent this greatest of English poets; for, as Dr. Johnson says, "He that tries to recommend him by select quotations will succeed like the pedant in Hierocles, who, when he offered his house to sale, carried a brick in his pocket as a specimen." If properly studied, with the help of "Webster's Unabridged," no notes are necessary. A copy of Craik's "Julius Cæsar" with notes, or the American edition of it by Rolfe, might be of service to teacher and class.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

JULIUS CÆSAR.
OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, } *Triumvirs*
MARCUS ANTONIUS, } *after the death of*
M. ÆMIL. LEPIDUS, } *Julius Cæsar.*
CICERO, PUBLIUS, POPILIUS LENA, *Senators.*
MARCUS BRUTUS,
CASSIUS,
CASCA,
TREBONIUS,
LIGARIUS,
DECIUS BRUTUS,
METELLUS CIMBER,
CINNA,
Conspirators against Julius Cæsar.
FLAVIUS and MARULLUS, *Tribunes.*
ARTEMIDORUS, *a Sophist of Cnidos.*

A SOOTHSAYER.
CINNA, *a Poet.* — Another *Poet.*
LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, young CATO, and VOLUMNIUS, *Friends to Brutus and Cassius.*
VARRO, CLITUS, CLAUDIUS, STRATO, LUCIUS, DARDANIUS, *Servants to Brutus.*
PINDARUS, *Servant to Cassius.*

CALPHURNIA, *Wife to Cæsar.*
PORTIA, *Wife to Brutus.*

Senators, Citizens, Guards, Attendants, &c.

SCENE, *during a great part of the play, at Rome; afterwards at Sardis, and near Philippi.*

ACT I.

SCENE I. — *Rome. A Street.*

Enter FLAVIUS, MARULLUS, *and a rabble of* CITIZENS.

Flav. Hence! home, you idle creatures! get you home!
Is this a holiday? What! know you not,
Being mechanical, you ought not walk
Upon a laboring-day without the sign
Of your profession? Speak! what trade art thou?

1 *Cit.* Why, sir, a carpenter.

Mar. Where is thy leather apron and thy rule?
What dost thou with thy best apparel on?
You, sir, — what trade are you?

2 *Cit.* Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman, I am but, as you would say, a cobbler.

Mar. But what trade art thou? Answer me directly.

2 *Cit.* A trade, sir, that, I hope, I may use with a safe conscience; which is indeed, sir, a mender of bad soles.

Mar. What trade, thou knave? thou naughty knave, what trade?

2 *Cit.* Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with me; yet if you be out, sir, I can mend you.

Mar. What mean'st thou by that? Mend me, thou saucy fellow?

2 *Cit.* Why, sir, cobble you.

Flav. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

2 *Cit.* Truly, sir, all that I live by is with the awl. I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor women's matters, but with awl. I am indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes: when they are in great danger, I recover them. As proper men as ever trod upon neat's leather have gone upon my handiwork.

Flav. But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day?
Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

2 *Cit.* Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work. But indeed, sir, we make holiday to see Cæsar, and to rejoice in his triumph.

Mar. Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home?
What tributaries follow him to Rome
To grace in captive bonds his chariot-wheels?
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!
O you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome!
Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft
Have you climbed up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The livelong day, with patient expectation,
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome;
And, when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made a universal shout,
That Tiber trembled underneath her banks
To hear the replication of your sounds
Made in her concave shores?
And do you now put on your best attire?
And do you now cull out a holiday?
And do you now strew flowers in his way
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?
Begone!
Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this ingratitude.
Flav. Go, go, good countrymen, and for this fault
Assemble all the poor men of your sort;
Draw them to Tiber banks, and weep your tears
Into the channel till the lowest stream
Do kiss the most exalted shores of all. [*Exeunt* CITIZENS.
See whe'r their basest metal be not moved:
They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.
Go you down that way towards the Capitol:
This way will I. Disrobe the images
If you do find them decked with ceremonies.
Mar. May we do so?
You know it is the feast of Lupercal.
Flav. It is no matter: let no images
Be hung with Cæsar's trophies. I'll about,
And drive away the vulgar from the streets:
So do you too, where you perceive them thick.
These growing feathers plucked from Cæsar's wing
Will make him fly an ordinary pitch,
Who else would soar above the view of men,
And keep us all in servile fearfulness. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. — *The Same. A Public Place.*

Enter in procession, with music, CÆSAR, ANTONY, *for the course;* CALPHURNIA, PORTIA, DECIUS, CICERO, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, *and* CASCA; *a great crowd following, among them a* SOOTHSAYER.

Cæs. Calphurnia!
Casca. Peace, ho! Cæsar speaks. [*Music ceases.*
Cæs. Calphurnia!

Cal. Here, my lord.
Cæs. Stand you directly in Antonius' way
When he doth run his course. — Antonius!
Ant. Cæsar, my lord.
Cæs. Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,
To touch Calphurnia; for our elders say,
The barren, touched in this holy chase,
Shake off their sterile curse.
Ant. I shall remember:
When Cæsar says "*Do this*," it is performed.
Cæs. Set on, and leave no ceremony out. [*Music.*
Sooth. Cæsar!
Cæs. Ha! who calls?
Casca. Bid every noise be still. Peace yet again. [*Music ceases.*
Cæs. Who is it in the press that calls on me?
I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,
Cry "Cæsar!" Speak: Cæsar is turned to hear.
Sooth. Beware the ides of March.
Cæs. What man is that?
Bru. A soothsayer bids you beware the ides of March.
Cæs. Set him before me: let me see his face.
Cas. Fellow, come from the throng: look upon Cæsar.
Cæs. What say'st thou to me now? Speak once again.
Sooth. Beware the ides of March.
Cæs. He is a dreamer: let us leave him. Pass.
[*Sennet. Exeunt all but* BRUTUS *and* CASSIUS.
Cas. Will you go see the order of the course?
Bru. Not I.
Cas. I pray you, do.
Bru. I am not gamesome: I do lack some part
Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.
Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires:
I'll leave you.
Cas. Brutus, I do observe you now of late:
I have not from your eyes that gentleness
And show of love as I was wont to have:
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand
Over your friend that loves you.
Bru. Cassius,
Be not deceived: if I have veiled my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myself. Vexed I am
Of late with passions of some difference,
Conceptions only proper to myself,
Which give some soil, perhaps, to my behaviors;
But let not therefore my good friends be grieved,
(Among which number, Cassius, be you one,)
Nor construe any further my neglect,
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,
Forgets the shows of love to other men.
Cas. Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your passion,
By means whereof this breast of mine hath buried

Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?
Bru. No, Cassius; for the eye sees not itself
But by reflection, by some other things.
Cas. 'Tis just;
And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
That you have no such mirrors as will turn
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
That you might see your shadow. I have heard,
Where many of the best respect in Rome
(Except immortal Cæsar), speaking of Brutus,
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,
Have wished that noble Brutus had his eyes.
Bru. Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius,
That you would have me seek into myself
For that which is not in me?
Cas. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepared to hear;
And, since you know you can not see yourself
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself which you yet know not of.
And be not jealous of me, gentle Brutus:
Were I a common laugher, or did use
To stale with ordinary oaths my love
To every new protester; if you know
That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,
And after scandal them; or if you know
That I profess myself in banqueting
To all the rout,— then hold me dangerous. [*Flourish and shout.*
Bru. What means this shouting? I do fear the people
Choose Cæsar for their king.
Cas. Ay, do you fear it?
Then must I think you would not have it so.
Bru. I would not, Cassius; yet I love him well.
But wherefore do you hold me here so long?
What is it that you would impart to me?
If it be aught toward the general good,
Set honor in one eye, and death i' the other,
And I will look on both indifferently;
For let the gods so speed me as I love
The name of honor more than I fear death.
Cas. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favor.
Well, Honor is the subject of my story.
I can not tell what you and other men
Think of this life; but, for my single self,
I had as lief not be as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.
I was born free as Cæsar: so were you.
We both have fed as well; and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he.
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,

The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,
Cæsar said to me, "*Dar'st thou, Cassius, now*
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point?" Upon the word,
Accoutered as I was, I plunged in,
And bade him follow: so, indeed, he did.
The torrent roared; and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews; throwing it aside,
And stemming it with hearts of controversy.
But, ere we could arrive the point proposed,
Cæsar cried, "*Help me, Cassius, or I sink!*"
I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tiber
Did I the tired Cæsar. And this man
Is now become a god; and Cassius is
A wretched creature, and must bend his body
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in Spain;
And, when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake: 'tis true, this god did shake;
His coward lips did from their color fly;
And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world,
Did lose his luster. I did hear him groan;
Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
Alas! it cried, "*Give me some drink, Titinius,*"
As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world,
And bear the palm alone! [*Shout. Flourish.*

Bru. Another general shout!
I do believe that these applauses are
For some new honors that are heaped on Cæsar.

Cas. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world
Like a Colossus; and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourselves dishonorable graves.
Men at some time are masters of their fates:
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
Brutus and *Cæsar:* what should be in that *Cæsar?*
Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with them,
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as *Cæsar.* [*Shout.*
Now, in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art shamed!
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!
When went there by an age, since the great flood,

But it was famed with more than with one man?
When could they say till now, that talked of Rome,
That her wide walls encompassed but one man?
Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough,
When there is in it but one only man.
Oh! you and I have heard our fathers say
There was a Brutus once that would have brooked
The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome,
As easily as a king.

Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;
What you would work me to, I have some aim;
How I have thought of this, and of these times,
I shall recount hereafter: for this present,
I would not, so with love I might entreat you,
Be any further moved. What you have said
I will consider; what you have to say
I will with patience hear, and find a time
Both meet to hear and answer such high things.
Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this:
Brutus had rather be a villager
Than to repute himself a son of Rome
Under these hard conditions as this time
Is like to lay upon us.

Cas. I am glad that my weak words
Have struck but this much show of fire from Brutus.

Re-enter CÆSAR *and his Train.*

Bru. The games are done, and Cæsar is returning.

Cas. As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve;
And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you
What hath proceeded worthy note to-day.

Bru. I will do so. But look you, Cassius!
The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow;
And all the rest look like a chidden train:
Calphurnia's cheek is pale; and Cicero
Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes
As we have seen him in the Capitol,
Being crossed in conference by some senators.

Cas. Casca will tell us what the matter is.

Cæs. Antonius!

Ant. Cæsar!

Cæs. Let me have men about me that are fat;
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights:
Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.

Ant. Fear him not, Cæsar: he's not dangerous.
He is a noble Roman, and well given.

Cæs. Would he were fatter! But I fear him not.
Yet, if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much;
He is a great observer, and he looks

Quite through the deeds of men: he loves no plays,
As thou dost, Antony; he hears no music;
Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort
As if he mocked himself, and scorned his spirit
That could be moved to smile at any thing.
Such men as he be never at heart's ease
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves;
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be feared
Than what I fear; for always I am Cæsar.
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

[*Sennet. Exeunt* CÆSAR *and his Train.* CASCA *stays behind.*

Casca. You pulled me by the cloak: would you speak with me?

Bru. Ay, Casca: tell us what hath chanced to-day,
That Cæsar looks so sad.

Casca. Why, you were with him, were you not?

Bru. I should not then ask Casca what hath chanced.

Casca. Why, there was a crown offered him: and, being offered him, he put it by with the back of his hand, thus; and then the people fell a-shouting.

Bru. What was the second noise for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Cas. They shouted thrice: what was the last cry for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Bru. Was the crown offered him thrice?

Casca. Ay, marry, was't; and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other; and, at every putting by, mine honest neighbors shouted.

Cas. Who offered him the crown?

Casca. Why, Antony.

Bru. Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

Casca. I can as well be hanged as tell the manner of it: it was mere foolery. I did not mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown, — yet 'twas not a crown neither; 'twas one of these coronets, — and, as I told you, he put it by once; but for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offered it to him again; then he put it by again: but, to my thinking, he was very loath to lay his fingers off it. And then he offered it the third time; he put it the third time by: and still, as he refused it, the rabblement hooted, and clapped their chapped hands, and threw up their sweaty nightcaps, and uttered such a deal of stinking breath because Cæsar refused the crown, that it had almost choked Cæsar; for he swooned and fell down at it: And, for my own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips and receiving the bad air.

Cas. But soft, I pray you. What! did Cæsar swoon?

Casca. He fell down in the market-place, and foamed at mouth, and was speechless.

Bru. 'Tis very like: he hath the falling-sickness.

Cas. No, Cæsar hath it not; but you and I
And honest Casca — we have the falling-sickness.

Casca. I know not what you mean by that; but I am sure Cæsar

fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him and hiss him according as he pleased and displeased them, as they used to do the players in the theater, I am no true man.

Bru. What said he when he came unto himself?

Casca. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceived the common herd was glad he refused the crown, he plucked me ope his doublet, and offered them his throat to cut. An I had been a man of any occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues! And so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, if he had done or said any thing amiss, he desired their worships to think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches where I stood cried, "*Alas, good soul!*" and forgave him with all their hearts. But there's no heed to be taken of them: if Cæsar had stabbed their mothers, they would have done no less.

Bru. And, after that, he came thus sad away?

Casca. Ay.

Cas. Did Cicero say any thing?

Casca. Ay, he spoke Greek.

Cas. To what effect?

Casca. Nay, an I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i' the face again. But those that understood him smiled at one another, and shook their heads; but, for my own part, it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news too: Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Cæsar's images, are put to silence. Fare you well! There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

Cas. Will you sup with me to night, Casca?

Casca. No: I am promised forth.

Cas. Will you dine with me to-morrow?

Casca. Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your dinner worth the eating.

Cas. Good: I will expect you.

Casca. Do so. Farewell both! [*Exit* CASCA.

Bru. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be!
He was quick mettle when he went to school.

Cas. So is he now in execution
Of any bold or noble enterprise,
However he puts on this tardy form.
This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,
Which gives men stomach to digest his words
With better appetite.

Bru. And so it is. For this time I will leave you:
To-morrow, if you please to speak with me,
I will come home to you; or, if you will,
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

Cas. I will do so: till then, think of the world. [*Exit* BRUTUS.
Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet I see
Thy honorable metal may be wrought
From that it is disposed: therefore it is meet
That noble minds keep ever with their likes;
For who so firm that can not be seduced?
Cæsar doth bear me hard; but he loves Brutus.
If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius,

He should not humor me. I will this night,
In several hands, in at his windows throw,
As if they came from several citizens,
Writings all tending to the great opinion
That Rome holds of his name, wherein obscurely
Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at:
And, after this, let Cæsar seat him sure;
For we will shake him, or worse days endure. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. — *The Same. A Street.*

Thunder and lightning. Enter, from opposite sides, CASCA *with his sword drawn, and* CICERO.

Cic. Good-even, Casca! Brought you Cæsar home?
Why are you breathless? and why stare you so?

Casca. Are not you moved when all the sway of earth
Shakes like a thing unfirm? O Cicero!
I have seen tempests when the scolding winds
Have rived the knotty oaks; and I have seen
The ambitious ocean swell and rage and foam
To be exalted with the threatening clouds:
But never till to-night, never till now,
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.
Either there is a civil strife in heaven,
Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,
Incenses them to send destruction.

Cic. Why, saw you any thing more wonderful?

Casca. A common slave (you know him well by sight)
Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn
Like twenty torches joined; and yet his hand,
Not sensible of fire, remained unscorched.
Besides (I have not since put up my sword),
Against the Capitol I met a lion,
Who glared upon me, and went surly by,
Without annoying me; and there were drawn
Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women,
Transformed with their fear, who swore they saw
Men all in fire walk up and down the streets.
And yesterday the bird of night did sit,
Even at noonday, upon the market-place,
Hooting and shrieking. When these prodigies
Do so conjointly meet, let not men say
These are their reasons, — they are natural;
For I believe they are portentous things
Unto the climate that they point upon.

Cic. Indeed it is a strange-disposèd time;
But men may construe things after their fashion,
Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.
Comes Cæsar to the Capitol to-morrow?

Casca. He doth; for he did bid Antonius
Send word to you he would be there to-morrow.

Cic. Good-night, then, Casca! this disturbèd sky
Is not to walk in.

Casca. Farewell, Cicero! [*Exit* CICERO.

Enter CASSIUS.

Cas. Who's there?
Casca. A Roman.
Cas. Casca, by your voice.
Casca. Your ear is good. Cassius, what a night is this!
Cas. A very pleasing night to honest men.
Casca. Who ever knew the heavens menace so?
Cas. Those that have known the earth so full of faults.
For my part, I have walked about the streets,
Submitting me unto the perilous night;
And thus unbraced, Casca, as you see,
Have bared my bosom to the thunder-stone;
And, when the cross blue lightning seemed to open
The breast of heaven, I did present myself
Even in the aim and very flash of it.
Casca. But wherefore did you so much tempt the heavens?
It is the part of men to fear and tremble
When the most mighty gods, by tokens, send
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.
Cas. You are dull, Casca; and those sparks of life
That should be in a Roman you do want,
Or else you use not. You look pale, and gaze,
And put on fear, and cast yourself in wonder,
To see the strange impatience of the heavens:
But if you would consider the true cause,
Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,
Why birds and beasts, from quality and kind;
Why old men, fools, and children calculate;
Why all these things change from their ordinance,
Their natures, and pre-formed faculties,
To monstrous quality, — why, you shall find
That Heaven hath infused them with these spirits
To make them instruments of fear and warning
Unto some monstrous state. Now could I, Casca,
Name to thee a man most like this dreadful night;
That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars,
As doth the lion in the Capitol;
A man no mightier than thyself and me
In personal action, yet prodigious grown,
And fearful as these strange eruptions are.
Casca. 'Tis Cæsar that you mean. Is it not, Cassius?
Cas. Let it be who it is: for Romans now
Have thews and limbs like to their ancestors;
But, woe the while! our fathers' minds are dead,
And we are governed with our mothers' spirits:
Our yoke and sufferance show us womanish.
Casca. Indeed, they say, the senators to-morrow
Mean to establish Cæsar as a king;
And he shall wear his crown by sea and land
In every place save here in Italy.

Cas. I know where I will wear this dagger, then:
Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius:
Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong;
Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat.
Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit;
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.
If I know this, know, all the world besides,
That part of tyranny that I do bear
I can shake off at pleasure.

Casca. So can I:
So every bondman in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his captivity.

Cas. And why should Cæsar be a tyrant, then?
Poor man! I know he would not be a wolf,
But that he sees the Romans are but sheep:
He were no lion, were not Romans hinds.
Those that with haste will make a mighty fire
Begin it with weak straws. What trash is Rome,
What rubbish, and what offal, when it serves
For the base matter to illuminate
So vile a thing as Cæsar! But, O Grief!
Where hast thou led me? I, perhaps, speak this
Before a willing bondman: then I know
My answer must be made. But I am armed,
And dangers are to me indifferent.

Casca. You speak to Casca; and, to such a man,
That is no fleering tell-tale. Hold my hand:
Be factious for redress of all these griefs,
And I will set this foot of mine as far
As who goes farthest.

Cas. There's a bargain made.
Now know you, Casca, I have moved already
Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans
To undergo with me an enterprise
Of honorable-dangerous consequence;
And I do know by this they stay for me
In Pompey's porch: for now, this fearful night,
There is no stir or walking in the streets;
And the complexion of the element
In favor's like the work we have in hand,—
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

Enter CINNA.

Casca. Stand close a while; for here comes one in haste.

Cas. 'Tis Cinna: I do know him by his gait.
He is a friend.—Cinna, where haste you so?

Cin. To find out you. Who's that? Metellus Cimber?

Cas. No: it is Casca; one incorporate
To our attempts. Am I not staid for, Cinna?

Cin. I am glad on't. What a fearful night is this!
There's two or three of us have seen strange sights.
Cas. Am I not staid for, Cinna? Tell me.
Cin. Yes, you are.
O Cassius! if you could but win the noble Brutus to our party—
Cas. Be you content. Good Cinna, take this paper;
And, look you, lay it in the prætor's chair,
Where Brutus may but find it; and throw this
In at his window; set this up with wax
Upon old Brutus' statue: all this done,
Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us.
Is Decius Brutus and Trebonius there?
Cin. All but Metellus Cimber; and he's gone
To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie,
And so bestow these papers as you bade me.
Cas. That done, repair to Pompey's theater. [*Exit* CINNA.
Come, Casca, you and I will yet, ere day,
See Brutus at his house: three parts of him
Is ours already; and the man entire,
Upon the next encounter, yields him ours.
Casca. Oh! he sits high in all the people's hearts;
And that which would appear offense in us,
His countenance, like richest alchemy,
Will change to virtue and to worthiness.
Cas. Him and his worth, and our great need of him,
You have right well conceited. Let us go,
For it is after midnight; and ere day
We will awake him, and be sure of him. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. — *The Same.* BRUTUS' *Orchard.*

Enter BRUTUS.

Bru. What, Lucius! ho!
I can not by the progress of the stars
Give guess how near to day. Lucius, I say!
I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly!
When, Lucius? when? Awake, I say! What, Lucius!

Enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Called you, my lord?
Bru. Get me a taper in my study, Lucius:
When it is lighted, come and call me here.
Luc. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*
Bru. It must be by his death; and, for my part,
I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
But for the general. He would be crowned:
How that might change his nature, there's the question.

It is the bright day that brings forth the adder;
And that craves wary walking. Crown him? — that;
And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,
That at his will he may do danger with.
The abuse of greatness is when it disjoins
Remorse from power; and, to speak truth of Cæsar,
I have not known when his affections swayed
More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber upward turns his face;
But, when he once attains the upmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend. So Cæsar may.
Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the quarrel
Will bear no color for the thing he is,
Fashion it thus; that what he is, augmented,
Would run to these and these extremities:
And therefore think him as a serpent's egg,
Which, hatched, would, as his kind, grow mischievous;
And kill him in the shell.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. The taper burneth in your closet, sir.
Searching the window for a flint, I found
This paper, thus sealed up; and I am sure
It did not lie there when I went to bed. [*Gives him the letter.*
Bru. Get you to bed again: it is not day.
Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March?
Luc. I know not, sir.
Bru. Look in the calendar, and bring me word.
Luc. I will, sir. [*Exit.*
Bru. The exhalations whizzing in the air
Give so much light, that I may read by them.
[*Opens the letter, and reads.*
"*Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake, and see thyself!*
Shall Rome, &c. Speak, strike, redress!"
"*Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake!*"
Such instigations have been often dropped
Where I have took them up.
"*Shall Rome, &c.*" Thus must I piece it out: —
Shall Rome stand under one man's awe? What! Rome?
My ancestors did from the streets of Rome
The Tarquin drive when he was called a king.
"*Speak, strike, redress!*" Am I entreated, then,
To speak and strike? O Rome! I make thee promise,
If the redress will follow, thou receivest
Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Sir, March is wasted fourteen days. [*Knock within.*
Bru. 'Tis good. Go to the gate: somebody knocks. [*Exit* LUCIUS.

Since Cassius first did whet me against Cæsar,
I have not slept.
Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma or a hideous dream:
The genius and the mortal instruments
Are then in council; and the state of a man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Sir, 'tis your brother Cassius at the door,
Who doth desire to see you.
Bru. Is he alone?
Luc. No, sir: there are more with him.
Bru. Do you know them?
Luc. No, sir: their hats are plucked about their ears,
And half their faces buried in their cloaks,
That by no means I may discover them
By any mark of favor.
Bru. Let them enter. [*Exit* LUCIUS.
They are the faction. O Conspiracy!
Sham'st thou to show thy dangerous brow by night,
When evils are most free? Oh! then, by day,
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, Conspiracy;
Hide it in smiles and affability;
For, if thou path thy native semblance on,
Not Erebus itself were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention.

Enter CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, CINNA, METELLUS CIMBER, *and* TREBONIUS.

Cas. I think we are too bold upon your rest:
Good-morrow, Brutus! Do we trouble you?
Bru. I have been up this hour; awake all night.
Know I these men that come along with you?
Cas. Yes, every man of them; and no man here
But honors you; and every one doth wish
You had but that opinion of yourself
Which every noble Roman bears of you.
This is Trebonius.
Bru. He is welcome hither.
Cas. This, Decius Brutus.
Bru. He is welcome too.
Cas. This, Casca; this, Cinna; and this, Metellus Cimber.
Bru. They are all welcome.
What watchful cares do interpose themselves
Betwixt your eyes and night?
Cas. Shall I entreat a word? [*They whisper.*
Dec. Here lies the east: doth not the day break here?
Casca. No.

Cin. Oh! pardon, sir; it doth; and yon gray lines
That fret the clouds are messengers of day.
Casca. You shall confess that you are both deceived.
Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises,
Which is a great way growing on the south,
Weighing the youthful season of the year.
Some two months hence, up higher toward the north
He first presents his fire; and the high east
Stands, as the Capitol, directly here.
Bru. Give me your hands all over, one by one.
Cas. And let us swear our resolution.
Bru. No, not an oath: if not the face of men,
The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse, —
If these be motives weak, break off betimes,
And every man hence to his idle bed:
So let high-sighted tyranny range on
Till each man drop by lottery. But if these,
As I am sure they do, bear fire enough
To kindle cowards, and to steel with valor
The melting spirits of women, — then, countrymen,
What need we any spur but our own cause
To prick us to redress? what other bond
Than secret Romans, that have spoke the word,
And will not palter? and what other oath
Than honesty to honesty engaged
That this shall be, or we will fall for it?
Swear priests and cowards, and men cautelous,
Old feeble carrions, and such suffering souls
That welcome wrongs; unto bad causes swear
Such creatures as men doubt: but do not stain
The even virtue of our enterprise,
Nor the insuppressive metal of our spirits,
To think that or our cause or our performance
Did need an oath; when every drop of blood
That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,
Is guilty of a several bastardy
If he do break the smallest particle
Of any promise that hath passed from him.
Cas. But what of Cicero? Shall we sound him?
I think he will stand very strong with us.
Casca. Let us not leave him out.
Cin. No, by no means!
Met. Oh! let us have him; for his silver hairs
Will purchase us a good opinion,
And buy men's voices to commend our deeds;
It shall be said his judgment ruled our hands:
Our youths and wildness shall no whit appear,
But all be buried in his gravity.
Bru. Oh, name him not! let us not break with him;
For he will never follow any thing
That other men begin.
Cas. Then leave him out.

Casca. Indeed, he is not fit.
Dec. Shall no man else be touched but only Cæsar?
Cas. Decius, well urged. I think it is not meet
Mark Antony, so well beloved of Cæsar,
Should outlive Cæsar. We shall find of him
A shrewd contriver: and you know his means,
If he improve them, may well stretch so far
As to annoy us all; which to prevent,
Let Antony and Cæsar fall together.
Bru. Our course will seem too bloody, Caius Cassius,
To cut the head off, and then hack the limbs,
Like wrath in death, and envy afterwards;
For Antony is but a limb of Cæsar.
Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius.
We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar;
And in the spirit of men there is no blood:
Oh that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit,
And not dismember Cæsar! But, alas!
Cæsar must bleed for it. And, gentle friends,
Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;
Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,
Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds;
And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,
Stir up their servants to an act of rage,
And after seem to chide them. This shall mark
Our purpose necessary, and not envious;
Which so appearing to the common eyes,
We shall be called purgers, not murderers.
And for Mark Antony, think not of him;
For he can do no more than Cæsar's arm
When Cæsar's head is off.
Cas. Yet I do fear him;
For in the ingrafted love he bears to Cæsar —
Bru. Alas! good Cassius, do not think of him:
If he love Cæsar, all that he can do
Is to himself, — take thought, and die for Cæsar:
And that were much he should; for he is given
To sports, to wildness, and much company.
Treb. There is no fear in him: let him not die;
For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter. [*Clock strikes.*
Bru. Peace! count the clock.
Cas. The clock hath stricken three.
Treb. 'Tis time to part.
Cas. But it is doubtful yet
Whether Cæsar will come forth to-day, or no:
For he is superstitious grown of late;
Quite from the main opinion he held once
Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies.
It may be, these apparent prodigies,
The unaccustomed terror of this night,
And the persuasion of his augurers,
May hold him from the Capitol to-day.

Dec. Never fear that. If he be so resolved,
I can o'ersway him; for he loves to hear
That unicorns may be betrayed with trees,
And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,
Lions with toils, and men with flatterers:
But, when I tell him he hates flatterers,
He says he does, being then most flattered.
Let me work:
For I can give his humor the true bent;
And I will bring him to the Capitol.
Cas. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.
Bru. By the eighth hour: is that the uttermost?
Cin. Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.
Met. Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæsar hard,
Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey:
I wonder none of you have thought of him.
Bru. Now, good Metellus, go along by him:
He loves me well, and I have given him reasons:
Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him.
Cas. The morning comes upon us: we'll leave you, Brutus.
And, friends, disperse yourselves; but all remember
What you have said, and show yourselves true Romans.
Bru. Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily:
Let not our looks put on our purposes,
But bear it as our Roman actors do,
With untired spirits and formal constancy.
And so good-morrow to you every one! [*Exeunt all but* BRUTUS.
Boy! Lucius! Fast asleep? It is no matter;
Enjoy the heavy honey-dew of slumber:
Thou hast no figures, nor no fantasies,
Which busy care draws in the brains of men;
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

Enter PORTIA.

Por. Brutus, my lord!
Bru. Portia, what mean you? Wherefore rise you now?
It is not for your health thus to commit
Your weak condition to the raw-cold morning.
Por. Nor for yours neither. You've ungently, Brutus,
Stole from my bed; and yesternight, at supper,
You suddenly arose, and walked about,
Musing and sighing, with your arms across;
And, when I asked you what the matter was,
You stared upon me with ungentle looks.
I urged you further; then you scratched your head,
And too impatiently stamped with your foot:
Yet I insisted; yet you answered not,
But, with an angry wafture of your hand,
Gave sign for me to leave you. So I did,
Fearing to strengthen that impatience
Which seemed too much enkindled, and, withal,
Hoping it was but an effect of humor,

Which sometime hath his hour with every man.
It will not let you eat nor talk nor sleep;
And, could it work so much upon your shape
As it hath much prevailed on your condition,
I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.
Bru. I am not well in health; and that is all.
Por. Brutus is wise; and, were he not in health,
He would embrace the means to come by it.
Bru. Why, so I do. Good Portia, go to bed.
Por. Is Brutus sick? and is it physical
To walk unbraced, and suck up the humors
Of the dank morning? What! is Brutus sick,
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed
To dare the vile contagion of the night,
And tempt the rheumy and unpurgèd air
To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus:
You have some sick offense within your mind,
Which, by the right and virtue of my place,
I ought to know of; and upon my knees
I charm you, by my once commended beauty,
By all your vows of love, and that great vow
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,
Why you are heavy; and what men to-night
Have had resort to you: for here have been
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
Even from darkness.
Bru. Kneel not, gentle Portia.
Por. I should not need if you were gentle Brutus.
Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,
Is it excepted I should know no secrets
That appertain to you? Am I yourself,
But, as it were, in sort, or limitation;
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,
And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the suburbs
Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.
Bru. You are my true and honorable wife;
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart.
Por. If this were true, then should I know this secret.
I grant I am a woman, but, withal,
A woman that lord Brutus took to wife:
I grant I am a woman, but, withal,
A woman well reputed, Cato's daughter.
Think you I am no stronger than my sex,
Being so fathered and so husbanded?
Tell me your counsels; I will not disclose them:
I have made strong proof of my constancy,
Giving myself a voluntary wound
Here in the thigh. Can I bear that with patience,
And not my husband's secrets?

Bru. O ye gods,
Render me worthy of this noble wife! [*Knocking within.*
Hark, hark! one knocks. Portia, go in a while;
And by and by thy bosom shall partake
The secrets of my heart.
All my engagements I will construe to thee,
All the charactery of my sad brows.
Leave me with haste. [*Exit* PORTIA.

Enter LUCIUS *and* LIGARIUS.

Lucius, who is that knocks?
Luc. Here is a sick man that would speak with you.
Bru. Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of. —
Boy, stand aside! Caius Ligarius! how?
Lig. Vouchsafe good-morrow from a feeble tongue.
Bru. Oh, what a time have you chose out, brave Caius,
To wear a kerchief! Would you were not sick!
Lig. I am not sick if Brutus have in hand
Any exploit worthy the name of honor.
Bru. Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius,
Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.
Lig. By all the gods that Romans bow before,
I here discard my sickness. Soul of Rome!
Brave son, derived from honorable loins!
Thou like an exorcist hast conjured up
My mortified spirit. Now bid me run,
And I will strive with things impossible;
Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?
Bru. A piece of work that will make sick men whole.
Lig. But are not some whole that we must make sick?
Bru. That must we also. What it is, my Caius,
I shall unfold to thee, as we are going
To whom it must be done.
Lig. Set on your foot;
And with a heart new fired I follow you,
To do I know not what: but it sufficeth
That Brutus leads me on.
Bru. Follow me, then. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. — *The Same. A Room in* CÆSAR'S *Palace.*

Thunder and lightning. Enter CÆSAR *in his night-gown.*

Cæs. Nor heaven nor earth hath been at peace to-night.
Thrice hath Calphurnia in her sleep cried out,
"*Help, ho! they murder Cæsar!*" Who's within?

Enter a SERVANT.

Serv. My lord?
Cæs. Go bid the priests do present sacrifice,
And bring me their opinions of success.
Serv. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*

Enter CALPHURNIA.

Cal. What mean you, Cæsar? Think you to walk forth?
You shall not stir out of your house to-day.
Cæs. Cæsar shall forth. The things that threatened me
Ne'er looked but on my back: when they shall see
The face of Cæsar, they are vanished.
Cal. Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies;
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
A lioness hath whelped in the streets;
And graves have yawned, and yielded up their dead;
Fierce, fiery warriors fight upon the clouds
In ranks and squadrons and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol;
The noise of battle hurtled in the air;
Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan;
And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the streets.
O Cæsar! these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them.
Cæs. What can be avoided
Whose end is purposed by the mighty gods?
Yet Cæsar shall go forth; for these predictions
Are to the world in general as to Cæsar.
Cal. When beggars die, there are no comets seen:
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.
Cæs. Cowards die many times before their deaths:
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come.

Re-enter a SERVANT.

What say the augurers?
Serv. They would not have you to stir forth to-day.
Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beast.
Cæs. The gods do this in shame of cowardice.
Cæsar should be a beast without a heart
If he should stay at home to-day for fear.
No, Cæsar shall not. Danger knows full well
That Cæsar is more dangerous than he.
We are two lions littered in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible;
And Cæsar shall go forth.
Cal. Alas, my lord!
Your wisdom is consumed in confidence.
Do not go forth to-day. Call it my fear
That keeps you in the house, and not your own.
We'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house;

And he shall say you are not well to-day:
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.
Cæs. Mark Antony shall say I am not well;
And for thy humor I will stay at home.

Enter DECIUS.

Here's Decius Brutus: he shall tell them so.
Dec. Cæsar, all hail! Good-morrow, worthy Cæsar!
I come to fetch you to the senate-house.
Cæs. And you are come in very happy time
To bear my greeting to the senators,
And tell them that I will not come to-day.
Can not is false; and that I dare not, falser:
I will not come to day. Tell them so, Decius.
Cal. Say he is sick.
Cæs. Shall Cæsar send a lie?
Have I in conquest stretched mine arm so far
To be afeard to tell gray-beards the truth?
Decius, go tell them Cæsar will not come.
Dec. Most mighty Cæsar, let me know some cause,
Lest I be laughed at when I tell them so.
Cæs. The cause is in my will: I will not come:
That is enough to satisfy the senate.
But for your private satisfaction,
Because I love you, I will let you know.
Calphurnia here, my wife, stays me at home.
She dreamt to-night she saw my statue,
Which, like a fountain with a hundred spouts,
Did run pure blood; and many lusty Romans
Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it.
And these does she apply for warnings and portents
Of evils imminent, and on her knee
Hath begged that I will stay at home to-day.
Dec. This dream is all amiss interpreted:
It was a vision fair and fortunate.
Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,
In which so many smiling Romans bathed,
Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck
Reviving blood; and that great men shall press
For tinctures, stains, relics, and cognizance.
This by Calphurnia's dream is signified.
Cæs. And this way have you well expounded it.
Dec. I have when you have heard what I can say.
And know it now: The senate have concluded
To give this day a crown to mighty Cæsar.
If you shall send them word you will not come,
Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock
Apt to be rendered, for some one to say,
"*Break up the senate till another time,*
When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better dreams."
If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper,
"*Lo! Cæsar is afraid*"?

Pardon me, Cæsar: for my dear, dear love
To your proceeding bids me tell you this;
And reason to my love is liable.
Cæs. How foolish do your fears seem now, Calphurnia!
I am ashamèd I did yield to them.
Give me my robe; for I will go:

Enter PUBLIUS, BRUTUS, LIGARIUS, METELLUS, CASCA, TREBONIUS, *and* CINNA.

And look where Publius is come to fetch me!
Pub. Good-morrow, Cæsar!
Cæs. Welcome, Publius!—
What, Brutus! are you stirred so early too?—
Good-morrow, Casca!—Caius Ligarius,
Cæsar was ne'er so much your enemy
As that same ague which hath made you lean.—
What is't o'clock?
Bru. Cæsar, 'tis struck eight.
Cæs. I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

Enter ANTONY.

See! Antony, that revels long o' nights,
Is, notwithstanding, up.—
Good-morrow, Antony!
Ant. So to most noble Cæsar.
Cæs. Bid them prepare within:
I am to blame to be thus waited for.
Now, Cinna!—Now, Metellus!—What, Trebonius!
I have an hour's talk in store for you.
Remember that you call on me to-day:
Be near me that I may remember you.
Treb. Cæsar, I will; and so near will I be, [*Aside.*
That your best friends shall wish I had been farther.
Cæs. Good friends, go in and taste some wine with me;
And we, like friends, will straightway go together.
Bru. That every like is not the same, O Cæsar!
The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon. [*Aside. Exeunt.*

SCENE III. — *The Same. A Street near the Capitol.*

Enter ARTEMIDORUS, *reading a paper.*

Art. Cæsar, *beware of* Brutus; *take heed of* Cassius; *come not near* Casca; *have an eye to* Cinna; *trust not* Trebonius; *mark well* Metellus Cimber; Decius Brutus *loves thee not; thou hast wronged* Caius Ligarius. *There is but one mind in all these men; and it is bent against* Cæsar. *If thou beest not immortal, look about you: security gives way to conspiracy. The mighty gods defend thee! Thy lover,* ARTEMIDORUS.

Here will I stand till Cæsar pass along;
And as a suitor will I give him this.
My heart laments that virtue can not live
Out of the teeth of emulation.
If thou read this, O Cæsar! thou mayst live;
If not, the fates with traitors do contrive. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. — *The Same. Another Part of the same Street, before the House of* BRUTUS.

Enter PORTIA *and* LUCIUS.

Por. I prithee, boy, run to the senate-house:
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone!
Why dost thou stay?
Luc. To know my errand, madam,
Por. I would have had thee there and here again
Ere I can tell thee what thou shouldst do there.
O Constancy, be strong upon my side!
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue!
I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.
How hard it is for women to keep counsel!
Art thou here yet?
Luc. Madam, what should I do?
Run to the Capitol, and nothing else?
And so return to you, and nothing else?
Por. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look well;
For he went sickly forth: and take good note
What Cæsar doth, what suitors press to him.
Hark, boy! What noise is that?
Luc. I hear none, madam.
Por. Prithee, listen well:
I heard a bustling rumor, like a fray;
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.
Luc. Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.

Enter THE SOOTHSAYER.

Por. Come hither, fellow. Which way hast thou been?
Sooth. At mine own house, good lady.
Por. What is't o'clock?
Sooth. About the ninth hour, lady.
Por. Is Cæsar yet gone to the Capitol?
Sooth. Madam, not yet. I go to take my stand
To see him pass on to the Capitol.
Por. Thou hast some suit to Cæsar; hast thou not?
Sooth. That I have, lady: if it will please Cæsar
To be so good to Cæsar as to hear me,
I shall beseech him to befriend himself.
Por. Why, know'st thou any harm's intended towards him?
Sooth. None that I know will be, much that I fear may chance.
Good-morrow to you! Here the street is narrow;
The throng that follows Cæsar at the heels —
Of senators, of prætors, common suitors —
Will crowd a feeble man almost to death.
I'll get me to a place more void, and there
Speak to great Cæsar as he comes along. [*Exit.*
Por. I must go in. Ah me! how weak a thing
The heart of woman is!

O Brutus!
The heavens speed thee in thine enterprise!
Sure the boy heard me. Brutus hath a suit
That Cæsar will not grant. Oh! I grow faint.
Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord;
Say I am merry: come to me again,
And bring me word what he doth say to thee. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. — *The Same. The Capitol; the Senate sitting.*

A crowd of people in the street leading to the Capitol; among them ARTEMIDORUS *and the* SOOTHSAYER. *Flourish. Enter* CÆSAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, METELLUS, TREBONIUS, CINNA, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POPILIUS, PUBLIUS, *and Others.*

Cæs. The ides of March are come.
Sooth. Ay, Cæsar; but not gone.
Art. Hail, Cæsar! Read this schedule.
Dec. Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read
At your best leisure this his humble suit.
Art. O Cæsar! read mine first; for mine's a suit
That touches Cæsar nearer. Read it, great Cæsar.
Cæs. What touches us ourself shall be last served.
Art. Delay not, Cæsar: read it instantly.
Cæs. What! is the fellow mad?
Pub. Sirrah, give place!
Cas. What! urge you your petitions in the street?
Come to the Capitol.

CÆSAR *enters the Capitol, the rest following. All the Senators rise.*

Pop. I wish your enterprise to-day may thrive.
Cas. What enterprise, Popilius?
Pop. Fare you well! [*Advances to* CÆSAR.
Bru. What said Popilius Lena?
Cas. He wished to-day our enterprise might thrive.
I fear our purpose is discovered.
Bru. Look how he makes to Cæsar! Mark him!
Cas. Casca, be sudden; for we fear prevention.
Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known,
Cassius on Cæsar never shall turn back;
For I will slay myself.
Bru. Cassius, be constant:
Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes;
For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.
Cas. Trebonius knows his time; for, look you, Brutus,
He draws Mark Antony out of the way. [*Exeunt* ANTONY *and* TREBONIUS. CÆSAR *and the Senators take their seats.*
Dec. Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go,
And presently prefer his suit to Cæsar.

Bru. He is addressed: press near, and second him.
Cin. Casca, you are the first that rears your hand.
Casca. Are we all ready?
Cæs. What is now amiss
That Cæsar and his senate must redress?
Met. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant Cæsar,
Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat
A humble heart. [*Kneeling.*
Cæs. I must prevent thee, Cimber.
These crouchings and these lowly courtesies
Might fire the blood of ordinary men,
And turn pre-ordinance and first decree
Into the law of children. Be not fond
To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood
That will be thawed from the true quality
With that which melteth fools: I mean sweet words,
Low-crouched courtesies, and base spaniel-fawning.
Thy brother by decree is banished:
If thou dost bend and pray and fawn for him,
I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.
Know, Cæsar doth not wrong; nor without cause
Will he be satisfied.
Met. Is there no voice more worthy than my own
To sound more sweetly in great Cæsar's ear
For the repealing of my banished brother?
Bru. I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Cæsar;
Desiring thee that Publius Cimber may
Have an immediate freedom of repeal.
Cæs. What, Brutus!
Cas. Pardon, Cæsar; Cæsar, pardon:
As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall
To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.
Cæs. I could be well moved if I were as you;
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me:
But I am constant as the northern star,
Of whose true-fixed and resting quality
There is no fellow in the firmament.
The skies are painted with unnumbered sparks;
They are all fire, and every one doth shine;
But there's but one in all doth hold his place:
So in the world; 'tis furnished well with men,
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive;
Yet in the number I do know but one
That unassailable holds on his rank,
Unshaked of motion: and, that I am he,
Let me a little show it, even in this,—
That I was constant Cimber should be banished,
And constant do remain to keep him so.
Cin. O Cæsar!
Cæs. Hence! wilt thou lift up Olympus?
Dec. Great Cæsar!
Cæs. Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?

Casca. Speak, hands, for me! [CASCA *stabs* CÆSAR *in the neck.* CÆSAR *catches hold of his arm. He is then stabbed by several other conspirators, and at last by* MARCUS BRUTUS.

Cæs. Et tu, Brute! — Then fall, Cæsar! [*Dies. The Senators and People retire in confusion.*

Cin. Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead! —
Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

Cas. Some to the common pulpits, and cry out,
"*Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!*"

Bru. People and senators, be not affrighted;
Fly not; stand still: ambition's debt is paid.

Casca. Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

Dec. And Cassius too.

Bru. Where's Publius?

Cin. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

Met. Stand fast together, lest some friend of Cæsar's
Should chance —

Bru. Talk not of standing. Publius, good cheer!
There is no harm intended to your person,
Nor to no Roman else: so tell them, Publius.

Cas. And leave us, Publius, lest that the people,
Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.

Bru. Do so; and let no man abide this deed,
But we the doers.

Re-enter TREBONIUS.

Cas. Where's Antony?

Tre. Fled to his house amazed.
Men, wives, and children stare, cry out, and run,
As it were doomsday.

Bru. Fates! we will know your pleasures.
That we shall die, we know: 'tis but the time,
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.

Casca. Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

Bru. Grant that, and then is death a benefit:
So are we Cæsar's friends, that have abridged
His time of fearing death. Stoop, Romans, stoop,
And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords;
Then walk we forth, even to the market-place,
And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
Let's all cry, "Peace! Freedom! and Liberty!"

Cas. Stoop, then, and wash. How many ages hence
Shall this our lofty scene be acted over
In states unborn, and accents yet unknown!

Bru. How many times shall Cæsar bleed in sport,
That now on Pompey's basis lies along,
No worthier than the dust!

Cas. So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the knot of us be called
The men that gave their country liberty.

Dec. What, shall we forth?

Cas. Ay, every man away!

Brutus shall lead; and we will grace his heels
With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

Enter a SERVANT.

Bru. Soft! who comes here? A friend of Antony's.
Serv. Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel;
Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down;
And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say:
"Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest;
Cæsar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving.
Say, I love Brutus, and I honor him;
Say, I feared Cæsar, honored him, and loved him.
If Brutus will vouchsafe that Antony
May safely come to him, and be resolved
How Cæsar hath deserved to lie in death,
Mark Antony shall not love Cæsar dead
So well as Brutus living, but will follow
The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus,
Thorough the hazards of this untrod state,
With all true faith." So says my master Antony.
Bru. Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman:
I never thought him worse.
Tell him, so please him come unto this place,
He shall be satisfied, and, by my honor,
Depart untouched.
Serv. I'll fetch him presently. [*Exit.*
Bru. I know that we shall have him well to friend.
Cas. I wish we may: but yet have I a mind
That fears him much; and my misgiving still
Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

Re-enter ANTONY.

Bru. But here comes Antony. Welcome, Mark Antony!
Ant. O mighty Cæsar! Dost thou lie so low?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure? Fare thee well!
I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank:
If I myself, there is no hour so fit
As Cæsar's death's hour, nor no instrument
Of half that worth as those your swords, made rich
With the most noble blood of all this world.
I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,
Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,
Fulfill your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
I shall not find myself so apt to die.
No place will please me so, no mean of death,
As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off,
The choice and master spirits of this age.
Bru. O Antony! beg not your death of us.
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel.

As by our hands, and this our present act,
You see we do, yet see you but our hands,
And this the bleeding business they have done.
Our hearts you see not; they are pitiful;
And pity to the general wrong of Rome
(As fire drives out fire, so pity, pity)
Hath done this deed on Cæsar. For your part,
To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony:
Our arms, in strength of malice, and our hearts,
Of brothers' temper, do receive you in
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.
Cas. Your voice shall be as strong as any man's
In the disposing of new dignities.
Bru. Only be patient till we have appeased
The multitude, beside themselves with fear,
And then we will deliver you the cause
Why I, that did love Cæsar when I struck him,
Have thus proceeded.
Ant. I doubt not of your wisdom.
Let each man render me his bloody hand:
First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you;
Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand;
Now, Decius Brutus, yours; now yours, Metellus;
Yours, Cinna; and, my valiant Casca, yours;
Though last, not least in love, yours, good Trebonius.
Gentlemen all, — alas! what shall I say?
My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
That one of two bad ways you must conceit me, —
Either a coward or a flatterer. —
That I did love thee, Cæsar, oh! 'tis true:
If then thy spirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee, dearer than thy death,
To see thy Antony making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
Most noble! in the presence of thy corse?
Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
It would become me better than to close
In terms of friendship with thine enemies.
Pardon me, Julius! Here wast thou bayed, brave hart;
Here didst thou fall; and here thy hunters stand,
Signed in thy spoil, and crimsoned in thy lethe.
O world! thou wast the forest to this hart;
And this, indeed, O world! the heart of thee.
How like a deer, strucken by many princes,
Dost thou here lie!
Cas. Mark Antony!
Ant. Pardon me, Caius Cassius:
The enemies of Cæsar shall say this:
Then in a friend it is cold modesty.
Cas. I blame you not for praising Cæsar so.
But what compact mean you to have with us?

Will you be pricked in number of our friends?
Or shall we on, and not depend on you?
Ant. Therefore I took your hands, but was, indeed,
Swayed from the point by looking down on Cæsar.
Friends am I with you all, and love you all, —
Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons
Why and wherein Cæsar was dangerous.
Bru. Or else were this a savage spectacle.
Our reasons are so full of good regard,
That were you, Antony, the son of Cæsar,
You should be satisfied.
Ant. That's all I seek:
And am, moreover, suitor that I may
Produce his body to the market-place;
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,
Speak in the order of his funeral.
Bru. You shall, Mark Antony.
Cas. Brutus, a word with you.
You know not what you do. Do not consent [*Aside.*
That Antony speak in his funeral.
Know you how much the people may be moved
By that which he will utter?
Bru. By your pardon,
I will myself into the pulpit first,
And show the reason of our Cæsar's death:
What Antony shall speak, I will protest
He speaks by leave and by permission;
And that we are contented Cæsar shall
Have all true rites and lawful ceremonies.
It shall advantage more than do us wrong.
Cas. I know not what may fall: I like it not.
Bru. Mark Antony, here, take you Cæsar's body.
You shall not in your funeral-speech blame us,
But speak all good you can devise of Cæsar;
And say you do't by our permission;
Else shall you not have any hand at all
About his funeral. And you shall speak
In the same pulpit whereto I am going,
After my speech is ended.
Ant. Be it so:
I do desire no more.
Bru. Prepare the body, then, and follow us. [*Exeunt all but* ANTONY.
Ant. Oh, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
That ever lived in the tide of times.
Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy, —
Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue, —
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;
Domestic fury and fierce civil strife

Shall cumber all the parts of Italy;
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
And dreadful objects so familiar,
That mothers shall but smile when they behold
Their offspring quartered with the hands of war;
All pity choked with custom of fell deeds;
And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
With Até by his side come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines with a monarch's voice
Cry "*Havoc!*" and let slip the dogs of war;
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth,
With carrion men groaning for burial.

Enter a SERVANT.

You serve Octavius Cæsar; do you not?
Serv. I do, Mark Antony.
Ant. Cæsar did write for him to come to Rome.
Serv. He did receive his letters, and is coming;
And bid me say to you by word of mouth —
O Cæsar! — [*Seeing the body.*
Ant. Thy heart is big: get thee apart and weep.
Passion, I see, is catching; for mine eyes,
Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,
Began to water. Is thy master coming?
Serv. He lies to-night within seven leagues of Rome.
Ant. Post back with speed, and tell him what hath chanced.
Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome;
No Rome of safety for Octavius yet:
Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet stay a while;
Thou shalt not back till I have borne this corse
Into the market-place: there shall I try
In my oration how the people take
The cruel issue of these bloody men;
According to the which thou shalt discourse
To young Octavius of the state of things.
Lend me your hand. [*Exeunt with* CÆSAR'S *body.*

SCENE II. — *The Same. The Forum.*

Enter BRUTUS *and* CASSIUS, *and a throng of* CITIZENS.

Cit. We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.
Bru. Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.
Cassius, go you into the other street,
And part the numbers.
Those that will hear me speak, let them stay here;
Those that will follow Cassius, go with him;
And public reasons shall be rendered
Of Cæsar's death.
1 *Cit.* I will hear Brutus speak.
2 *Cit.* I will hear Cassius, and compare their reasons
When severally we hear them rendered. [*Exit* CASSIUS *with some of the* CITIZENS. BRUTUS *goes into the rostrum.*

3 *Cit.* The noble Brutus is ascended. Silence!

Bru. Be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers, hear me for my cause; and be silent, that ye may hear: believe me for mine honor; and have respect to mine honor, that you may believe: censure me in your wisdom; and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If, then, that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer: "Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more." Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves, than that Cæsar were dead, to live all freemen? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honor him: but, as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears for his love, joy for his fortune, honor for his valor, and death for his ambition. Who is here so base that would be a bondman? If any, speak: for him have I offended. Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman? If any, speak: for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his country? If any, speak: for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

Cit. None, Brutus, none! [*Several speaking at once.*

Bru. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol: his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offenses enforced, for which he suffered death.

Enter ANTONY *and others with* CÆSAR'S *body.*

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony, who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, — a place in the commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart, — that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself when it shall please my country to need my death.

Cit. Live, Brutus, live! live!

1 *Cit.* Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

2 *Cit.* Give him a statue with his ancestors.

3 *Cit.* Let him be Cæsar.

4 *Cit.* Cæsar's better parts

Shall now be crowned in Brutus.

1 *Cit.* We'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamors.

Bru. My countrymen!

2 *Cit.* Peace, silence! Brutus speaks.

1 *Cit.* Peace, ho!

Bru. Good countrymen, let me depart alone,
And for my sake stay here with Antony:
Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech
Tending to Cæsar's glories; which Mark Antony,
By our permission, is allowed to make.
I do entreat you, not a man depart,
Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. [*Exit.*

1 *Cit.* Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.

3 *Cit.* Let him go up into the public chair:
We'll hear him. Noble Antony, go up.

Ant. For Brutus' sake, I am beholden to you.

4 *Cit.* What does he say of Brutus?
3 *Cit.* He says, for Brutus' sake,
He finds himself beholden to us all.
4 *Cit.* 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here.
1 *Cit.* This Cæsar was a tyrant.
3 *Cit.* Nay, that's certain:
We are blest that Rome is rid of him.
2 *Cit.* Peace! let us hear what Antony can say.
Ant. You gentle Romans —
Cit. Peace, ho! let us hear him.
Ant. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears:
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interrèd with their bones:
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious:
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
And grievously hath Cæsar answered it.
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest,
(For Brutus is an honorable man;
So are they all, all honorable men,)
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me:
But Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honorable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor hath cried, Cæsar hath wept:
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honorable man.
You all did see, that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And, sure, he is an honorable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke;
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause:
What cause withholds you, then, to mourn for him?
O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason! Bear with me:
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.
1 *Cit.* Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.
2 *Cit.* If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Cæsar has had great wrongs.
3 *Cit.* Has he not, masters?
I fear there will a worse come in his place.
4 *Cit.* Marked ye his words? He would not take the crown:
Therefore, 'tis certain, he was not ambitious.

1 *Cit.* If it be found so, some will dear abide it.
2 *Cit.* Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.
3 *Cit.* There's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.
4 *Cit.* Now mark him: he begins again to speak.
Ant. But yesterday, the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world: now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters! if I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honorable men:
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,
Than I will wrong such honorable men.
But here's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar;
I found it in his closet: 'tis his will.
Let but the commons hear this testament,
(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,)
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
Unto their issue.
4 *Cit.* We'll hear the will. Read it, Mark Antony.
Cit. The will, the will! We will hear Cæsar's will.
Ant. Have patience, gentle friends; I must not read it:
It is not meet you know how Cæsar loved you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;
And being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
It will inflame you; it will make you mad.
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;
'For, if you should, oh! what would come of it?
4 *Cit.* Read the will! We will hear it, Antony: you shall read us the will, — Cæsar's will!
Ant. Will you be patient? Will you stay a while?
I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it.
I fear I wrong the honorable men
Whose daggers have stabbed Cæsar: I do fear it.
4 *Cit.* They were traitors! Honorable men!
Cit. The will! the testament!
2 *Cit.* They were villains, murderers! The will!
Read the will!
Ant. You will compel me, then, to read the will?
Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? and will you give me leave?
Cit. Come down.
2 *Cit.* Descend. [*He comes down from the pulpit,*
3 *Cit.* You shall have leave.
4 *Cit.* A ring: stand round.
1 *Cit.* Stand from the hearse; stand from the body.

2 *Cit.* Room for Antony! — most noble Antony!
Ant. Nay, press not so upon me: stand far off.
Cit. Stand back! room! bear back!
Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle. I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on:
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii.
Look! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through;
See what a rent the envious Casca made!
Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabbed;
And, as he plucked his cursèd steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed it,
As rushing out of doors to be resolved
If Brutus so unkindly knocked, or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him!
This was the most unkindest cut of all;
For, when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquished him: then burst his mighty heart;
And in his mantle muffling up his face,
E'en at the base of Pompey's statua,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
Oh, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us, fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourished over us.
Oh! now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel
The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what! weep you when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here!
Here is himself, marred, as you see, with traitors.
1 *Cit.* O piteous spectacle!
2 *Cit.* O noble Cæsar!
3 *Cit.* O woeful day!
4 *Cit.* O traitors, villains!
1 *Cit.* O most bloody sight!
2 *Cit.* We will be revenged: revenge! about, — seek, — burn, — fire, — kill, — slay! — let not a traitor live!
Ant. Stay, countrymen!
1 *Cit.* Peace there! — hear the noble Antony.
2 *Cit.* We'll hear him; we'll follow him; we'll die with him.
Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
They that have done this deed are honorable:
What private griefs they have, alas! I know not,
That made them do it: they are wise and honorable,
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:
I am no orator, as Brutus is,
But, as you know me all, a plain, blunt man,
That love my friend; and that they know full well

That gave me public leave to speak of him.
For I have neither wit nor words nor worth,
Action nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;
I tell you that which you yourselves do know;
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths,
And bid them speak for me. But were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

Cit. We'll mutiny.

1 *Cit.* We'll burn the house of Brutus.

3 *Cit.* Away, then! come, seek the conspirators.

Ant. Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak.

Cit. Peace, ho! Hear Antony, most noble Antony.

Ant. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what.
Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserved your loves?
Alas! you know not: I must tell you then.
You have forgot the will I told you of.

Cit. Most true! The will: let's stay, and hear the will.

Ant. Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.
To every Roman citizen he gives,
To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.

2 *Cit.* Most noble Cæsar!—we'll revenge his death.

3 *Cit.* O royal Cæsar!

Ant. Hear me with patience.

Cit. Peace, ho!

Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbors, and new-planted orchards,
On this side Tiber: he hath left them you,
And to your heirs for ever; common pleasures,
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.
Here was a Cæsar: when comes such another?

1 *Cit.* Never, never! Come, away, away!
We'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.
Take up the body.

2 *Cit.* Go, fetch fire.

3 *Cit.* Pluck down benches.

4 *Cit.* Pluck down forms, windows, any thing. [*Exeunt* CITIZENS *with the body.*

Ant. Now let it work. Mischief, thou art afoot!
Take thou what course thou wilt! How now, fellow?

Enter a SERVANT.

Serv. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

Ant. Where is he?

Serv. He and Lepidus are at Cæsar's house.

Ant. And thither will I straight to visit him.
He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us any thing.

Serv. I heard him say, Brutus and Cassius
Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.
Ant. Belike they had some notice of the people,
How I had moved them. Bring me to Octavius. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. — *The Same. A Street.*

Enter CINNA, *the poet.*

Cin. I dreamt to-night that I did feast with Cæsar,
And things unluckily charge my fantasy.
I have no will to wander forth of doors;
Yet something leads me forth.

Enter CITIZENS.

1 *Cit.* What is your name?
2 *Cit.* Whither are you going?
3 *Cit.* Where do you dwell?
4 *Cit.* Are you a married man, or a bachelor?
2 *Cit.* Answer every man directly.
1 *Cit.* Ay, and briefly.
4 *Cit.* Ay, and wisely.
3 *Cit.* Ay, and truly, you were best.
Cin. What is my name? Whither am I going? Where do I dwell? Am I a married man, or a bachelor? Then to answer every man directly and briefly, wisely and truly. Wisely, I say, I am a bachelor.
Cit. That's as much as to say they are fools that marry: you'll bear me a bang for that, I fear. Proceed, — directly.
Cin. Directly, I am going to Cæsar's funeral.
1 *Cit.* As a friend, or an enemy?
Cin. As a friend.
2 *Cit.* That matter is answered directly.
4 *Cit.* For your dwelling, — briefly.
Cin. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.
3 *Cit.* Your name, sir, — truly.
Cin. Truly, my name is Cinna.
1 *Cit.* Tear him to pieces! he's a conspirator!
Cin. I am Cinna the poet! I am Cinna the poet!
4 *Cit.* Tear him for his bad verses! tear him for his bad verses!
Cin. I am not Cinna the conspirator!
2 *Cit.* It is no matter; his name's Cinna: pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going!
3 *Cit.* Tear him, tear him! Come, brands, ho! fire-brands! To Brutus', to Cassius'; burn all! Some to Decius' house, and some to Casca's; some to Ligarius': away! go! [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. — *The Same. A Room in* ANTONY'S *House.* ANTONY, OCTAVIUS, *and* LEPIDUS, *seated at a Table.*

Ant. These many, then, shall die: their names are pricked.
Oct. Your brother, too, must die. Consent you, Lepidus?

Lep. I do consent.
Oct. Prick him down, Antony.
Lep. Upon condition Publius shall not live,
Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony,
Ant. He shall not live: look, with a spot I damn him.
But, Lepidus, go you to Cæsar's house;
Fetch the will hither, and we shall determine
How to cut off some charge in legacies.
Lep. What, shall I find you here?
Oct. Or here, or at the Capitol. [*Exit* LEPIDUS
Ant. This is a slight unmeritable man,
Meet to be sent on errands: is it fit,
The threefold world divided, he should stand
One of the three to share it?
Oct. So you thought him,
And took his voice who should be pricked to die
In our black sentence and proscription.
Ant. Octavius, I have seen more days than you;
And, though we lay these honors on this man
To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads,
He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,—
To groan and sweat under the business,
Either led or driven, as we point the way;
And, having brought our treasure where we will,
Then take we down his load, and turn him off,
Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears,
And graze on commons.
Oct. You may do your will;
But he's a tried and valiant soldier.
Ant. So is my horse, Octavius; and for that
I do appoint him store of provender.
It is a creature that I teach to fight,
To wind, to stop, to run directly on;
His corporal motion governed by my spirit.
And in some taste is Lepidus but so:
He must be taught and trained, and bid go forth;
A barren-spirited fellow; one that feeds
On objects, arts, and imitations,
Which, out of use, and staled by other men,
Begin his fashion. Do not talk of him
But as a property.
And now, Octavius,
Listen great things. Brutus and Cassius
Are levying powers; we must straight make head:
Therefore let our alliance be combined,
Our best friends made, and our best means stretched out;
And let us presently go sit in council,
How covert matters may be best disclosed,
And open perils surest answered.
Oct. Let us do so: for we are at the stake,
And bayed about with many enemies;
And some that smile have in their hearts, I fear,
Millions of mischief. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. — *Before* BRUTUS' *Tent, in the Camp near Sardis.*

Drum. *Enter* BRUTUS, LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, *and Soldiers;* PINDARUS *meeting them;* LUCIUS *at a distance.*

Bru. Stand, ho!
Lucil. Give the word, ho! and stand.
Bru. What now, Lucilius? Is Cassius near?
Lucil. He is at hand; and Pindarus is come
To do you salutation from his master.
[PINDARUS *gives a letter to* BRUTUS.
Bru. He greets me well. Your master, Pindarus,
In his own charge, or by ill officers,
Hath given me some worthy cause to wish
Things done undone; but, if he be at hand,
I shall be satisfied.
Pin. I do not doubt
But that my noble master will appear
Such as he is, full of regard and honor.
Bru. He is not doubted. A word, Lucilius:
How he received you, let me be resolved.
Lucil. With courtesy, and with respect enough,
But not with such familiar instances,
Nor with such free and friendly conference,
As he hath used of old.
Bru. Thou hast described
A hot friend cooling. Ever note, Lucilius,
When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforcèd ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith:
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle;
But, when they should endure the bloody spur,
They fall their crests, and, like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on?
Lucil. They mean this night in Sardis to be quartered:
The greater part, the horse in general,
Are come with Cassius. [*March within.*
Bru. Hark! he is arrived:
March gently on to meet him.

Enter CASSIUS *and Soldiers.*

Cas. Stand, ho!
Bru. Stand, ho! Speak the word along.
[*Within.*] Stand!
[*Within.*] Stand!
[*Within.*] Stand!
Cas. Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.
Bru. Judge me, you gods! Wrong I mine enemies?
And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother?
Cas. Brutus, this sober form of yours hides wrongs;
And when you do them —
Bru. Cassius, be content;

Speak your griefs softly: I do know you well.
Before the eyes of both our armies here,
Which should perceive nothing but love from us,
Let us not wrangle. Bid them move away:
Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs,
And I will give you audience.
Cas. Pindarus,
Bid our commanders lead their charges off
A little from this ground.
Bru. Lucilius, do the like; and let no man
Come to our tent till we have done our conference.
Let Lucius and Titinius guard our door. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. — *Within the Tent of* BRUTUS.

Enter BRUTUS *and* CASSIUS.

Cas. That you have wronged me doth appear in this:
You have condemned and noted Lucius Pella
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein my letters, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, were slighted off.
Bru. You wronged yourself to write in such a case.
Cas. In such a time as this, it is not meet
That every nice offense should bear his comment.
Bru. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemned to have an itching palm,
To sell and mart your offices for gold
To undeservers.
Cas. I an itching palm?
You know that you are Brutus that speaks this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last!
Bru. The name of Cassius honors this corruption;
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.
Cas. Chastisement!
Bru. Remember March! the ides of March remember!
Did not great Cæsar bleed for justice' sake?
What villain touched his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? What! shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world
But for supporting robbers, — shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty space of our large honors
For so much trash as may be grasped thus?
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.
Cas. Brutus, bay not me;
I'll not endure it: you forget yourself,
To hedge me in. I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.
Bru. Go to; you are not, Cassius.
Cas. I am.

Bru. I say you are not.
Cas. Urge me no more: I shall forget myself.
Have mind upon your health: tempt me no further.
Bru. Away, slight man!
Cas. Is't possible?
Bru. Hear me; for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frighted when a madman stares?
Cas. O ye gods! ye gods! Must I endure all this?
Bru. All this? ay, more! Fret till your proud heart break;
Go show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humor? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you; for, from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.
Cas. Is it come to this?
Bru. You say you are a better soldier:
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well. For mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of abler men.
Cas. You wrong me every way, you wrong me, Brutus:
I said an elder soldier, not a better:
Did I say better?
Bru. If you did, I care not.
Cas. When Cæsar lived, he durst not thus have moved me.
Bru. Peace, peace! you durst not so have tempted him.
Cas. I durst not?
Bru. No.
Cas. What! durst not tempt him?
Bru. For your life you durst not.
Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love:
I may do that I shall be sorry for.
Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for.
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;
For I am armed so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me;
For I can raise no money by vile means.
By Heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash
By any indirection. I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me. Was that done like Cassius?
Should I have answered Caius Cassius so?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts!
Dash him to pieces!

Cas. I denied you not.
Bru. You did.
Cas. I did not: he was but a fool
That brought my answer back. Brutus hath rived my heart:
A friend should bear his friend's infirmities;
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.
Bru. I do not, till you practice them on me.
Cas. You love me not.
Bru. I do not like your faults.
Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.
Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear
As huge as high Olympus.
Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius;
For Cassius is aweary of the world;
Hated by one he loves; braved by his brother;
Checked like a bondman; all his faults observed,
Set in a note-book, learned and conned by rote,
To cast into my teeth. Oh, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes! — There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast; within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold:
If that thou beest a Roman, take it forth.
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart:
Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar; for I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him better
Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.
Bru. Sheathe your dagger!
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;
Do what you will, dishonor shall be humor.
O Cassius! you are yoked with a lamb
That carries anger as the flint bears fire;
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.
Cas. Hath Cassius lived
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief, and blood ill-tempered, vexeth him?
Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-tempered too.
Cas. Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.
Bru. And my heart too.
Cas. O Brutus!
Bru. What's the matter?
Cas. Have not you love enough to bear with me
When that rash humor which my mother gave me
Makes me forgetful?
Bru. Yes, Cassius; and from henceforth,
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so. [*Noise within.*
Poet. [*Within.*] Let me go in to see the generals.
There is some grudge between 'em: 'tis not meet
They be alone.
Lucil. [*Within.*] You shall not come to them.
Poet. [*Within.*] Nothing but death shall stay me.

Enter POET.

Cas. How now? What's the matter?
Poet. For shame, you generals! What do you mean?
Love and be friends, as two such men should be;
For I have seen more years, I'm sure, than ye.
Cas. Ha, ha! How vilely doth this cynic rhyme!
Bru. Get you hence, sirrah! saucy fellow, hence!
Cas. Bear with him, Brutus: 'tis his fashion.
Bru. I'll know his humor when he knows his time.
What should the wars do with these jigging fools?
Companion, hence!
Cas. Away, away! begone! [*Exit* POET.

Enter LUCILIUS *and* TITINIUS.

Bru. Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders
Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.
Cas. And come yourselves, and bring Messala with you,
Immediately to us. [*Exeunt* LUCILIUS *and* TITINIUS.
Bru. Lucius, a bowl of wine.
Cas. I did not think you could have been so angry.
Bru. O Cassius! I am sick of many griefs.
Cas. Of your philosophy you make no use,
If you give place to accidental evils.
Bru. No man bears sorrow better. Portia is dead.
Cas. Ha! Portia?
Bru. She is dead.
Cas. How 'scaped I killing when I crossed you so? —
O insupportable and touching loss! —
Upon what sickness?
Bru. Impatient of my absence,
And grief that young Octavius with Mark Antony
Have made themselves so strong; for with her death
That tidings came: with this she fell distract,
And, her attendants absent, swallowed fire.
Cas. And died so?
Bru. Even so.
Cas. O ye immortal gods!

Enter LUCIUS *with wine and tapers.*

Bru. Speak no more of her. Give me a bowl of wine:
In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius. [*Drinks.*
Cas. My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge.
Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the cup:
I can not drink too much of Brutus' love. [*Drinks.*

Re-enter TITINIUS *with* MESSALA.

Bru. Come in, Titinius! — Welcome, good Messala! —
Now sit we close about this taper here,
And call in question our necessities.
Cas. Portia, art thou gone?
Bru. No more, I pray you. —

Messala, I have here received letters
That young Octavius and Mark Antony
Come down upon us with a mighty power,
Bending their expedition toward Philippi.
Mes. Myself have letters of the selfsame tenor.
Bru. With what addition?
Mes. That by proscription, and bills of outlawry,
Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus
Have put to death a hundred senators.
Bru. Therein our letters do not well agree:
Mine speak of seventy senators that died
By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.
Cas. Cicero one?
Mes. Cicero is dead,
And by that order of proscription.
Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?
Bru. No, Messala.
Mes. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?
Bru. Nothing, Messala.
Mes. That, methinks, is strange.
Bru. Why ask you? Hear you aught of her in yours?
Mes. No, my lord.
Bru. Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.
Mes. Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell:
For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.
Bru. Why, farewell, Portia! We must die, Messala.
With meditating that she must die once,
I have the patience to endure it now.
Mes. Even so great men great losses should endure.
Cas. I have as much of this in art as you;
But yet my nature could not bear it so.
Bru. Well, to our work alive. What do you think
Of marching to Philippi presently?
Cas. I do not think it good.
Bru. Your reason?
Cas. This it is:
'Tis better that the enemy seek us:
So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,
Doing himself offense; whilst we, lying still,
Are full of rest, defense, and nimbleness.
Bru. Good reasons must, of force, give place to better.
The people 'twixt Philippi and this ground
Do stand but in a forced affection;
For they have grudged us contribution.
The enemy, marching along by them,
By them shall make a fuller number up,
Come on refreshed, new-hearted, and encouraged;
From which advantage shall we cut him off
If at Philippi we do face him there,
These people at our back.
Cas. Hear me, good brother.
Bru. Under your pardon. — You must note beside,

That we have tried the utmost of our friends:
Our legions are brimfull; our cause is ripe;
The enemy increaseth every day;
We at the hight are ready to decline.
There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat;
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.
Cas. Then, with your will, go on:
We'll along ourselves, and meet them at Philippi.
Bru. The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
And nature must obey necessity;
Which we will niggard with a little rest.
There is no more to say?
Cas. No more. Good-night!
Early to-morrow will we rise, and hence.
Bru. Lucius, my gown. [*Exit* LUCIUS.
Farewell, good Messala!—
Good-night Titinius!—Noble, noble Cassius,
Good-night, and good repose!
Cas. O my dear brother!
This was an ill beginning of the night.
Never come such division 'tween our souls!
Let it not, Brutus.
Bru. Every thing is well.
Cas. Good-night, my lord!
Bru. Good-night, good brother!
Tit. Mes. Good-night, lord Brutus!
Bru. Farewell, every one! [*Exeunt* CASSIUS, TITINIUS, *and* MESSALA.

Re-enter LUCIUS *with the Gown.*

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument?
Luc. Here in the tent.
Bru. What! thou speak'st drowsily?
Poor knave, I blame thee not: thou art o'erwatched.
Call Claudius, and some other of my men:
I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.
Luc. Varro and Claudius!

Enter VARRO *and* CLAUDIUS.

Var. Calls my lord?
Bru. I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent, and sleep:
It may be I shall raise you by and by
On business to my brother Cassius.
Var. So please you, we will stand, and watch your pleasure.
Bru. I will not have it so: lie down, good sirs;
It may be I shall otherwise bethink me.
Look, Lucius! here's the book I sought for so:
I put it in the pocket of my gown. [SERVANTS *lie down.*

Luc. I was sure your lordship did not give it me.
Bru. Bear with me, good boy: I am much forgetful.
Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes a while,
And touch thy instrument a strain or two?
Luc. Ay, my lord, an't please you.
Bru. It does, my boy:
I trouble thee too much; but thou art willing.
Luc. It is my duty, sir.
Bru. I should not urge thy duty past thy might:
I know young bloods look for a time of rest.
Luc. I have slept, my lord, already.
Bru. It is well done; and thou shalt sleep again.
I will not hold thee long: if I do live,
I will be good to thee. [*Music and a song.*
This is a sleepy tune. — O murderous slumber!
Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,
That plays thee music? — Gentle knave, good-night!
I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee.
If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument:
I'll take it from thee; and, good boy, good-night! —
Let me see, let me see: is not the leaf turned down
Where I left reading? Here it is, I think. [*He sits down.*

Enter the GHOST *of* CÆSAR.

How ill this taper burns! Ha! who comes here?
I think it is the weakness of mine eyes
That shapes this monstrous apparition.
It comes upon me. Art thou any thing?
Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,
That mak'st my blood cold, and my hair to stare?
Speak to me what thou art.
Ghost. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.
Bru. Why com'st thou?
Ghost. To tell thee thou shalt see me at Philippi.
Bru. Well; then I shall see thee again?
Ghost. Ay, at Philippi. [GHOST *vanishes.*
Bru. Why, I will see thee at Philippi then.
Now I have taken heart, thou vanishest:
Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee. —
Boy! Lucius! — Varro! — Claudius! Sirs, awake! —
Claudius!
Luc. The strings, my lord, are false.
Bru. He thinks he still is at his instrument. —
Lucius, awake!
Luc. My lord!
Bru. Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so criedst out?
Luc. My lord, I do not know that I did cry.
Bru. Yes, that thou didst. Didst thou see any thing?
Luc. Nothing, my lord.
Bru. Sleep again, Lucius. — Sirrah, Claudius!
Fellow thou! awake!
Var. My lord!

Clau. My lord!
Bru. Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your sleep?
Var. Clau. Did we, my lord?
Bru. Ay: saw you any thing?
Var. No, my lord: I saw nothing.
Clau. Nor I, my lord.
Bru. Go, and commend me to my brother Cassius.
Bid him set on his powers betimes before,
And we will follow.
Var. Clau. It shall be done, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. — *The Plains of Philippi.*

Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, *and their Army.*

Oct. Now, Antony, our hopes are answered.
You said the enemy would not come down,
But keep the hills and upper regions.
It proves not so: their battles are at hand;
They mean to warn us at Philippi here,
Answering before we do demand of them.
Ant. Tut! I am in their bosoms, and I know
Wherefore they do it: they could be content
To visit other places, and come down
With fearful bravery, thinking by this face
To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage;
But 'tis not so.

Enter a MESSENGER.

Mess. Prepare you, generals:
The enemy comes on in gallant show;
Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,
And something's to be done immediately.
Ant. Octavius, lead your battle softly on
Upon the left hand of the even field.
Oct. Upon the right hand I; keep thou the left.
Ant. Why do you cross me in this exigent?
Oct. I do not cross you; but I will do so. [*March.*

Drum. *Enter* BRUTUS, CASSIUS, *and their Army;* LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, *and others.*

Bru. They stand, and would have parley.
Cas. Stand fast, Titinius: we must out and talk.
Oct. Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle?
Ant. No, Cæsar: we will answer on their charge.
Make forth: the generals would have some words.
Oct. Stir not until the signal.
Bru. Words before blows: is it so, countrymen?
Oct. Not that we love words better, as you do.
Bru. Good words are better than bad strokes, Octavius.

Ant. In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good words:
Witness the hole you made in Cæsar's heart,
Crying, "*Long live! hail, Cæsar!*"
Cas. Antony,
The posture of your blows are yet unknown;
But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,
And leave them honeyless.
Ant. Not stingless too.
Bru. Oh, yes! and soundless too;
For you have stolen their buzzing, Antony,
And, very wisely, threat before you sting.
Ant. Villains, you did not so when your vile daggers
Hacked one another in the sides of Cæsar:
You showed your teeth like apes, and fawned like hounds,
And bowed like bondmen, kissing Cæsar's feet;
Whilst damnèd Casca, like a cur, behind,
Struck Cæsar on the neck. O you flatterers!
Cas. Flatterers! Now, Brutus, thank yourself:
This tongue had not offended so to-day
If Cassius might have ruled.
Oct. Come, come, the cause: if arguing make us sweat,
The proof of it will turn to redder drops.
Look!
I draw a sword against conspirators:
When think you that the sword goes up again?
Never till Cæsar's three and twenty wounds
Be well avenged, or till another Cæsar
Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.
Bru. Cæsar, thou canst not die by traitors' hands
Unless thou bring'st them with thee.
Oct. So I hope:
I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.
Bru. Oh! if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,
Young man, thou couldst not die more honorable.
Cas. A peevish schoolboy, worthless of such honor,
Joined with a masker and a reveler.
Ant. Old Cassius still!
Oct. Come, Antony; away!—
Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth.
If you dare fight to-day, come to the field;
If not, when you have stomachs. [*Exeunt* OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, *and their Army.*
Cas. Why now, blow, wind; swell, billow; and swim, bark!
The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.
Bru. Ho! Lucilius; hark! a word with you.
Lucil. My lord! [BRUTUS *and* LUCILIUS *converse apart.*
Cas. Messala!
Mes. What says my general?
Cas. Messala,
This is my birthday; as this very day
Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala.
Be thou my witness, that against my will,

As Pompey was, am I compelled to set
Upon one battle all our liberties.
You know that I held Epicurus strong,
And his opinion: now I change my mind,
And partly credit things that do presage.
Coming from Sardis, on our former ensign
Two mighty eagles fell, and there they perched,
Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands;
Who to Philippi here consorted us:
This morning are they fled away, and gone;
And in their stead do ravens, crows, and kites
Fly o'er our heads, and downward look on us,
As we were sickly prey: their shadows seem
A canopy most fatal, under which
Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.
Mes. Believe not so.
Cas. I but believe it partly;
For I am fresh of spirit, and resolved
To meet all perils very constantly.
Bru. Even so, Lucilius.
Cas. Now, most noble Brutus,
The gods to-day stand friendly, that we may,
Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age.
But, since the affairs of men rest still uncertain,
Let's reason with the worst that may befall.
If we do lose this battle, then is this
The very last time we shall speak together:
What are you then determined to do?
Bru. Even by the rule of that philosophy
By which I did blame Cato for the death
Which he did give himself, — I know not how,
But I do find it cowardly and vile,
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
The term of life, — arming myself with patience
To stay the providence of those high powers
That govern us below.
Cas. Then, if we lose this battle,
You are contented to be led in triumph
Through the streets of Rome?
Bru. No, Cassius, no! Think not, thou noble Roman,
That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome:
He bears too great a mind. But this same day
Must end that work the ides of March began;
And whether we shall meet again, I know not.
Therefore our everlasting farewell take.
For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius!
If we do meet again, — why, we shall smile;
If not, — why, then, this parting was well made.
Cas. For ever, and for ever, farewell, Brutus!
If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed;
If not, 'tis true, this parting was well made.
Bru. Why, then, lead on. Oh that a man might know

The end of this day's business ere it come!
But it sufficeth that the day will end,
And then the end is known. Come, ho! away! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. — *The Same. The Field of Battle.*

Alarum. Enter BRUTUS *and* MESSALA.

Bru. Ride, ride, Messala, ride! and give these bills
Unto the legions on the other side. [*Loud alarum.*
Let them set on at once; for I perceive
But cold demeanor in Octavius' wing,
And sudden push gives them the overthrow.
Ride, ride, Messala! let them all come down. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. — *The Same. Another Part of the Field.*

Alarums. Enter CASSIUS *and* TITINIUS.

Cas. Oh, look, Titinius, look! the villains fly:
Myself have to mine own turned enemy.
This ensign here of mine was turning back:
I slew the coward, and did take it from him.
Tit. O Cassius! Brutus gave the word too early;
Who, having some advantage on Octavius,
Took it too eagerly: his soldiers fell to spoil,
Whilst we by Antony are all inclosed.

Enter PINDARUS.

Pin. Fly farther off, my lord, fly farther off!
Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord!
Fly therefore, noble Cassius! fly far off!
Cas. This hill is far enough. Look, look, Titinius!
Are those my tents where I perceive the fire?
Tit. They are, my lord.
Cas. Titinius, if thou lov'st me,
Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in him
Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops,
And here again; that I may rest assured
Whether yond troops are friend or enemy.
Tit. I will be here again even with a thought. [*Exit.*
Cas. Go, Pindarus; get higher on that hill;
My sight was ever thick; regard Titinius,
And tell me what thou not'st about the field. [*Exit* PINDARUS.
This day I breathèd first: time is come round;
And where I did begin, there shall I end:
My life is run his compass. — Sirrah! what news?
Pin. [*Above.*] O my lord!
Cas. What news?
Pin. Titinius is inclosèd round about
With horsemen that make to him on the spur;
Yet he spurs on. — Now they are almost on him:
Now, Titinius! —
Now some light! Oh, he lights too:

He's ta'en; and, hark! [*Shout.*
They shout for joy.
Cas. Come down! behold no more.
O coward that I am to live so long,
To see my best friend ta'en before my face!

Enter PINDARUS.

Come hither, sirrah!
In Parthia did I take thee prisoner;
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,
That, whatsoever I did bid thee do,
Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now, keep thine oath!
Now be a freeman; and with this good sword,
That ran through Cæsar's bowels, search this bosom.
Stand not to answer: here, take thou the hilts;
And when my face is covered, as 'tis now,
Guide thou the sword. Cæsar, thou art revenged
Even with the sword that killed thee. [*Dies.*
Pin. So I am free; yet would not so have been,
Durst I have done my will. O Cassius!
Far from this country Pindarus shall run,
Where never Roman shall take note of him. [*Exit.*

Re-enter TITINIUS *with* MESSALA.

Mes. It is but change, Titinius; for Octavius
Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,
As Cassius' legions are by Antony.
Tit. These tidings will well comfort Cassius.
Mes. Where did you leave him?
Tit. All disconsolate,
With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill.
Mes. Is not that he that lies upon the ground?
Tit. He lies not like the living. O my heart!
Mes. Is not that he?
Tit. No: this was he, Messala;
But Cassius is no more. O setting sun!
As in thy red rays thou dost sink to-night,
So in his red blood Cassius' day is set:
The sun of Rome is set. Our day is gone;
Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our deeds are done:
Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.
Mes. Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.
O hateful Error! Melancholy's child!
Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not? O Error! soon conceived,
Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,
But kill'st the mother that engendered thee.
Tit. What, Pindarus! Where art thou, Pindarus?
Mes. Seek him, Titinius, whilst I go to meet
The noble Brutus, thrusting this report
Into his ears: I may say, thrusting it;
For piercing steel, and darts envenomed,

Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus
As tidings of this sight.
Tit. Hie you, Messala;
And I will seek for Pindarus the while. — [*Exit* MESSALA.
Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius?
Did I not meet thy friends? and did not they
Put on my brows this wreath of victory,
And bid me give it thee? Didst thou not hear their shouts?
Alas! thou hast misconstrued every thing.
But hold thee; take this garland on thy brow:
Thy Brutus bid me give it thee; and I
Will do his bidding. — Brutus, come apace,
And see how I regarded Caius Cassius. —
By your leave, gods (this is a Roman's part),
Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart. [*Dies.*

Alarum. Re-enter MESSALA, *with* BRUTUS, *young* CATO, STRATO, VOLUMNIUS, *and* LUCILIUS.

Bru. Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie?
Mes. Lo, yonder! and Titinius mourning it.
Bru. Titinius' face is upward.
Cato. He is slain.
Bru. O Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet!
Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
In our own proper entrails. [*Low alarums.*
Cato. Brave Titinius! —
Look, whe'r he have not crowned dead Cassius!
Bru. Are yet two Romans living such as these?
The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!
It is impossible that ever Rome
Should breed thy fellow. — Friends, I owe more tears
To this dead man than you shall see me pay. —
I shall find time, Cassius; I shall find time. —
Come, therefore, and to Thassos send his body:
His funeral shall not be in our camp,
Lest it discomfort us. — Lucilius, come;
And come, young Cato; let us to the field. —
Labeo and Flavius, set our battles on:
'Tis three o'clock; and, Romans, yet ere night
We shall try fortune in a second fight. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. — *Another Part of the Field.*

Alarum. Enter, fighting, Soldiers of both Armies; then BRUTUS, CATO, LUCILIUS, *and Others.*

Bru. Yet, countrymen, oh, yet, hold up your heads!
Cato. What bastard doth not? Who will go with me?
I will proclaim my name about the field:
I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!
A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend;
I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho! [*Charges the enemy.*
Bru. And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I;
Brutus, my country's friend: know me for Brutus.
[*Exit, charging the enemy.* CATO *is overpowered, and falls.*

Lucil. O young and noble Cato! art thou down?
Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius;
And mayst be honored, being Cato's son.
1 *Sold.* Yield, or thou diest.
Lucil. Only I yield to die:
There is so much, that thou wilt kill me straight; [*Offering money.*
Kill Brutus, and be honored in his death.
1 *Sold.* We must not. A noble prisoner!
2 *Sold.* Room, ho! Tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en.
1 *Sold.* I'll tell the news. Here comes the general!——

Enter ANTONY.

Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord!
Ant. Where is he?
Lucil. Safe, Antony: Brutus is safe enough.
I dare assure thee that no enemy
Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus:
The gods defend him from so great a shame!
When you do find him, or alive or dead,
He will be found like Brutus, like himself.
Ant. This is not Brutus, friend, but, I assure you,
A prize no less in worth. Keep this man safe;
Give him all kindness: I had rather have
Such men my friends than enemies. Go on,
And see whe'r Brutus be alive or dead;
And bring us word unto Octavius' tent
How every thing is chanced. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*Another Part of the Field.*

Enter BRUTUS, DARDANIUS, CLITUS, STRATO, *and* VOLUMNIUS.

Bru. Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock.
Cli. Statilius showed the torchlight; but, my lord,
He came not back: he is or ta'en or slain.
Bru. Sit thee down, Clitus. Slaying is the word:
It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus! [*Whispering.*
Cli. What! I my lord? No, not for all the world!
Bru. Peace, then! no words.
Cli. I'll rather kill myself.
Bru. Hark thee, Dardanius! [*Whispers him.*
Dar. Shall I do such a deed?
Cli. O Dardanius!
Dar. O Clitus!
Cli. What ill request did Brutus make to thee?
Dar. To kill him, Clitus. Look! he meditates.
Cli. Now is that noble vessel full of grief,
That it runs over even at his eyes.
Bru. Come hither, good Volumnius: list a word.
Vol. What says my lord?
Bru. Why, this, Volumnius:
The ghost of Cæsar hath appeared to me
Two several times by night: at Sardis, once;

And this last night, here in Philippi fields.
I know my hour is come.
Vol. Not so, my lord.
Bru. Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.
Thou seest the world, Volumnius, how it goes;
Our enemies have beat us to the pit: [*Low alarums.*
It is more worthy to leap in ourselves
Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius,
Thou know'st that we two went to school together:
Even for that our love of old, I prithee,
Hold thou my sword-hilts whilst I run on it.
Vol. That's not an office for a friend, my lord. [*Alarum still.*
Cli. Fly, fly, my lord! there is no tarrying here.
Bru. Farewell to you, — and you, — and you, Volumnius! —
Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep:
Farewell to thee too, Strato! — Countrymen,
My heart doth joy, that yet in all my life
I found no man but he was true to me.
I shall have glory by this losing day
More than Octavius and Mark Antony
By this vile conquest shall attain unto.
So fare you well at once! for Brutus' tongue
Hath almost ended his life's history.
Night hangs upon mine eyes: my bones would rest,
That have but labored to attain this hour.
[*Alarum. Cry within,* "Fly, fly, fly!"
Cli. Fly, my lord! fly!
Bru. Hence! I will follow thee. —
[*Exeunt* CLITUS, DARDANIUS, *and* VOLUMNIUS.
I prithee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord.
Thou art a fellow of a good respect;
Thy life hath had some smatch of honor in it:
Hold, then, my sword, and turn away thy face
While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato?
Stra. Give me your hand first: fare you well, my lord!
Bru. Farewell, good Strato! — Cæsar, now be still:
I killed not thee with half so good a will.
[*He runs on his sword, and dies.*

Alarum. Retreat. Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, MESSALA, LUCILIUS, *and their Army.*

Oct. What man is that?
Mes. My master's man. — Strato, where is thy master?
Stra. Free from the bondage you are in, Messala:
The conquerors can but make a fire of him;
For Brutus only overcame himself;
And no man else hath honor by his death.
Lucil. So Brutus should be found. — I thank thee, Brutus,
That thou hast proved Lucilius' saying true.
Oct. All that served Brutus, I will entertain them. —
Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?
Stra. Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you.

Oct. Do so, good Messala.
Mes. How died my master, Strato?
Stra. I held the sword, and he did run on it.
Mes. Octavius, then take him to follow thee,
That did the latest service to my master.
Ant. This was the noblest Roman of them all.
All the conspirators, save only he,
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar:
He only, in a general honest thought,
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle; and the elements
So mixed in him, that Nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, "*This was a man!*"
Oct. According to his virtue let us use him,
With all respect and rites of burial.
Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,
Most like a soldier, ordered honorably. —
So call the field to rest; and let's away
To part the glories of this happy day. [*Exeunt.*

EDMUND SPENSER.

1553–1599.

"Shepheard's Calender;" "Colin Clouts come Home Again;" "Epithalinion;" "View of the State of Ireland;" and his greatest work, — "The Faerie Queene." "The Faerie Queene," written in what is called the Spenserian stanza, was intended to "fashion a gentleman or noble person in virtuous and gentle discipline." Of the twelve books planned originally, "Foashioning XII. Morall Virtues," there were only six written. Hazlitt says, "Spenser excels in the two qualities in which Chaucer is most deficient, — invention and fancy. The invention shown in his allegorical personages is endless, as the fancy shown in his description of them is gorgeous and delightful. He is the poet of romance. He describes things as in a splendid and voluptuous dream."

THE KNIGHT AND THE LADY.

I.

A GENTLE Knight was pricking on the plaine,
Ycladd in mightie armes and silver shielde,
Wherein old dints of deepe woundes did remaine,
The cruel markes of many a bloody fielde;
Yet armes till that time did he never wield:
His angry steede did chide his foming bitt,
As much disdayning to the curbe to yield.
Full iolly knight he seemed, and faire did sitt,
As one for knightly giusts[1] and fierce encounters fitt.

[1] Tournaments.

II.

And on his brest a bloodie crosse he bore,
The deare remembrance of his dying Lord,
For whose sweete sake that glorious badge he wore,
And dead, as living ever, him ador'd:
Upon his shield the like was also scor'd,
For soveraine hope, which in his helpe he had.
Right, faithfull, true he was in deede and word;
But of his cheere did seeme too solemne sad;
Yet nothing did he dread, but ever was ydrad.[1]

III.

Upon a great adventure he was bond,
That greatest Gloriana to him gave,
(That greatest glorious queene of Faerie lond,)
To winne him worshippe, and her grace to have;
Which of all earthly thinges he most did crave:
And ever, as he rode, his hart did earne[2]
To prove his puissance in battell brave
Upon his foe, and his new force to learne, —
Upon his foe, a Dragon horrible and stearne.

IV.

A lovely Ladie rode him faire beside,
Upon a lowly asse more white then snow;
Yet she much whiter; but the same did hide
Under a vele, that whimpled[3] was full low;
And over all a blacke stole shee did throw.
As one that inly mournd, so was she sad,
And heavie sate upon her palfrey slow;
Seemed in heart some hidden care she had;
And by her in a line a milke-white lamb she lad.

V.

So pure and innocent as that same lambe
She was in life and every vertuous lore;
And by descent from royall lynage came
Of ancient kinges and queenes that had of yore
Their scepters stretcht from east to westerne shore,
And all the world in their subjection held,
Till that infernal Feend with foule uprore
Forwasted[4] all their land, and them expeld;
Whom to avenge, she had this Knight from far compeld.

VI.

Behind her farre away a Dwarfe did lag,
That lasie seemd, in being ever last,
Or wearied with bearing of her bag
Of needments at his backe. Thus as they past,

[1] Dreaded. [2] Yearn. [3] Gathered, or plaited. [4] Much wasted.

The day with cloudes was suddeine overcast,
And angry Iove an hideous storme of raine
Did poure into his lemans lap so fast,
That everie wight to shrowd it did constrain;
And this faire couple eke to shroud themselves were fain.

VII.

Enforst to seeke some covert nigh at hand,
A shadie grove not farr away they spide,
That promist ayde the tempest to withstand;
Whose loftie trees, yclad with sommers pride,
Did spred so broad, that heavens light did hide,
Not perceable with power of any starr;
And all within were pathes and alleies wide,
With footing worne, and leading inward farr:
Faire harbour that them seems; so in they entred ar.

VIII.

And foorth they passe, with pleasure forward led,
Ioying to heare the birdes sweete harmony,
Which, therein shrouded from the tempest dred,
Seemd in their song to scorne the cruell sky.
Much can they praise the trees so straight and hy, —
The sayling pine; the cedar, proud and tall;
The vine-propp elme; the poplar, never dry;
The builder oake, sole king of forrests all;
The aspine, good for staves; the cypresse funerall;

IX.

The laurell, meed of mightie conquerours
And poets sage; the firre, that weepeth still;
The willow, worne of forlorne paramours;
The eugh,[1] obedient to the benders will;
The birch, for shaftes; the sallow, for the mill;
The mirrhe, sweete-bleeding in the bitter wound;
The warlike beech; the ash, for nothing ill;
The fruitfull olive; and the platane round;
The carver holme; the maple, seeldom inward sound.

X.

Led with delight, they thus beguile the way
Untill the blustering storme is overblowne;
When, weening to returne whence they did stray,
They can not finde that path which first was showne,
But wander to and fro in waies unknowne, —
Furthest from end then, when they neerest weene,
That makes them doubt their wits be not their owne:
So many pathes, so many turnings seene,
That, which of them to take, in diverse doubt they been.

Faerie Queene, Book I., Canto I.

[1] Yew.

OTHER WRITERS OF DISTINCTION.

ROGER ASCHAM. — 1515–1568. The celebrated tutor of Queen Elizabeth. Author of a work on Germany, and "Toxophilus," in the preface of which he apologizes for writing it in English. His greatest work is "The Schoolmaster."

GEORGE BUCHANAN. — 1506–1582. Learned author of much Latin verse and prose, and of "The Chameleon," in Scotch.

Sir PHILIP SIDNEY. — 1554–1586. The gallant soldier; author of the Countess of Pembroke's "Arcadia," "Defense of Poesie," and many beautiful sonnets.

RICHARD HOOKER. — 1553–1600. "Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity," "the first book of which," Hallam says, "is at this day one of the masterpieces of English eloquence."

THOMAS SACKVILLE. — 1536–1608. Joint author, with Thomas Norton, of "Gorboduc," a five-act tragedy, with chorus; "The Mirrour of Magistrates," of which he wrote "The Induction;" and "Story of the Duke of Buckingham."

Sir WALTER RALEIGH. — 1552–1618. Gallant soldier and accomplished courtier; author of "History of the World," "Narrative of a Cruise to Guiana," and other works in prose; also cultivated poetry somewhat.

BEN JONSON. — 1574–1637. Celebrated English dramatist, the friend of Shakspeare; author of "Catiline" and "Sejanus," tragedies; "Every Man in his Humor," "The Alchemist," and "Volpone," comedies; and many other plays, minor poems, and prose-writings. On his tombstone are the words, "O rare Ben Jonson!"

THOMAS TUSSER. — 1523–1580? "Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry."

ROBERT GREENE. — 1560?–1592. Occupies a high rank among early English dramatists. "A Groat's Worth of Wit bought with a Million of Repentance."

ROBERT SOUTHWELL. — 1560–1595. "St. Peter's Complaint," "Mary Magdalene's Funeral Tears," and other poems.

SAMUEL DANIEL. — 1562–1619. "Musophilus," "A History of the Wars between the Houses of York and Lancaster."

MICHAEL DRAYTON. — 1563–1631. "Polyolbion," "The Shepherd's Garland," "Barons' Wars," "England's Heroical Epistles," "Nymphidia," and others.

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE. —1563?–1593. Wrote several plays in excellent blank verse, — "Tamburlaine the Great," "Life and Death of Dr. Faustus," "The Jew of Malta," and "Edward III."

Sir HENRY WOTTON. — 1568–1639. "Elements of Architecture;" "The State of Christendom;" and "Reliquiæ Wottonianæ," published after his death.

FRANCIS BEAUMONT. — 1586–1615. JOHN FLETCHER. — 1576–1625. Wrote fifty-two tragedies and comedies. More popular than Shakspeare in their day, and still belong to the English classics.

PHINEAS FLETCHER. — 1584–1650. "The Purple Island."

GILES FLETCHER. — "Christ's Victory and Triumph."

PHILIP MASSINGER. — 1584–1640. Of his many plays, eighteen live; and "A New Way to pay Old Debts" is still acted.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND. — 1585–1649. "The Flowers of Zion," "Tears on the Death of Mæliades," "The River of Forth Feasting," and sonnets.

JOHN FORD. — 1586–1639. "Brother and Sister," "Love's Sacrifice," and "The Broken Heart," deep tragedies; "Perkin Warbeck," historical play.

THOMAS CAREW. — 1589–1639. "Cœlum Britannicum," and many lyrics.

WILLIAM BROWNE. — 1590–1645. "Britannia's Pastorals," and other works.

ROBERT HERRICK. — 1591–1674. "To Blossoms," "To Daffodils," "Gather the Rosebuds while Ye may," are some of the delightful lyrics from his graceful pen.

FRANCIS QUARLES. — 1592–1644. "Emblems," "Divine Fancies," "Enchiridion."

GEORGE HERBERT. — 1593–1632. "The Temple," a collection of sacred poems.

JAMES SHIRLEY. — 1596–1666. Writer of plays.

RICHARD CRASHAW. — ?–1650. Religious poetry, and translations.

Sir JOHN SUCKLING. — 1609–1641. Lyrist. "Ballad on a Wedding."

THOMAS WILSON. "System of Rhetoric and Logic," the first critical work upon the English language.

WILLIAM CAMDEN. — 1551–1623. "Britannia," narratives of Queen Elizabeth's reign, and the Gunpowder Plot, in Latin.

RICHARD HAKLUYT. — 1553–1616. "Voyages and Discoveries of the English Nation," and translations of Leo's "Africa," and Peter Martyr's "West Indies."

SAMUEL PURCHAS. — 1577–1628. "Purchas his Pilgrimes," and "Purchas his Pilgrimeage."

KING JAMES I. — 1566–1625. Royal pedant. "Dæmonologie," "Basilicon Doron," "Counterblasts to Tobacco," and some English and Latin poems.

JOSEPH HALL. — 1574–1656. "Contemplations on Historical Passages of the Old and New Testaments," "Occasional Meditations," sermons, and other writings.

ROBERT BURTON. — 1578–1640. Author of celebrated "Anatomy of Melancholy."

THOMAS DEKKER. — 1638? "The Gull's Hornbook," satirical; and more than twenty plays.

Lord HERBERT. — 1581–1648. "De Veritate," "Life and Reign of Henry VIII.," and memoirs of his own life.

JAMES USSHER. — 1581–1656. "The Power of the Prince, and Obedience of the Subject;" "Annals from the Creation to the Fall of Jerusalem;" and other works.

JOHN SELDEN. — 1584–1654. "A Treatise on Titles of Honor," "History of Tithes." Called by Milton "the chief of learned men reputed in the land."

THOMAS HOBBES. — 1588–1679. "De Cive;" "Human Nature;" "De Corpore Politico;" his famous work, "Leviathan;" "A Translation of Homer;" "Elements of Philosophy;" and other works.

IZAAK WALTON. — 1593–1683. "The Complete Angler, or Contemplative Man's Recreation;" the Lives of Hooker, Donne, Wotton, and others.

JAMES HOWELL. — 1596–1666. "Familiar Letters," and about forty works.

Sir THOMAS MORE. — 1480–1535. "Life and Reign of Edward V.," the first English history deserving the name, and earliest classical English prose. His most famous work is his "Utopia," describing a perfect republic. Several theological works.

WILLIAM TYNDALE. — 1477?–1536. Translated New Testament into English, "English Version of the Book of Jonah," and other works.

THOMAS CRANMER. — 1489–1556. The compiling of "The Book of Common Prayer" is chiefly due to Cranmer; "Twelve Homilies," and the "Great Bible."

HENRY HOWARD (Earl of Surrey). — 1516–1547. "Translation of the Second and Fourth Books of the Æneid." Is said to have written the first English sonnets.

ROBERT HENRYSON. — Died 1507? Poet. "Testament of Fair Cresseide," ballad of "Robin and Makyne," "The Moral Fables of Æsop," "The Garment of Gude Ladyes," and other works.

WILLIAM DUNBAR. — 1460–1520? "The Thistle and the Rose," "The Golden Terge," "The Dance of the Seven Deadly Sins," and other poems. Called by Sir Walter Scott "the first of Scottish poets."

GAWIN DOUGLAS. — 1474?–1522? The first translation, a Latin classic, Virgil's "Æneid," into the Scottish dialect; "King Hart;" and "The Palace of Honor."

ALEXANDER BARCLAY. — 1522. "The Ship of Fools," a satirical allegory.

STEPHEN HAWES. "Pastime of Pleasure." Favorite of Henry VII.

JOHN SKELTON. — ?–1529. Satirist. "Colin Clout."

JOHN HEYWOOD. "Interludes," satires of the clergy.

Sir THOMAS WYATT. — 1503–1541. Remarkable for his scholarship, wit, and verse.

Sir DAVID LINDSAY. — 1490?–1557. "Play of the Three Estates," "Squire Meldrum," last of the metrical romances; "The Monarchie," and "Complaynt of the King's Papingo."

NICHOLAS UDALL. — 1506?–1557. Author of "Ralph Royster Doyster," the earliest existing English comedy, written about 1550.

JOHN FISHER. — 1459–1535. Sermons.

Lord BERNERS. — Translated the chronicles of "Jean Froissart."

ROBERT FABYAN. — ?–1512. "Concordance of Stories," a chronicle of English history.

EDWARD HALL. — ?–1547. "History of the Houses of York and Lancaster."

Sir THOMAS ELYOT. — ?–1546. "The Castle of Health," "The Governor," and a Latin and English dictionary. His views on education were greatly in advance of his time.

JOHN BELLENDEN. Translated (1536) Hector Boece's "History of Scotland," earliest existing Scottish prose literature; "First Five Books of Livy;" besides letters and poems. The first original work in Scotch prose was published in 1548.

JOHN LELAND. — ?–1552. "Itinerary" and "Collectanea." First English antiquary of note.

HUGH LATIMER. — 1472?–1555. Sermons and letters.

MILES COVERDALE. — 1487–1568. The first printed translation of the whole Bible; also assisted in Cranmer's and the Geneva translations.

JOHN BALE. — 1495–1563. "Lives of Eminent Writers of Great Britain," in Latin, — first author, Japheth; "Chronicle of Lord Cobham's Trial and Death;" scriptural dramas.

JOHN KNOX. — 1505–1572. "History of the Scottish Reformation," himself the leader.

GEORGE CAVENDISH. — ?–1557. "Life of Cardinal Woolsey."

Sir JOHN CHEKE. — 1514–1557. "The Hurt of Sedition."

JOHN FOX. — 1517–1587. Author of the celebrated work, "Acts and Monuments of the Church," or "Fox's Book of Martyrs."

WILLIAM CAXTON. — 1412–1491. At the age of fifty-nine, this remarkable man went to Cologne to learn the printer's trade; and there finished, in 1471, the translation of a French work by Raoul le Fèvre, "The History of Troy," the first English book from any press. Soon after, having returned to England, was issued from the Westminster press its earliest work, "The Game and Playe of the Chesse, translated out of the French, fynysshed the last day of Marche, 1474." The first English book with woodcut illustrations was a second edition of the same. Caxton wrote or translated and printed sixty-five works. The industry necessary to accomplish so much after an active life of threescore years is the more wonderful when we consider that he combined within himself the offices of author, ink-maker, compositor, pressman, proof-reader, binder, publisher, and bookseller.

WYNKYN DE WORDE, assistant and successor of Caxton, printed four hundred and eight works. RICHARD PYNSON, another assistant, printed two hundred and twelve works.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

1328?–1400.

Called "the morning-star of English poetry." Famous author of "The Canterbury Tales," in which some thirty pilgrims to the tomb of Thomas à Becket are to tell two stories each, going and returning; the poems being planned like "The Decameron" of Boccaccio. Only twenty-four are told; two of which, "The Tale of Melibeus" and "The Persones Tale," are in prose; in which style of writing he also excelled. "The Court of Love," "Troilus and Cresseide," "Romaunt of Love," "The House of Fame," "The Legende of Goode Women," "The Flour and the Lefe," and "The Testament of Love," in prose, are his principal pieces. Hallam ranks him one of the three great poets of the middle ages, with Dante and Petrarch.

FROM THE PROLOGUE.

THE PARSON.

A GOOD man was ther of religïoun,
And was a porë persoun of a toun;
But riche he was of holy thought and werk:
He was also a lernëd man, a clerk,
That Cristës gospel truly woldë preche:
His parischens devoutly would he teche.
Benigne he was, and wondur diligent,
And in adversité ful pacient.

. . . . . .

Wyd was his parisch, and houses fer asondur;
But he ne lafte not for reyn ne thondur,
In sicknesse ne in meschief to visite
The ferrest in his parische, moche and lite,[1]
Uppon his feet, and in his hond a staf.
This noble ensample unto his scheep he gaf,—
That ferst he wroughte, and after that he taughte.
Out of the gospel he tho[2] wordës caughte,—
That, if gold ruste, what schulde yren doo?
For, if a priest be foul on whom we truste,
No wondur is a lewid man[3] to ruste.

. . . . . .

To drawë folk to hevën by fairnesse,
By good ensample, was his busynesse;
But it were eny persone obstinat,
What so he were of high or lowe estat,
Him wolde he snybbë scharply for the nones.[4]
A bettrë priest I trowe ther nowher non is.
He waytud after no pomp ne reverence;
Ne makëd him a spiced conscïence:
But Cristës love, and his apostles twelve,
He taught; and ferst he folwëd it himselve!

[1] Great and small. [2] Those. [3] A layman. [4] Nonce.

OTHER DISTINGUISHED AUTHORS.

JOHN DE WYCLIFFE. — 1324?–1384. Celebrated English reformer. Author of "Trialogus" and many other Latin works, and the first English version of the whole Bible.

JOHN GOWER. — 1325?–1408. Poet-friend of Chaucer, but of far less renown. "Speculum Meditantis" in French (no copy preserved), "Vox Clamantis" in Latin, and "Confessio Amantis" principally in English; the last two preserved.

KING JAMES I. of Scotland. — 1394–1437. "The King's Quhair" (Quire), a poem of about fourteen hundred lines, inspired by his love for Joan Beaufort; and other shorter poems.

LAURENCE MINOT. According to Dr. Craik, the earliest writer of English verse deserving the name of poet. Ten poems are preserved, celebrating the battles of Edward III.

ROBERT LANGLANDE. — 1300? Author of "The Vision of Piers (Peter) Ploughman" and "Pierce Plowman's Crede," two poems, satirical, of the clergy and the times.

A few lines from "Piers Ploughman" will illustrate the alliterative form of poetry, having the *initial* instead of the *terminal* assonance: —

In a somer seson,
Whan softe was the sonne,
I shoop[1] me into shroudes
As I a sheep[2] weere;
In habite as an heremite
Unholy of workes,
Wente wide in this world
Wondres to here.
Ac[3] on a May Morwenynge,
On Malvern hilles,
Me befel a ferly:[4]
Of fairye me thoghte
I was wery for-wandred,
And wente me to reste
Under a brood bank
By a bournes[5] syde;
And as I lay and lenede,
And loked on the watres,
I slombred into a slepyng,
It sweyed so murye.[6]

JOHN BARBOUR. — Born 1316, or 1330. "The Bruce," a Scottish epic.

ANDREW WYNTOUN. — 1350? "An Orygynale Cronykil of Scotland," from the creation to 1408.

THOMAS OCCLEVE. — Writer of multitudinous verses, to be "judged by quantity rather than quality."

JOHN LYDGATE. — "History of Thebes," "Fall of Princes," and "History of the Siege of Troy."

BLIND HARRY. — "The Wallace," an epic of twelve thousand lines.

JOHN DE TREVISA. — Translated, about 1387, "The Polychronicon" and other Latin works.

Sir JOHN FORTESCUE. — Celebrated author of "De Laudibus Legum Angliæ" and of "The Difference between an Absolute and a Limited Monarchy."

[1] Shaped. [2] Shepherd. [3] And. [4] Wonder. [5] Stream. [6] Pleasant.

LATIN, SAXON-ENGLISH, AND NORMAN-FRENCH WRITERS.

1066–1307.

"The Saxon Chronicle" is continued to 1154; but the two principal works of the Saxon-English literature are LAYAMON'S translation or imitation of WACE'S "Brut," and "The Ormulum," written by ORM, or ORMIN, a metrical paraphrase of Scripture.

WACE, who died about 1184, is the most celebrated of the Norman-French poets. His principal poems are "Brut d'Angleterre" and "Roman de Rou," a translation of Geoffrey's "History of Britain" into verse, and a history of the dukes of Normandy to Henry II.

GEOFFREY GAIMAR wrote the "History of the Angles," in Norman-French. The Norman-French was the parent of the modern French tongue. Its poets, called Trouvères, or Trouveurs, were the authors of the poems called "Fabliaux" and the Anglo-Norman romances, of which the most remarkable are those relating to King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table, of whom we learn something in "The Idylls of the King." But Latin was the language of the Church and the learned, and of the prose and poetry of the age.

JOSEPHUS ISCANUS, or JOSEPH OF EXETER, wrote two epic poems,—"Antiocheis," a story of the third crusade, almost entirely lost; and "The Trojan War," which is said to be remarkable for its pure and harmonious Latin. "The Confession of Golias," a drinking-song in rhyming Latin, satirical against the clergy, was written by Walter Mopes.

INGULPHUS. "History of the Abbey of Croyland."

ORDENCUS VILATIS. "Valuable Church History, from the Creation to 1141."

WILLIAM OF MALMESBURY. "History of the English Kings, from the Saxons to 1142."

GEOFFREY OF MONMOUTH. "History of the Britons," with its celebrated legends of the Celts.

GERALD BARRY, BENEDICT, ROGER DE HOVEDEN, HENRY OF HUNTINGDON, GERVASE OF TILBURY, and MATTHEW PARIS, were historians and chroniclers.

There is no end to the wonderful fictions of this period. The most remarkable collection, perhaps, is the "Gesta Romanorum," the great source of inspiration of the earlier poets. The story of the caskets, pound of flesh, and evasion of payment, in "The Merchant of Venice," are found in the "Gesta;" also the specter-legend of Scott's "Marmion," of "The Three Black Crows," and other well-known jests.

LATIN, CELTIC, AND ANGLO-SAXON WRITERS.

449–1066.

IN the fifth century, there were four languages used in the British isles:—

1. Latin, the language of the Church and the learned.
2. The Erse, or Gaelic, from which the Scottish and Irish.
3. The Cymric, the language of the Ancient Britons, preserved in the Welsh.
4. The Anglo-Saxon, the backbone of the English.

The poetic legends and heroic deeds of the Saxons were sung in camp, and at the festive board, in alliterative verse, — a style borrowed from the Northmen, — by the Gleeman, or Minstrel.

The romance of "Beowulf," a poem of six thousand lines, relates the incredible exploits and dangers of a Danish soldier.

The "Paraphrase" of CÆDMON, who was inspired in a dream to sing (about 680), is regarded as one of the oldest specimens of Anglo-Saxon existing, — especially the story of the Creation and Fall.

"The Battle of Finsborough," "The Traveler's Song," "Judith," and "Athelstane's Song of Victory," in "The Chronicle" of 938, are other Anglo-Saxon remains.

KING ALFRED, born 848, is the most distinguished writer of Anglo-Saxon prose. He gave his people translations, with additions of his own thought and knowledge, of Bede's "Church History," Pope Gregory's "Duties of the Clergy," Orosius' "Ancient History," Bœthius "On the Consolation of Philosophy," and some of the "Soliloquies" of St. Augustine of Hippo.

ALFRIC (died 1006) wrote eighty "Homilies" for the common people, "Latin Grammar," "Glossary," and "Book of Conversation."

"The Saxon Chronicle" is supposed to have been commenced by PLEGMUND, primate of Alfred's time, written in the monasteries, bearing different dates, closing with 1154. King Alfred's Will, some homilies, and a few other works, are all that remain of Anglo-Saxon prose.

The most important of the Latin authors and their numerous works are, —

ALDHELM. — Author of a book of riddles, and much poor Latin prose and verse.

BEDE. — The celebrated author of "The History of the Anglo-Saxon Church," and forty other theological and scientific works; also translation of John's Gospel into Anglo-Saxon.

ALCUIN. — The learned friend and companion of Charlemagne. Wrote much on theology and church history.

ERIGENA (John Scotus). — An Irishman, the Irish being called Scots until about 1600, when the name was transferred to the North Britons. Was one of the most learned men of his time. Author of works on "Predestination," "The Eucharist," and "On the Division of Nature."

DUNSTAN. — The famous Archbishop of Canterbury: wrote many learned theological works.

Of the Celtic writers, GILDAS, NENNIUS, and ST. COLUMBANUS, wrote also in Latin. In Wales, the poems of TALIESIN, MERLIN, and other bards of the sixth century, are extant. Of the Scottish Gaelic, the poems of OSSIAN — "Fingal" and "Temora" — are considered forgeries, committed by the pretended translator, JAMES MACPHERSON, about 1760. But Ireland claims the oldest specimens of all literature in modern Europe. "The Annals," scraps of contemporary history in Irish verse from the fifth century, "The Psalter of Cashel," and "The Annals of Tigernach and of the Four Masters of Ulster," belong to the ninth and eleventh centuries.

SIR JOHN DE MANDEVILLE.

1300?–1372.

Was the earliest writer of an English prose-work that has been preserved. He wrote a narrative of his travels, in Latin; afterwards translated by himself into French, then into English. He was a traveler the most of his life; and his narrative abounds in marvelous stories. We give a short extract from —

THE PROLOGUE.

And for als moche as it is longe tyme passed, that ther was no generalle Passage ne Vyage over the See; and many Men desiren for to here speke of the holy Lond, and han[1] thereof gret Solace and Comfort; I John Maundevylle, Knyght, alle be it I be not worthi, that was born in Englond, in the Town of Seynt Albones, passed the See, in the Zeer of our Lord Jesu Crist MCCCXXII, in the Day of Seynt Michelle; and hidre to[2] have been longe tyme over the See, and have seyn and gon thorghe manye dyverse Londes, and many Provynces and Kingdomes and Iles, and have passed thorghe Tartarye, Percye, Ermonye[3] the litylle and the grete; thorghe Lybye, Caldee and a gret partie of Ethiope; thorghe Amazoyne, Inde the lasse and the more, a gret partie; and thorghe out many othere Iles, that ben abouten Inde; where dwellen many dyverse Folkes, and of dyverse Maneres and Lawes, and of dyverse Schappes of men. Of whiche Londes and Iles, I schalle speke more pleynly hereaftre. And I schalle devise zou sum partie of thinges that there ben, whan time schalle ben, aftre it may best come to my mynde; and specyally for hem, that wylle and are in purpos for to visite the Holy Citee of Jerusalem, and the holy Places that are thereaboute. And I schalle telle the Weye, that thei schulle holden thidre. For I have often tymes passed and ryden the way, with gode Companye of many Lordes: God be thonked.

And zee schulle undirstonde, that I have put this Boke out of Latyn into Frensche, and translated it azen out of Frensche into Englyssche, that every Man of my Nacioun may undirstonde it. But Lordes and Knyghtes and othere noble and worthi Men, that conne Latyn but litylle, and han ben bezonde the See, knowen and undirstonden, zif I erre in devisynge, or forzetynge, or elles; that thei mowe[4] redresse it and amende it. For thinges passed out of longe tyme from a Mannes mynde or from his syght, turnen sone in forzetynge: Because that Mynde of Manne may not ben comprehended ne witheholden, for the Freeltee of Mankynde.

SOURCES OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

Modern English, in the formation of its words and grammatical structure of its sentences, dates from about A.D. 1500. Its vocabulary, of course, has been constantly increasing, from the adoption of foreign words and the growth of old and new sciences.

[1] Have. [2] Hitherto. [3] Armenia. [4] May.

The limits of this work will not allow any reference to modern speculations and theories of the formation of language, nor of comparative philology, nor of the progress of written language from rude picture-writing and Egyptian hieroglyphics to its present character. For all these, the student must consult the prefaces of the large dictionaries, and the works of modern philologists, grammars, and encyclopædias.*

GRAMMAR.

ENGLISH grammar, as to its system of etymology and syntax, is Anglo-Saxon in its distinctive characteristics. It is simpler than the Anglo-Saxon, from having lost several inflectional terminations of words; and its syntax could be reduced still more by abolishing case altogether, regarding all possessives as adjectives. "Our chief peculiarities of structure and of idiom are essentially Anglo-Saxon; while almost all the classes of words which it is the office of grammar to investigate are derived from that language. Thus the few inflections we have are all Anglo-Saxon. The English genitive, the general modes of forming the plural of nouns, and the terminations by which we express the comparative and superlative of adjectives (-er and -est); the inflections of the pronouns; those of the second and third persons, present and imperfect, of the verbs; the inflections of the preterites and participles of the verbs, whether regular or irregular; and the most frequent termination of our adverbs (-ly), — are all Anglo-Saxon. The nouns, too, derived from Latin and Greek, receive the Anglo-Saxon terminations of the genitive and plural; while the preterites and participles of verbs derived from the same sources take the Anglo-Saxon inflections. As to the parts of speech, those which occur most frequently, and are individually of most importance, are almost wholly Saxon. Such are our articles and definitives generally, — as 'a, an, the, this, that, these, those, many, few, some, one, none;' the adjectives whose comparatives and superlatives are irregularly formed; the separate words 'more' and 'most,' by which we express comparison as often as by distinct terminations; all our pronouns, — personal, possessive, relative, and interrogative; nearly every one of our so-called irregular verbs, including all the auxiliaries, 'have, be, shall, will, may, can, must,' by which we express the force of the

* Webster's, Worcester's, Richardson's, Walker's, and Johnson's Dictionaries; Chambers', Rees', Edinburgh, and Metropolitan Encyclopædias; Lectures of Max Müller and of G. P. Marsh.

Latham's "English Language;" "Diversions of Purley," by Tooke; "Study of Words," by Trench; Crabb's "Synonyms;" Prof. Craik's Works; Rask's "Anglo-Saxon Grammar."

principal varieties of mood and tense; all the adverbs most frequently employed; and the prepositions and conjunctions almost without exception." *

The English language, like the Continental languages of Europe, substitutes new forms of expression for inflections, and, as is reasonable to suppose, becomes more and more perfect as its grammar becomes simpler.

THE DICTIONARY.

THE language derives its words from, —

1. The Anglo-Saxon, — above twenty thousand.
2. Latin and Greek, many of the latter coming through the Latin.
3. French, other languages, and provincialisms.

From the Anglo-Saxon come the words, and parts of words, indicating relations; also the adjectives, nouns, and verbs classed as irregular, the same being words of most common use in the language; the names of objects of most frequent and striking occurrence, — sun, moon, stars, land, water, wood, stream, hill, and dale; horse, cow, and the most common animals and plants; spring, summer, winter, light, darkness, heat, cold, rain, snow, thunder and lightning; sounds, postures, and motions of animal life. Specific terms render style more animated, forcible. Our specific terms are generally Anglo-Saxon. Color is Latin, as most of our abstract terms are, or French; but red, yellow, blue, white, black, green, and brown are Anglo-Saxon. Motion is Latin; but leap, spring, stagger, slip, slide, glide, fall, walk, run, swim, ride, creep, crawl, and fly are Anglo-Saxon. Affection and animation are Latin; but love, hate, hope, fear, gladness, sorrow, weeping, laughter, smile, tear, sigh, groan, father, mother, man, wife, child, son, daughter, kindred and friends, home, hearth, roof, fireside, and many other of the most touching words in the language, and most frequently on the tongue, are Anglo-Saxon, and, for the greater part, "the language of business, of the counting-house, the shop, the market, the street, the farm." The principal and most forcible language of invective, humor, satire, and pleasantry, is Anglo-Saxon.

From the Latin and French, it being difficult always to tell which, since the French itself is from the Latin, are coln (colonia), in Lincoln, chester from castrum, monk, bishop, saint, minister, porch, cloister, mass, psalter, chalice, pall, candle, most general and abstract words, and many thousand terms of theology, metaphysics, and all the old and new sciences. The nomenclatures of modern sciences manufacture much from the Greek.

* Edinburgh Review, vol. lxx., 1839.

In the analysis of words, as a general rule, the prefixes,

n, no, not, un, negatives;

a, e, y, a (for *an*), *be, en,* and *for,* interims;

a, be, em, en, for, fore, gain, off, on, out, to, un (*an* or *on*), *under, up, with,* relatives, are Anglo-Saxon, or of Teutonic origin.

From Latin and French are

in, i, il, im, ir, n, ne, non, negatives.

Ad, a, ac, af, ag, al, am, an, ap, ar, as, at, with force of *to* addition; *ab, abs, a,* from; *ambi, amb,* about; ante, ant, before; circum, cis, con, co, cog, col, com, cor, coun, *with;* contra, contro, counter; de, dis, di, dif; en, ex, e, ec, ef; extra; in, il, im, ir, en, em, indi, ind, infra, inter, intra, intro, enter, juxta; ob, obs, oc, of, op, os; per, post, pre, præ, præter, pro, pur; re, red, retro; se, sans, sine, suc, suf, sug, sum, sup, sub, subter, super, supra, sur; trans, tran, tra; ultra, ult, ulter, outr.

From Greek are *a, an,* apo, aph, amphi, ana, an, anti, ant, anth; cata, cat, cath; dia, dea, de; en, em, endo, ento, epi, ep, eph, ex, ec; hyper, hypo; meta, meth; para, par, pa, peri, pros; syn, sy, syl, sym.

Examining the definitions, with the dictionary, of a few words having the same prefix, will fix the force of it securely in the pupil's memory.

SUFFIXES.

Of Nouns, — *r, ar, er, or,* ster, en, ess, et, let, kin, ling, ock, th, t, ing, head, hood, ness, dom, ship, son, burn, are from the mother-tongue.

Latin and French: an, ean, ian, ine, ant, ent, or, er, eer, ary, at, ate, ee, ine; ix, cle, cule, ule, age, ry, SION, TION, ure, ture, cy, ty, ance, ence, ancy, ency, ment, escence, ory.

Greek: ic, iac, ician, is, ism, cy, sy, ty.

Of Adjectives and Adverbs, — er, or, est, st, en, ch, ern, ese, esque, ful, ing, y, ish, less, ly, some, ward, n, s, ce, st, xt, ways, wise, are our own.

Latin and French: ble, able, ible, ic, fic, ceous, cious, tious, id, al, il, ite, le, eel, nal, an, ain, ean, ian, ane, ene, ine, end, cund, ant, ent, ar, ary, ory, t, ate, ete, ive, lent, ose, ous, ple, plex, se, a, tim.

Greek: ac, ic, id, oid, gen.

Of Verbs. — Those in *ate,* esce, fy, ise, ish, are from French and Latin; ize, from the Greek; en, er, are Anglo-Saxon.

Besides the derivatives formed by the use of one or more prefixes or suffixes, or both, there is no limit to the number of compounds from two or more simples. Indeed, so simple is its syntax, and so limited its inflections, that, without danger of ambiguity

or obscurity in the meaning intended, the English language readily adopts all names, transforms them into all necessary parts of speech, retaining all the elegance, and softening all the harshness of its borrowed elements, with so much ease and rapidity, that the capacity of its vocabulary, now numbering about a hundred and fifteen thousand words, seems limited only by the objects of sense and the thoughts and deeds of men. By discovery and invention, words fall into disuse, or become obsolete in one or more senses, and receive a new signification. New words are made by change of spelling, by addition, transposition, or dropping of letters.

Notwithstanding the rapid increase, in the whole number of words, of the words in actual use, the greater per cent are Anglo-Saxon: of Shakspeare and the New Testament, about ninety per cent; of Milton and Pope, about eighty; Webster and Junius, seventy-five. Of the whole number of words, it has been estimated that about sixty per cent are really Anglo-Saxon in origin; thirty per cent, Latin and French; five, Greek; and five, miscellaneous.

SOURCES OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

THE geometer solves a few only of the infinite variety of problems involving the general principles and methods of reasoning he has learned; and yet he may with truth be accounted skillful in his science. The architect would miserably waste his time examining every ant-hill and log-cabin in the land for fear the number and builders of them would be unknown to him; though architecture, in its broadest sense, might include every structure built by man or other animal. In almost any one branch of the modern sciences, facts have accumulated to such an extent as to render an accurate knowledge of them, and of the circumstances of their discovery, utterly beyond the ability of any single mind profitably to retain. The literature of the English language, in the broadest sense, may be said to include all manuscripts and books written in English; yet a comparatively few of them, and of their authors, can be profitably known by the student. It is impossible for him, to say nothing of the past, to read a tithe of what is written at the present time. He should not attempt this; his immediate want being a critical knowledge of the rules applicable to all styles, and the productions of a few authors who are admitted to be masters, each of his own style. Believing the study and imitation of the styles of a few authors to be of so much more importance to the young student, we would not, for purposes of

general education, burden him with learning carefully the history of English literature, leading him from the bardic mummery of the Druid priests, through the monkish chronicles of the Saxon and semi-Saxon periods, along the theological and metaphysical dark ages, down to the period of the revival of learning; all which, undoubtedly, would be entertaining and instructive to him, but can be easily and profitably deferred to subsequent leisure. The printing-establishment of the indefatigable Caxton and that of "The London Times," or of a modern publishing-house, are eminently typical of the literature of the fifteenth century and that of the nineteenth. Besides translations of the best works of foreign authors, the principal sources of modern English literature are, —

1. Poetry, of which the principal kinds are the epic, lyric, and didactic. The proper epic is illustrated in "Paradise Lost;" the burlesque, in "Hudibras." Under the epic is classed, by some, the dramatic, and, indeed, all poetry not didactic, lyric, or elegiac. Of the lyric are the ode, song, and sacred lyrics, psalm and hymn. With the elegiac proper is classed the sonnet. According to the subject, poetry is historical, narrative, descriptive, pastoral, satirical or humorous, and didactic; having one or several of these elements. It is not more difficult to find prose that is poetical than to find poetry that is prosaic; since neither rhymes nor measures are alone essential to poetry. It is impossible to predict of modern poetry, or, indeed, of modern literature, what will be permanent; time alone can do that: but of this we can be assured, that scattered through it all are the elements of heroic poetry and lofty prose infinitely more numerous than when the present great masterpieces were executed; that noble thoughts and deeds, marvelous workings of man and nature, far excel in number and magnitude the imaginary exploits of chivalrous knight, or even of heathen demi-god. The facts of modern science, the revelations of the telescope, microscope, and the spectroscope, excel in grandeur and beauty the most poetical fancies of ancient or modern poet.

2. Fiction, historical, political, romantic, allegorical, mythical, and legendary. Indeed, here the field is boundless, and must be entered upon with a faithful guide. During the period of school, *none* of it should be read by the pupil, except under the direction of the teacher.

3. Histories, biographies, memoirs, essays, criticisms, lectures, orations, speeches, sermons, debates, and dissertations.

4. Periodicals, — newspapers, magazines, reviews, and encyclopædias.

5. Dramatic writings, — tragedy, comedy, farce, opera, and whatever may be written for the stage.

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